THREE
OPERETTAS
BY·H·C·BUNNER

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THREE OPERETTAS

BY

HENRY C. BUNNER

MUSIC BY

OSCAR WEIL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

C. D. WELDON AND C. J. TAYLOR

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1897

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THE 3 LITTLE KITTENS

OR THE LAND OF PIE

AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

CHARACTERS

KING THOMAS THE FIRST, *King of the Land of Pie, and head of the House of Grimalkin.*

RINGTAIL, *his Lord High Chamberlain.*

KITCAT, *the Court Jester.*

PRINCE TORTOISESHELL of Caterwaulia
PRINCE SPOT of Bacquephensia .....
PRINCE VELVET of Miaouwa..... } *Princes of neighbor Kingdoms, betrothed to the three Princesses.*

PRINCESS KITTY, *the Princess Royal, daughter of King Thomas.*

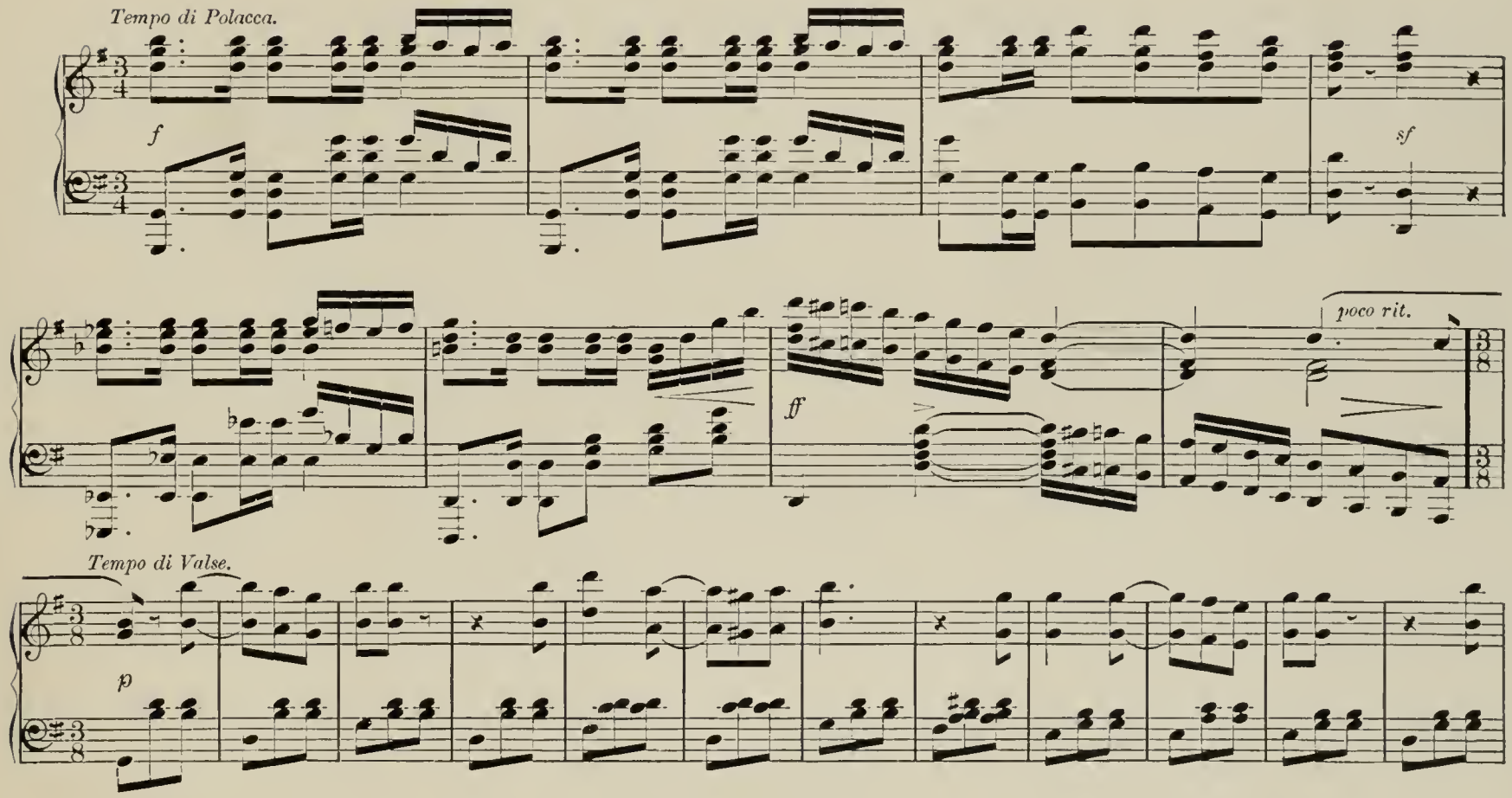
PRINCESS MALTA..
PRINCESS ANGORA } *Her sisters*

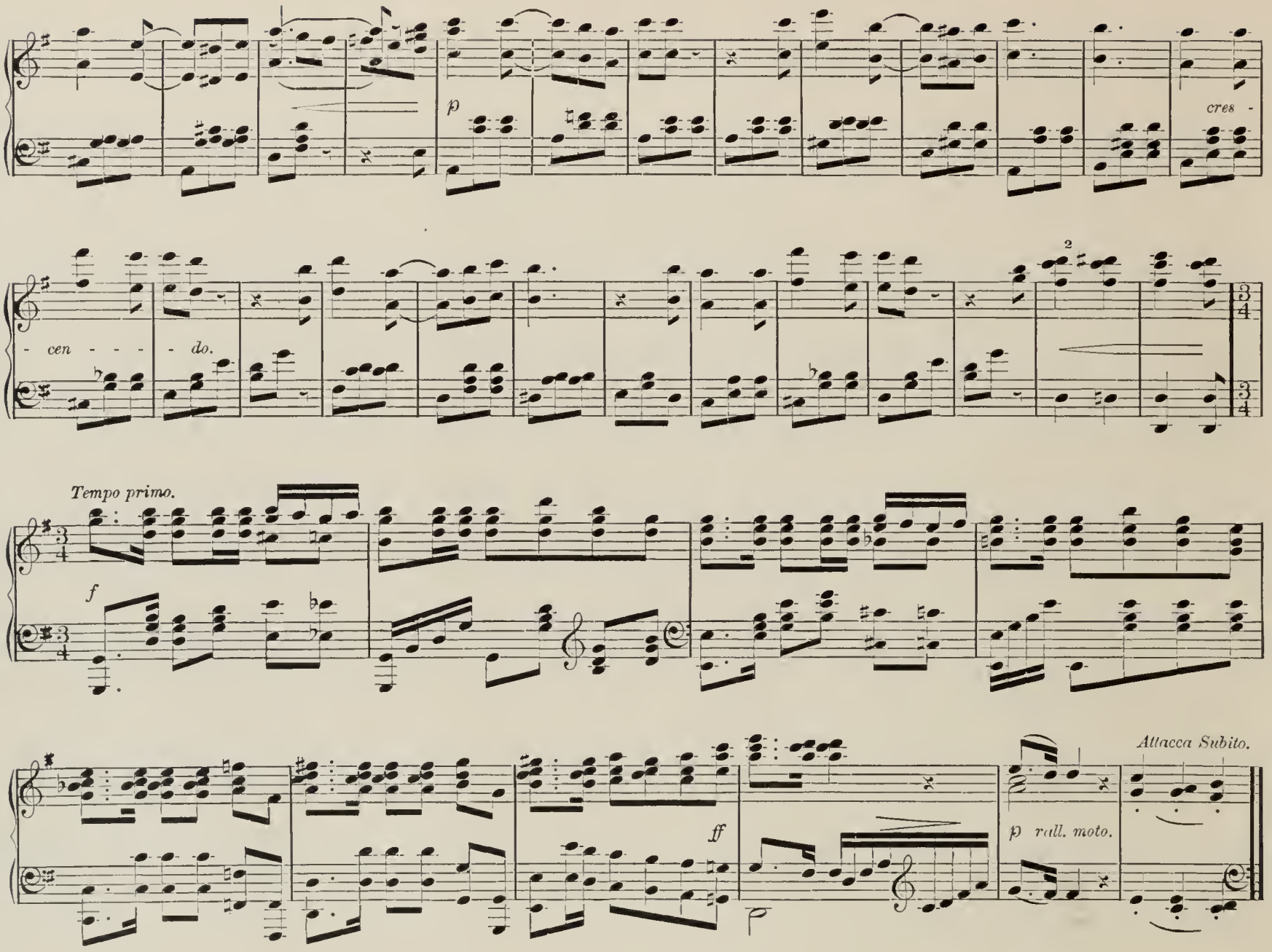
Courtiers and Ladies-in-waiting.

SCENE: The Royal Palace of the Land of Pie.
Time.—Once upon a time.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS OF THE LAND OF PIE

INTRODUCTION

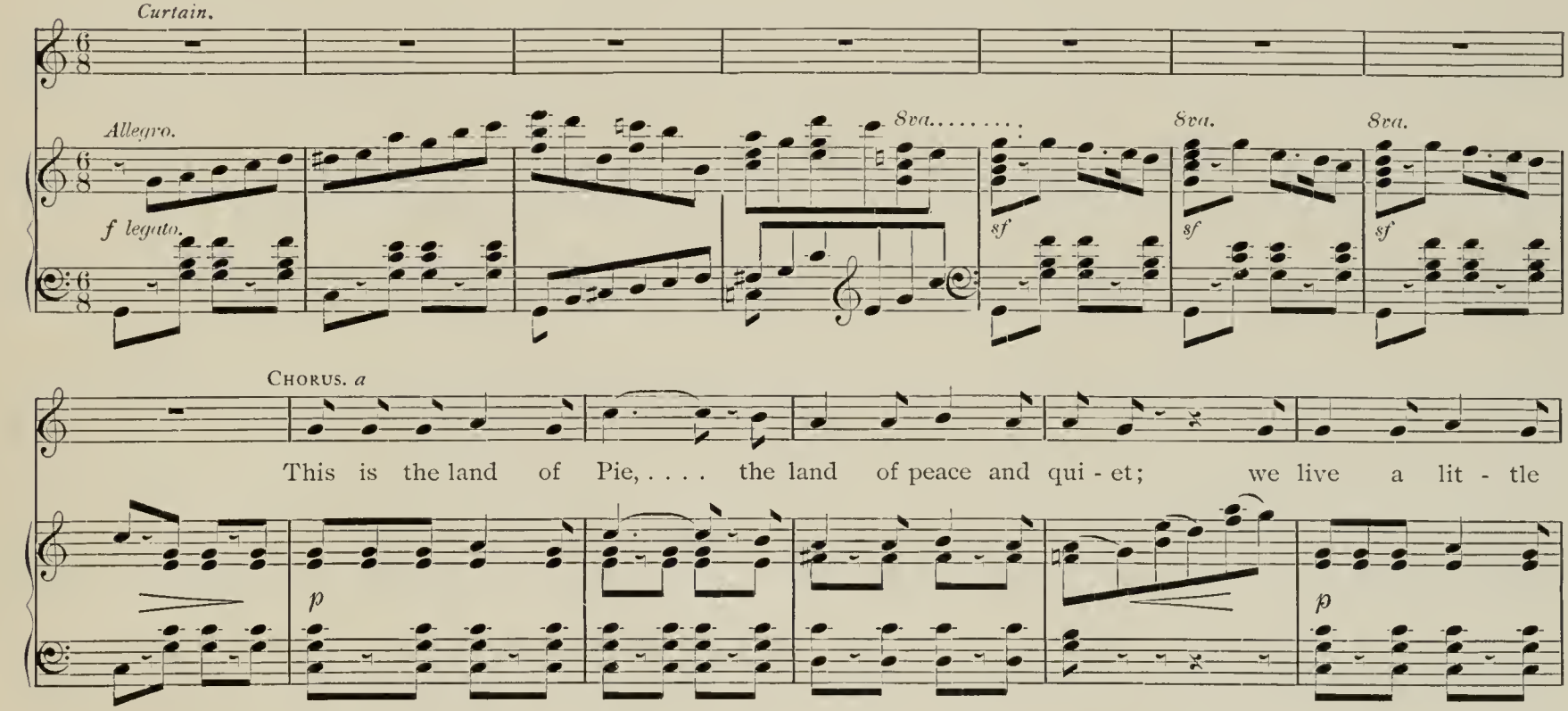



p
cres -
- cen - - - - do.
2
Tempo primo.
f
ff
Attacca Subito.
p rall. moto.

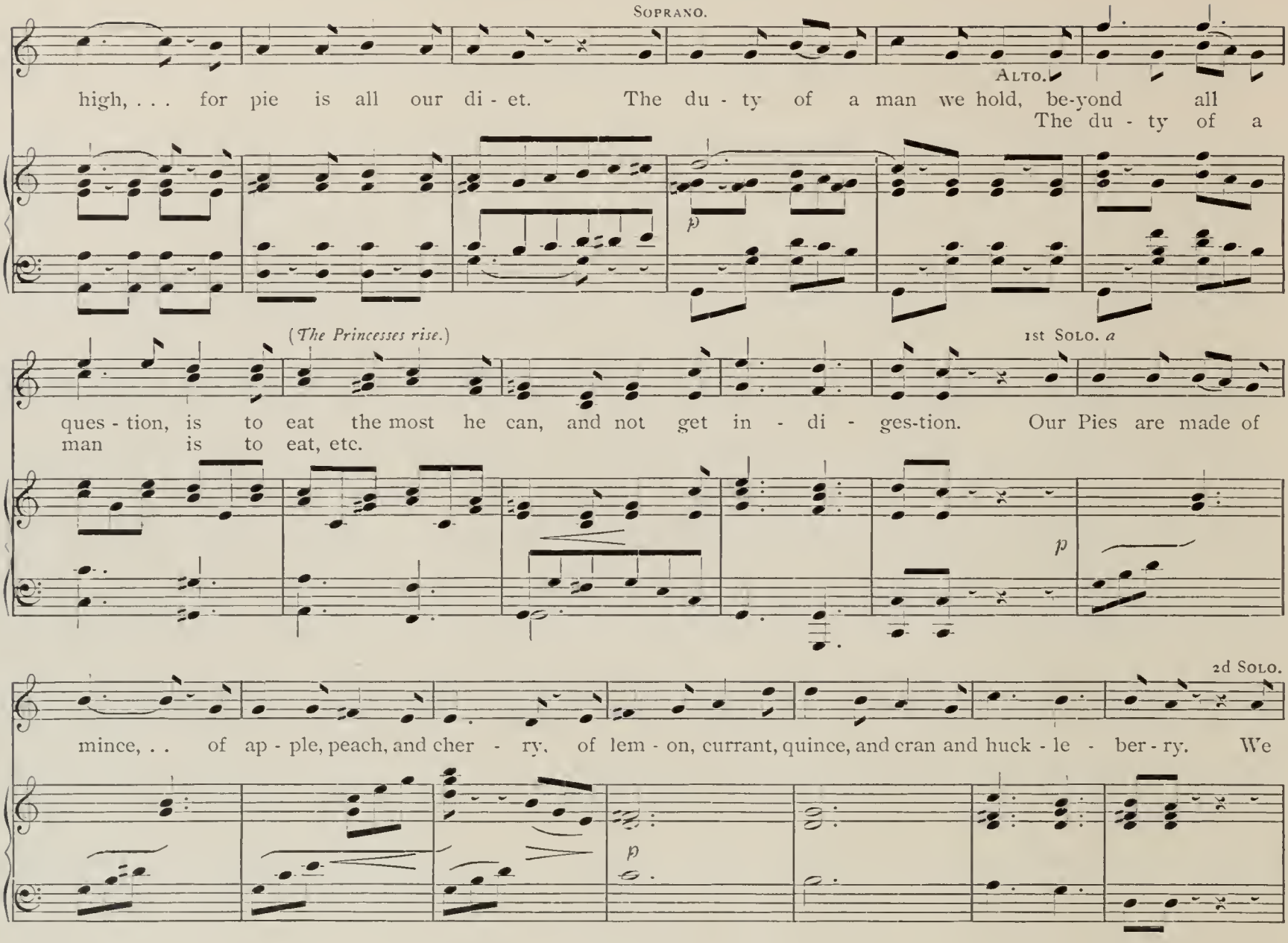
ACT I

A room in the Royal Palace. The King's *throne at the back. A lounge on the right-hand side of the room.* | Princess Kitty *is lying on the lounge;* Princess Malta *and* Princess Angora *are sitting on low stools, one at the head of the lounge and one at the foot.*

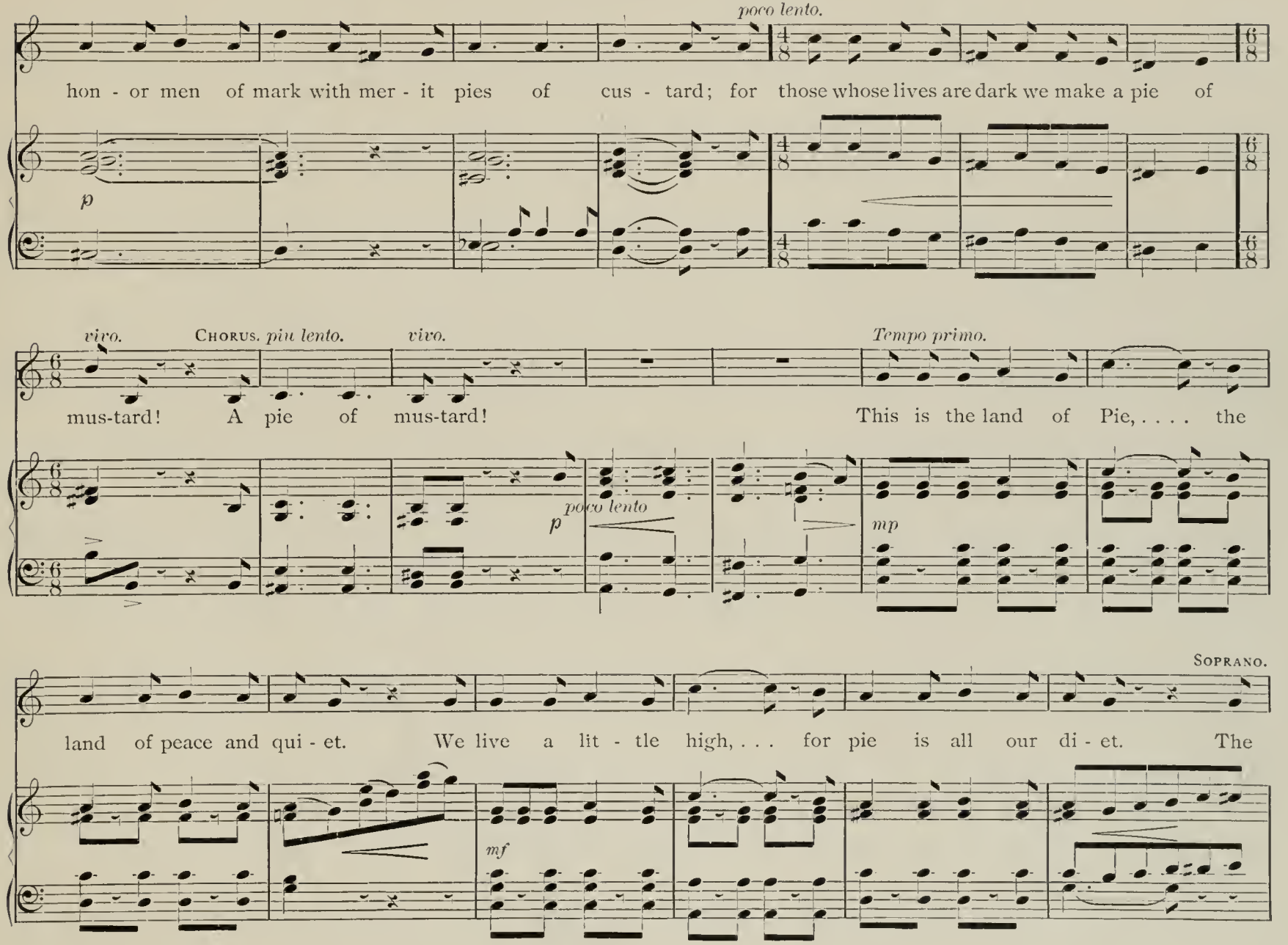
KITTY, MALTA, ANGORA, AND CHORUS

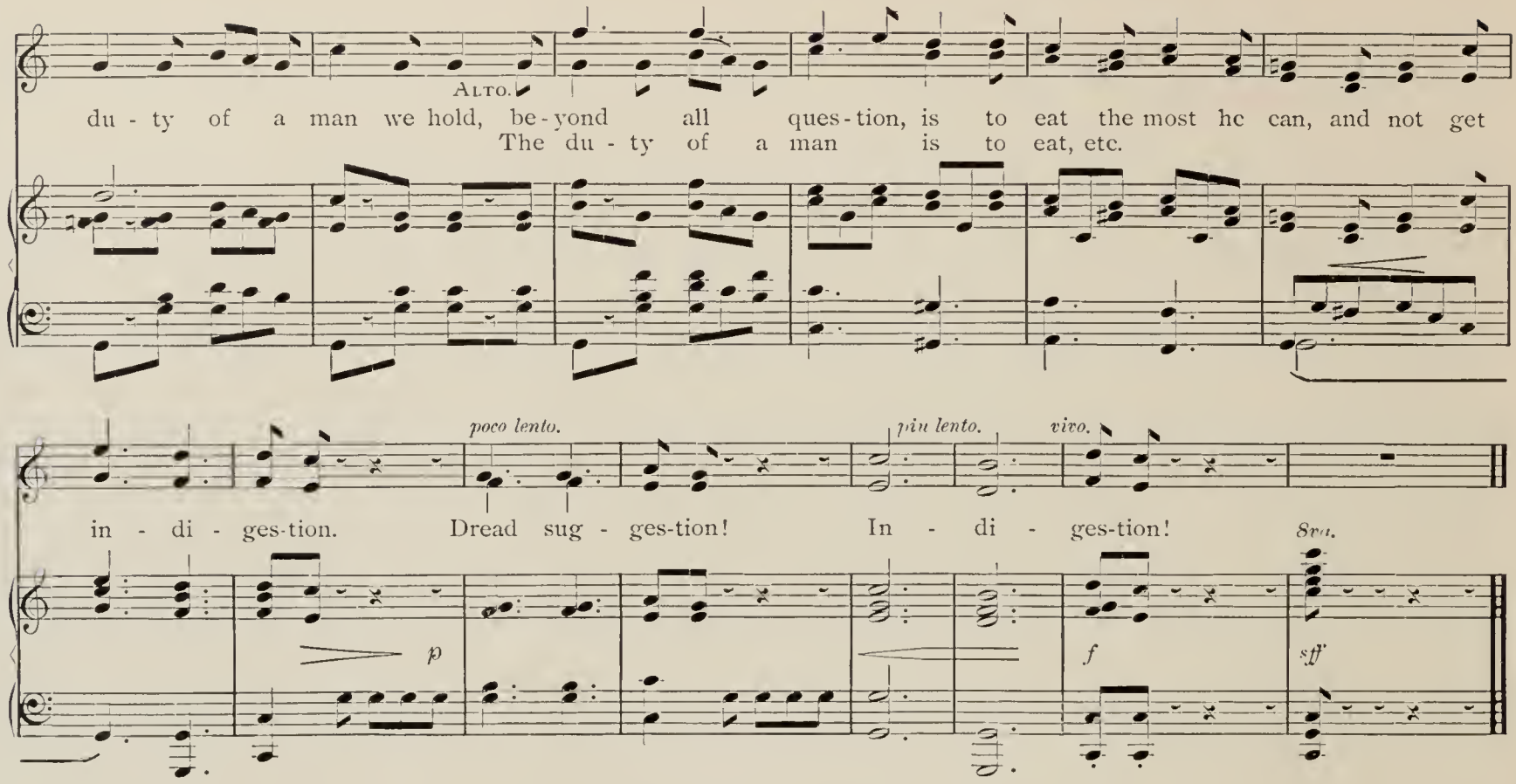


a. "Chorus" always includes all the personages on the stage excepting those who are barred by the dramatic situation.



a These solos may be sung by two of the Princesses.


poco lento.
hon - or men of mark with mer - it pies of cus - tard; for those whose lives are dark we make a pie of
p
vivo.
Chorus.
più lento.
vivo.
Tempo primo.
mus-tard! A pie of mus-tard! This is the land of Pie, ... the
poco lento
p
mp
Soprano.
land of peace and qui - et. We live a lit - tle high, . . . for pie is all our di - et. The
mf

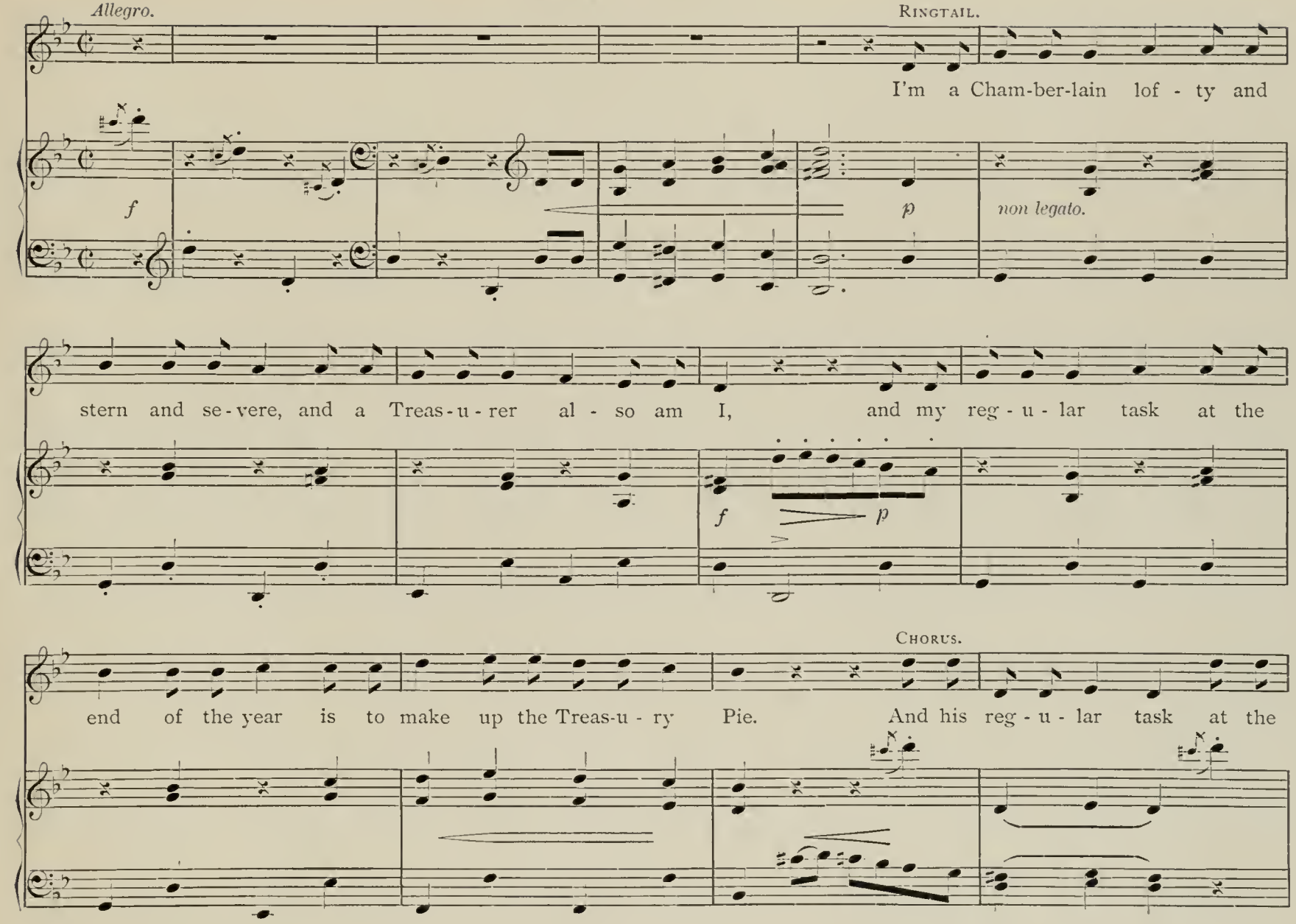


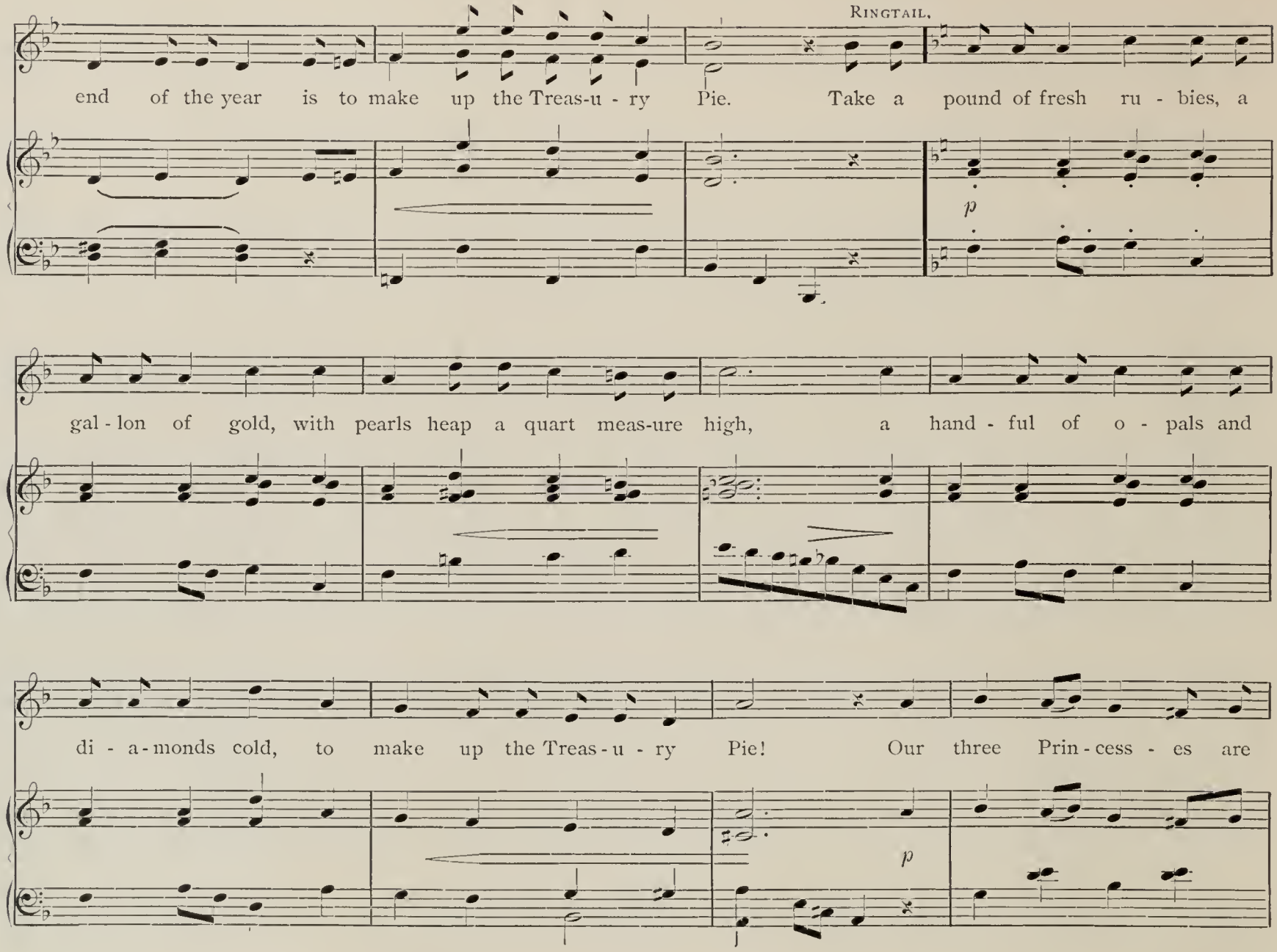
(*Enter, at back,* Ringtail *and* Kitcat.)

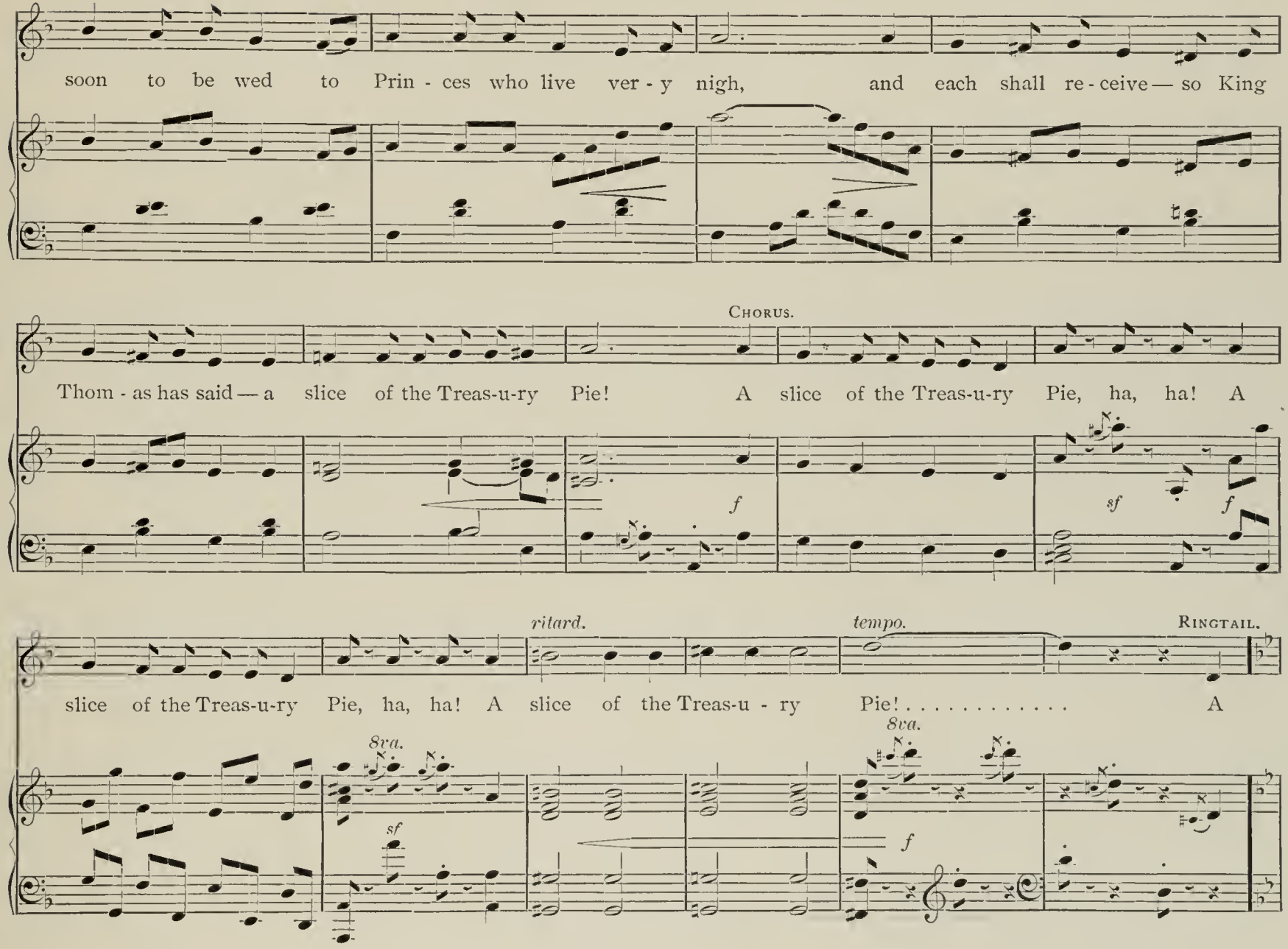
Ringtail (*to the* Princesses). Your Royal Highnesses, I shall now have the pleasure of exhibiting to you the Treasury Pie, which contains the treasures of the royal family.

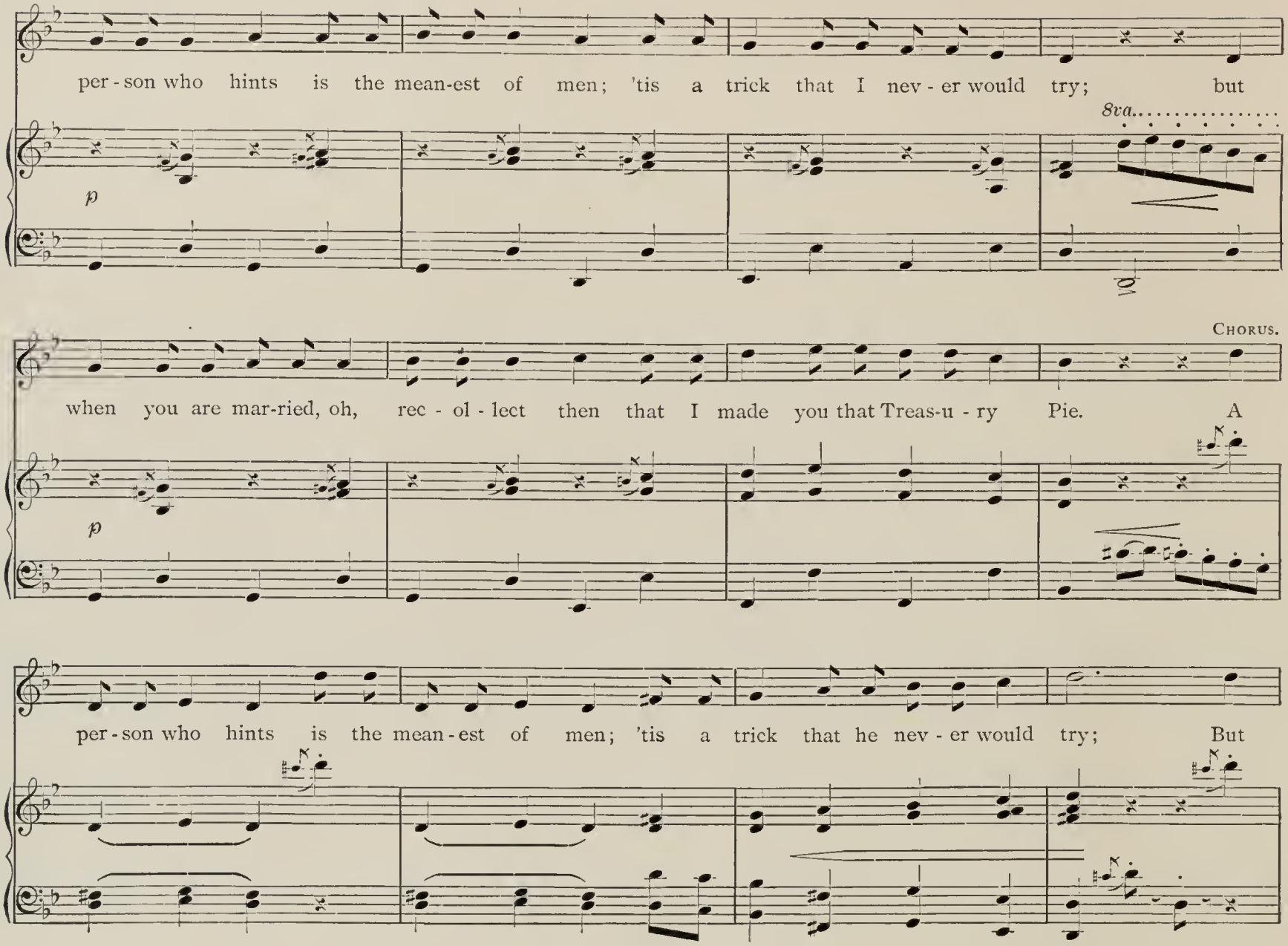
(*Enter, at back, four* Courtiers, *bearing the huge Treasury Pie. It is full of gold and jewels, which burst out through the crust in various places.*)

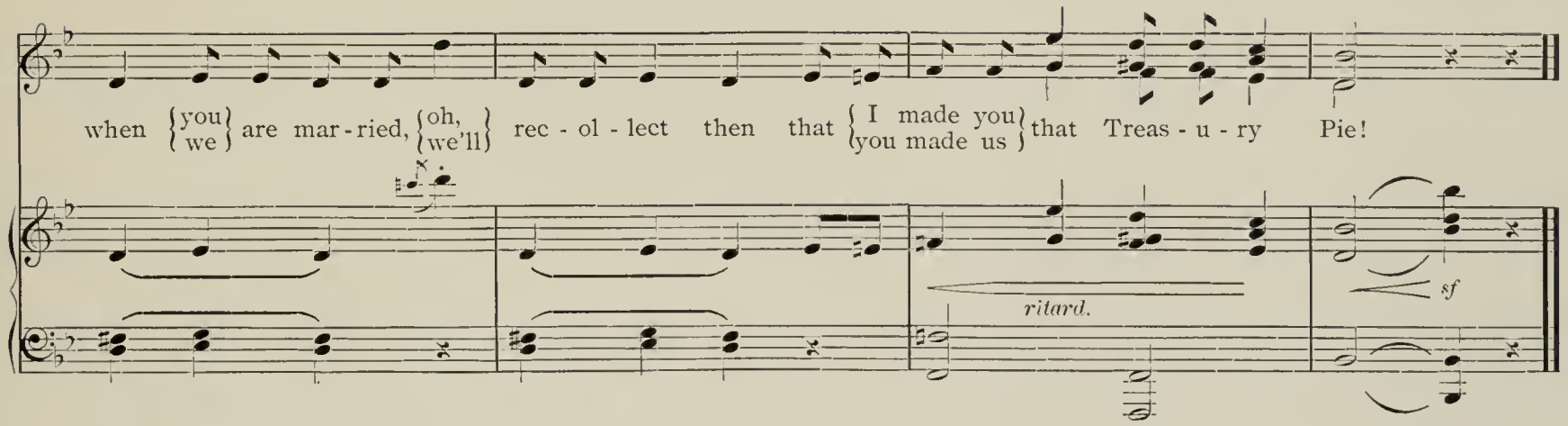
Ringtail and Chorus.




RINGTAIL.
end of the year is to make up the Treas-u - ry Pie. Take a pound of fresh ru - bies, a
p
gal - lon of gold, with pearls heap a quart meas-ure high, a hand - ful of o - pals and
di - a - monds cold, to make up the Treas - u - ry Pie! Our three Prin - cess - es are
p


soon to be wed to Prin - ces who live ver - y nigh, and each shall re - ceive — so King
Chorus.
Thom - as has said — a slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie! A slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie, ha, ha! A
f
sf
f
ritard.
tempo.
Ringtail.
slice of the Treas-u-ry Pie, ha, ha! A slice of the Treas-u - ry Pie! . . . . . A
8va.
sf
8va.
f


per - son who hints is the mean-est of men; 'tis a trick that I nev - er would try; but
8va
p
CHORUS.
when you are mar-ried, oh, rec - ol - lect then that I made you that Treas-u - ry Pie. A
p
per - son who hints is the mean - est of men; 'tis a trick that he nev - er would try; But



RINGTAIL. There, young ladies, you behold the Treasury Pie; pastry, but no paste.

THE THREE PRINCESSES (*all together*). Oh, how beautiful!

RINGTAIL (*flattered*). Well, I thought it *was* rather a neat little pun when I made it.

THE PRINCESSES (*all together*). We don't mean the pun; we mean the Pie.

RINGTAIL (*disgusted*). Oh, the Pie! (*To the* Courtiers.) Take the Pie away, please.

(*The* Courtiers *and* Ladies-in-waiting *all go out at the back, to the music of the first stanza of opening chorus.* Ringtail *and the* Princesses *are left on the stage.*)

KITTY. Yes, it is always the same thing, my Lord Chamberlain; you show us the Pie, and then you take it away from us (*throwing herself on the lounge*). Oh dear me! I am sixteen years old to-day, and I am firmly convinced that the world is a hollow mockery.

MALTA. Yes, one does get such ideas as one grows older.

ANGORA. How very hollow the world must seem to *you*, Lord Ringtail!

RINGTAIL. Young ladies, I can not approve of this sort of talk. Your royal father would be deeply grieved if he heard you. Are you not to be married to three estimable young Princes? Ought not that to make you happy?

ANGORA. It ought to, but it doesn't.

KITTY. You never can tell anything about matrimony.

RINGTAIL (*to* Kitty). Prince Tortoiseshell, who is to

marry you, is a charming young man. Of course—well—I might say—

KITTY (*starting up from the lounge*). Yes, you are quite right. I agree with you entirely. He is unbearable. He is *too* good, *too* brave, *too* handsome, *too* generous, *too* everything. He's too good to live.

RINGTAIL (*to* Malta). And Prince Spot, whom you are to marry, is an excellent young man, although—perhaps—he's rather—

MALTA. I knew you would think so. And it's quite true. He's so lively and vivacious and frivolous and full of fun that he makes my life perfectly gloomy.

RINGTAIL (*to* Angora). And your Prince Velvet—

ANGORA. Yes, that's just it. How you *do* see things, Lord Chamberlain! He's quiet and nice and dignified and polite, and I hate people who are quiet and nice and dignified and polite. I do wish electricity was invented now; I'd like to give him a shock and wake him up. B-r-r-r-r!

RINGTAIL (*aside*). Thus do I sow the seeds of discontent in their young minds. They will discard their lovers, and I shall have the Treasury Pie for my own—ha! ha!—my own. (*Aloud.*) Ladies, good-morning.

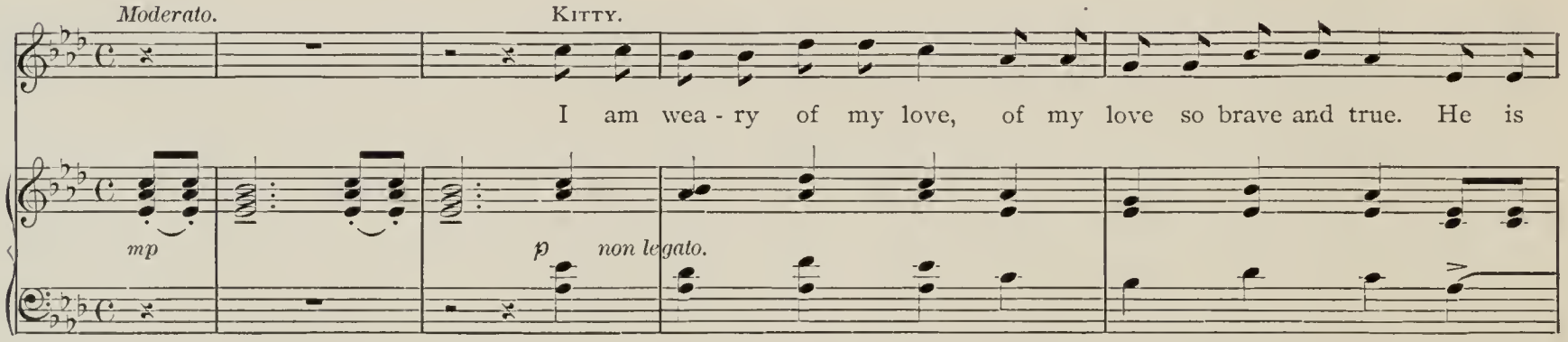
(*He goes out at back.*)

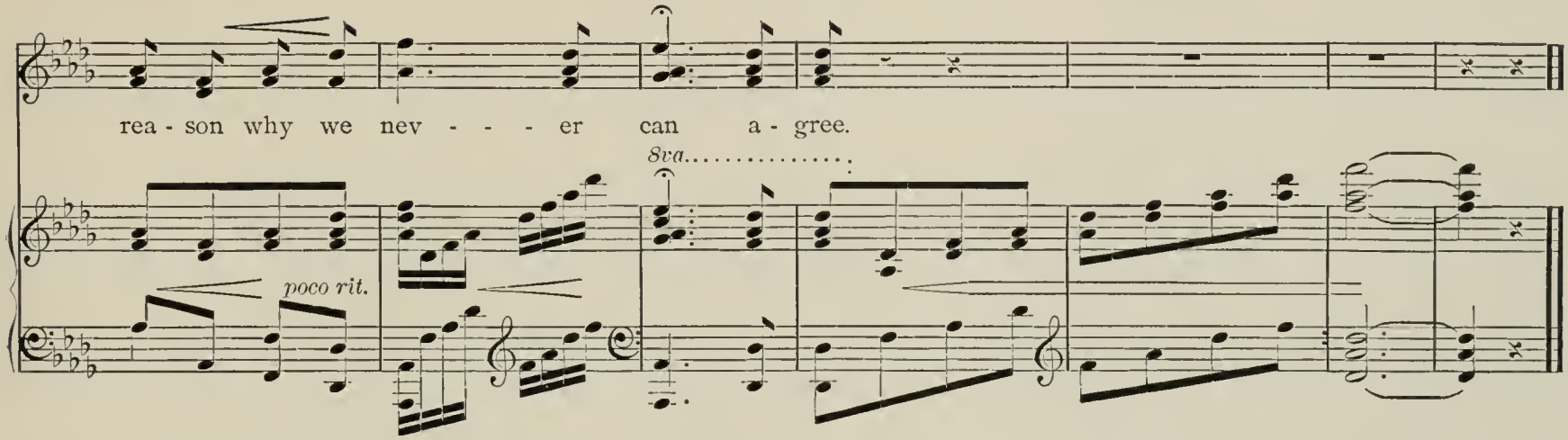
KITTY. There is no mistake about it, we are the most unhappy girls in the whole world.

MALTA *and* ANGORA (*together*). We are, we are, we are. So young, so beautiful, and so unhappy!

(*They weep.*)

Trio.—THE PRINCESSES.





KITTY. Something must be done at once; that is clear. See! (*she looks off the stage*) here they come to pay us their regular morning call. Let us tell them now, before it is too late, that it never can be. Never!

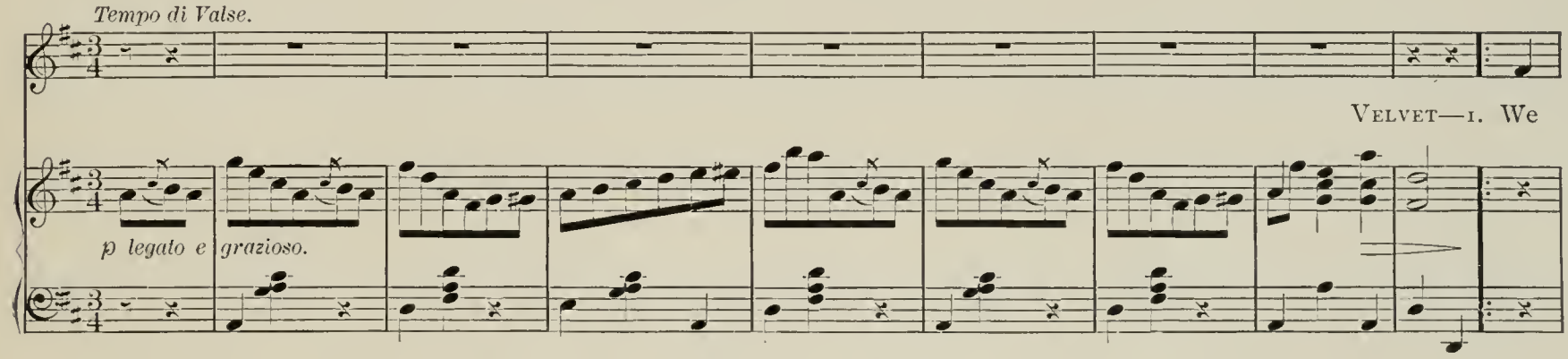
MALTA. Never!

ANGORA. Never, under any circumstances whatever!

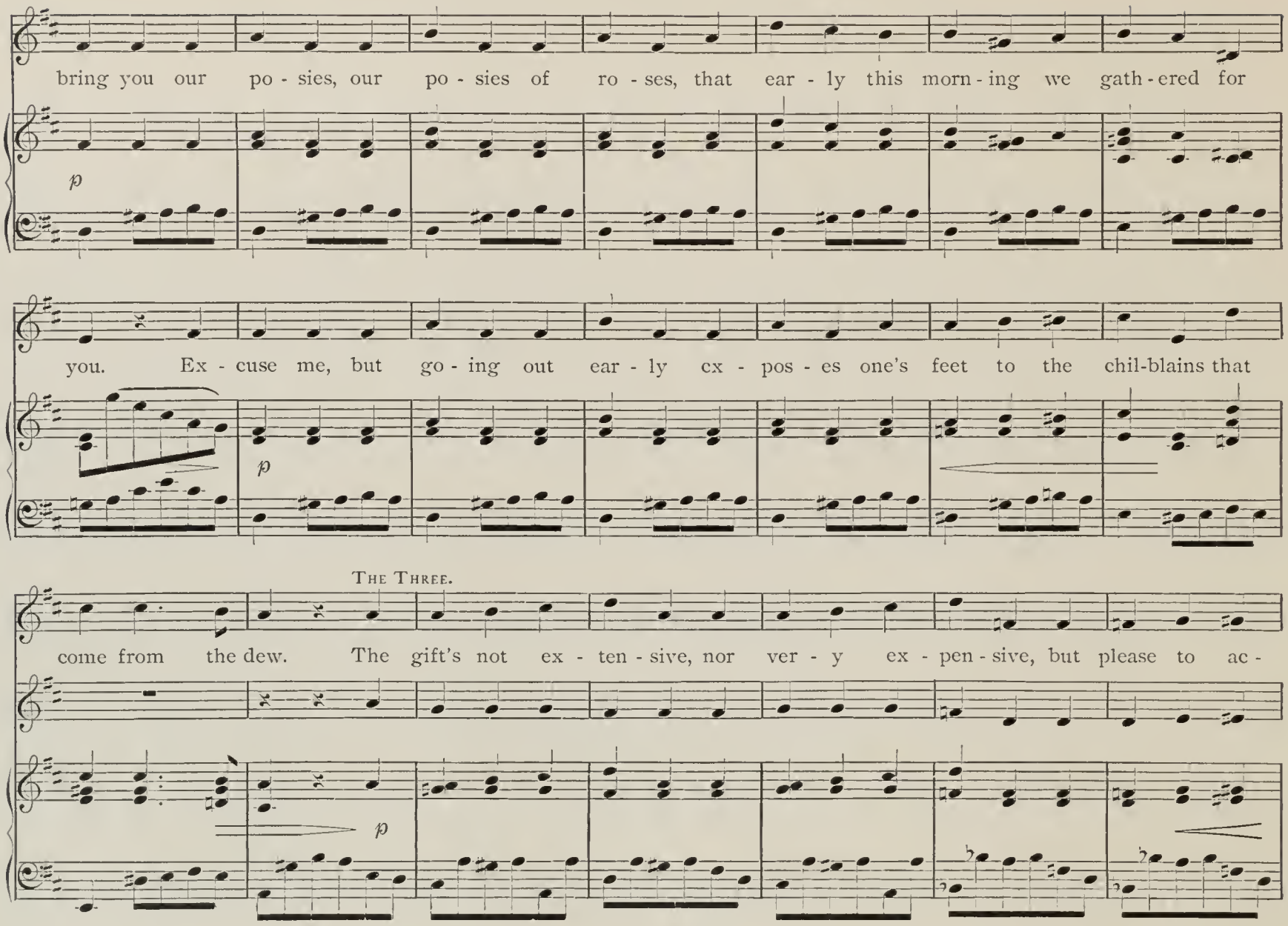
ALL TOGETHER. It never can be!

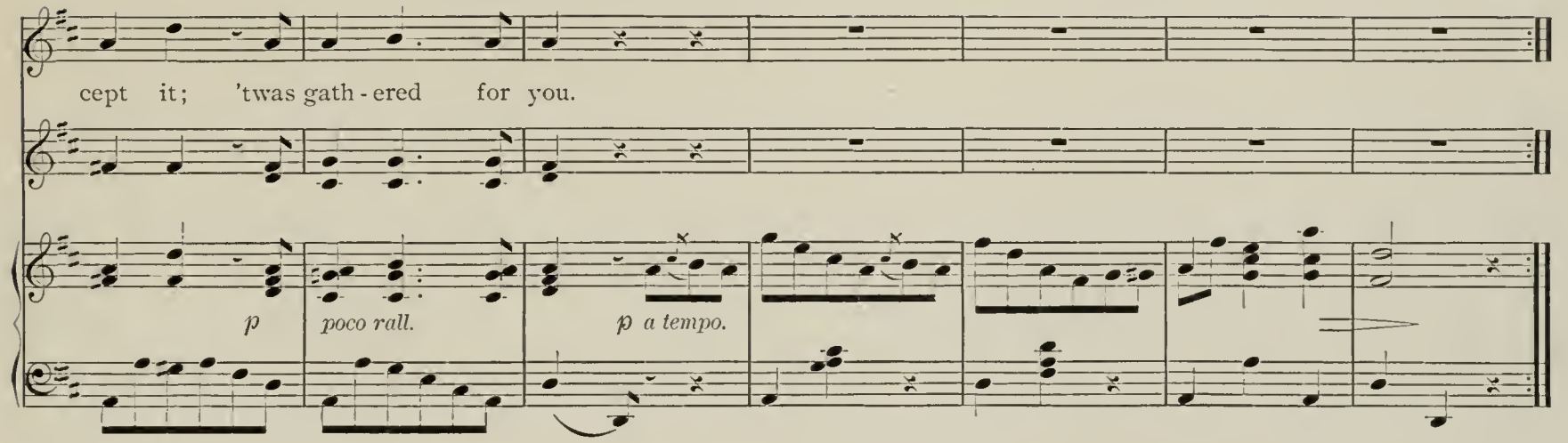
(*Enter, at back, the three* Princes. *Each carries a bunch of flowers.*)

Trio.—THE THREE PRINCES. (*a*)



(*a*) SPOT R; TORTOISESHELL C; VELVET L.


bring you our po - sies, our po - sies of ro - ses, that ear - ly this morn - ing we gath - ered for
p
you. Ex - cuse me, but go - ing out ear - ly ex - pos - es one's feet to the chil-blains that
p
The Three.
come from the dew. The gift's not ex - ten - sive, nor ver - y ex - pen - sive, but please to ac -
p



SPOT—

2. We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,
That early this morning we gathered for you;
Please lift them with care to your dear little noses,
And put them in water whenever you're through.

THE THREE.—The gift's not extensive, etc.

TORTOISESHELL—

3. We bring you our posies, our posies of roses,
That early this morning we gathered for you;
Each flower a gem of a dew-drop encloses,
And the love that goes with them 's clear and as true.

THE THREE.—The gift's not extensive, etc.

KITTY. Excuse us—no!

MALTA. Emphatically, distinctly, and decidedly, no!

ANGORA. Just no!

TORTOISESHELL. But what does this mean? You won't have our posies?

KITTY. No. And if you will excuse us, please, we won't have *you*.

TORTOISESHELL. Well, if we hadn't been accepted long ago I should say this was a rejection.

KITTY. It is a rejection. We have changed our minds. I suppose a woman can change her mind? Instead of rejecting you first and then accepting you, we have accepted you first and then rejected you. Do you see?

TORTOISESHELL. No. Do we see, Spot?

SPOT. I don't think we do.

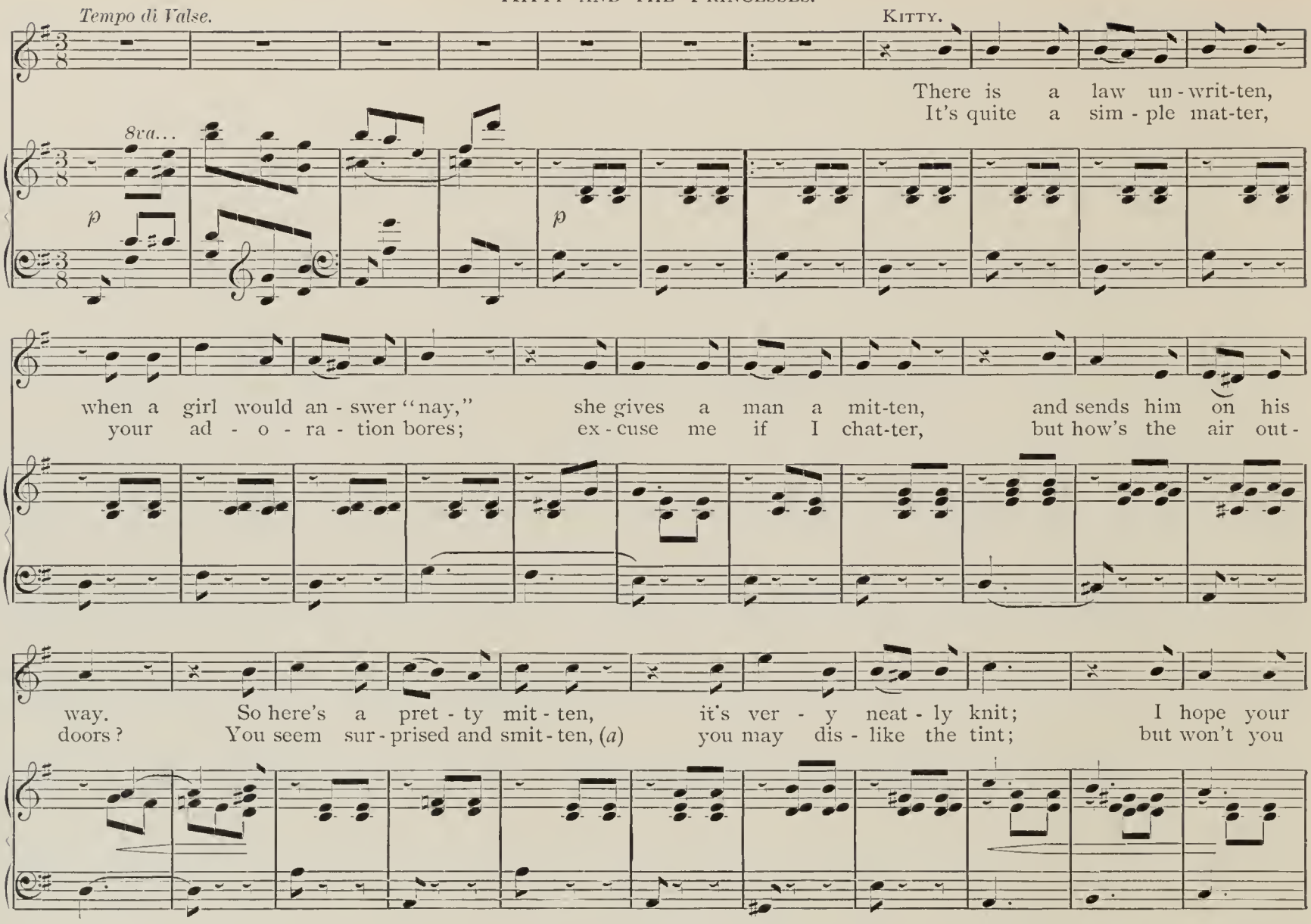
TORTOISESHELL. Do we see, Velvet?

VELVET (*bowing*). If the ladies desire it, of course we do.

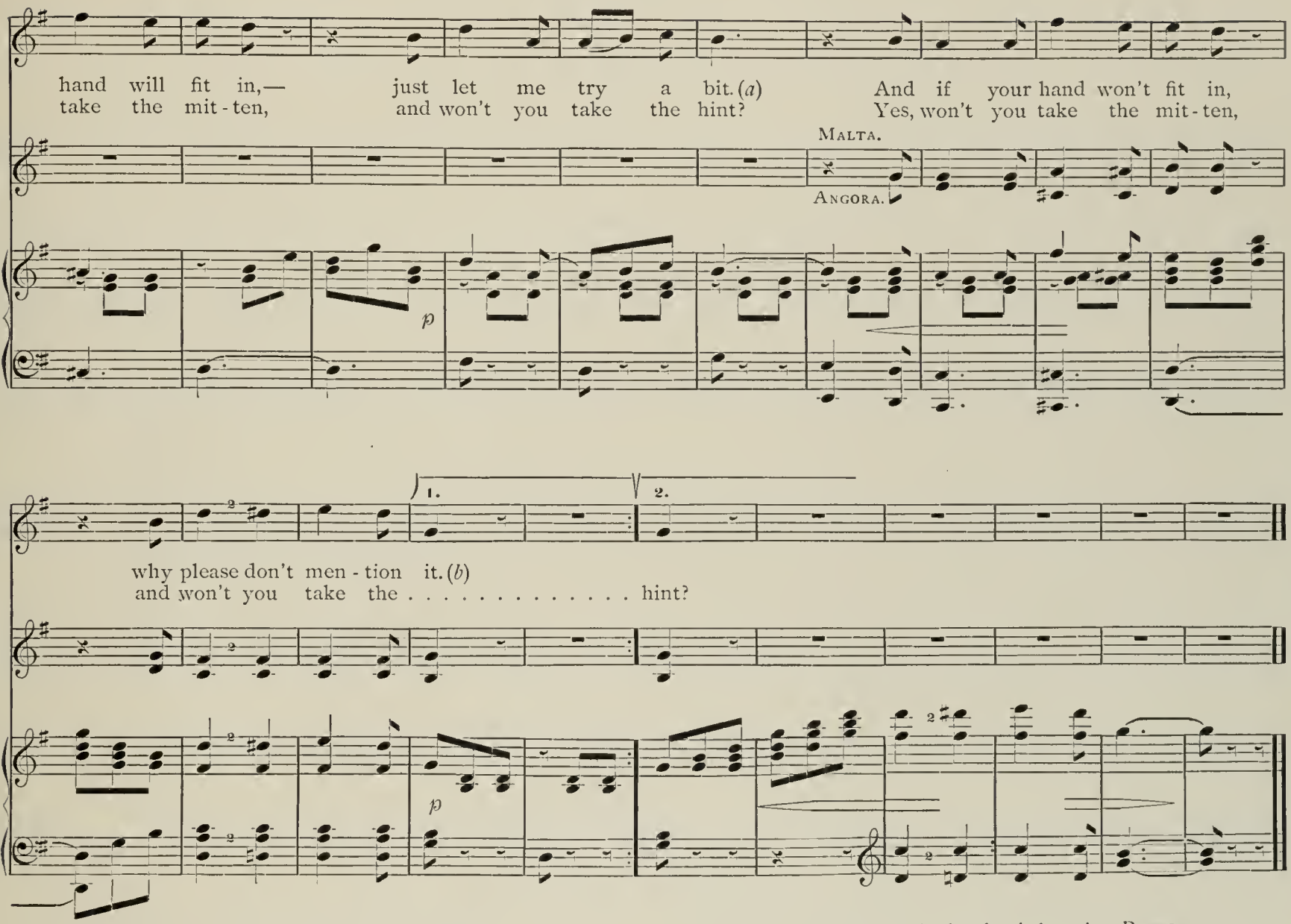
TORTOISESHELL (*to the* Princesses). Perhaps you'll kindly explain.

KITTY. With pleasure.

Kitty and the Princesses.



(*a*) She takes a black mitten from her pocket.



(a) She fits it on TORTOISESHELL'S right hand.

(b) They fit mittens on the hands of the other PRINCES.

TORTOISESHELL. But what have you against us?

KITTY. Nothing, except that you are all—you are all too much so.

MALTA. My idea exactly.

ANGORA. *I* should say that you were all very much too much so.

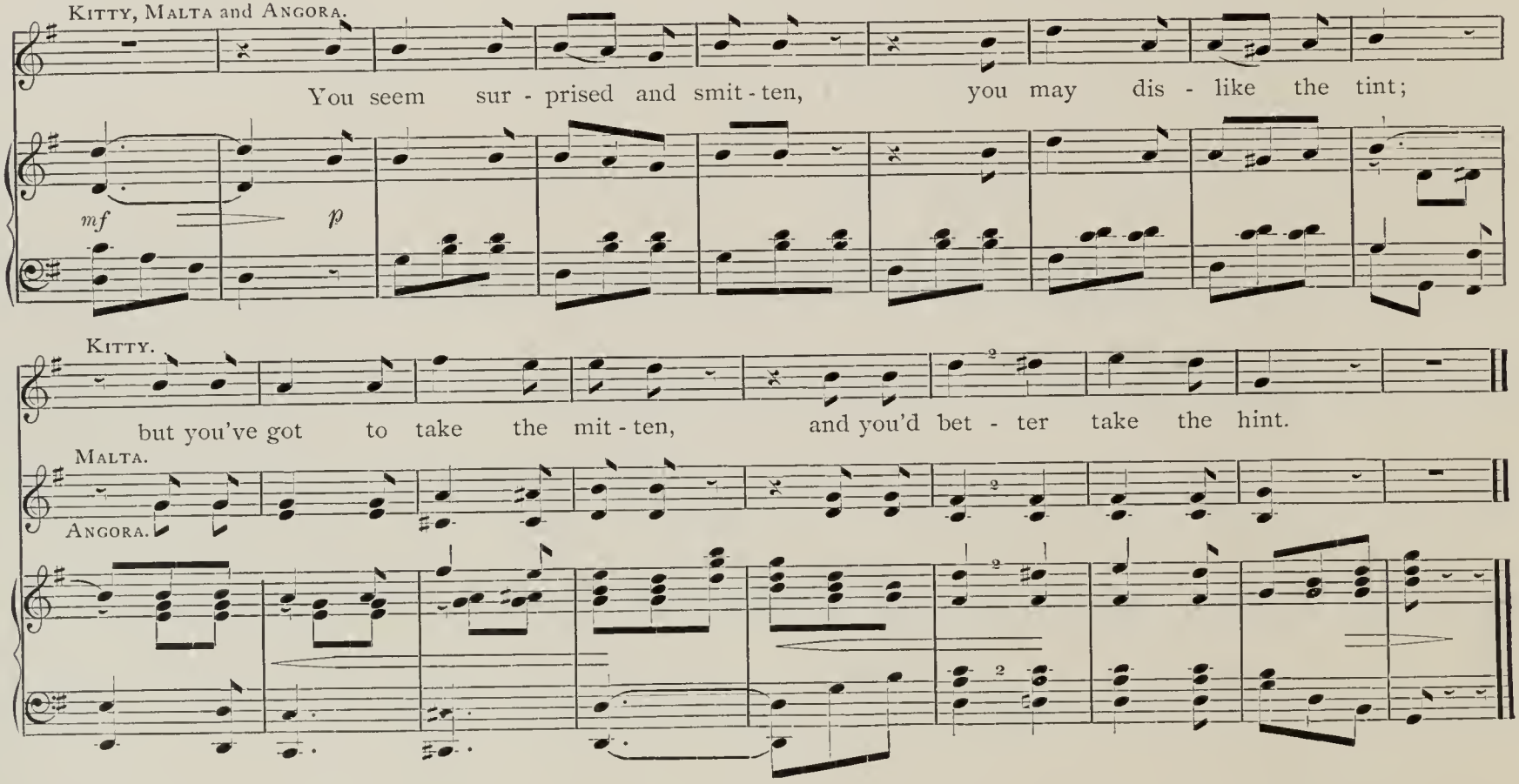
TORTOISESHELL (*to the* Princes). Gentlemen, what do you call this?

SPOT. I call it the best joke I ever heard.

VELVET. Pardon me; I like a joke well enough, but this isn't the kind of joke I care for.

SPOT. You must need a good deal of a joke when you want to feel funny. What more do you want than this? Don't you think we're about as ridiculous as we can be? Why don't you laugh?

VELVET. If I did feel like laughing I should not laugh *now*. His Majesty the King is coming here—I see him just outside the door—and it would be very improper to laugh.



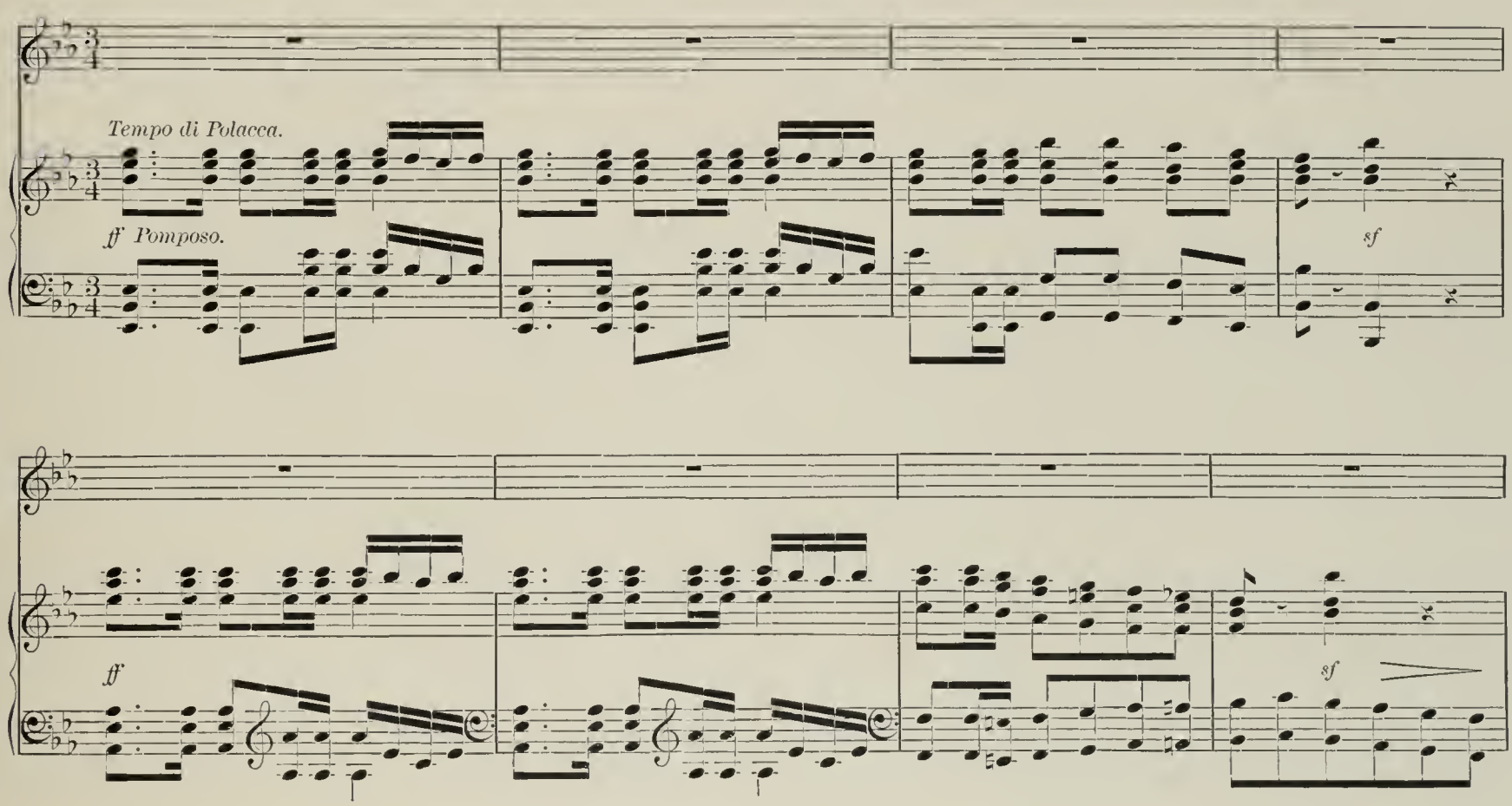
TORTOISESHELL (*earnestly, to* Kitty). Dear Kitty, tell me it is only a joke.

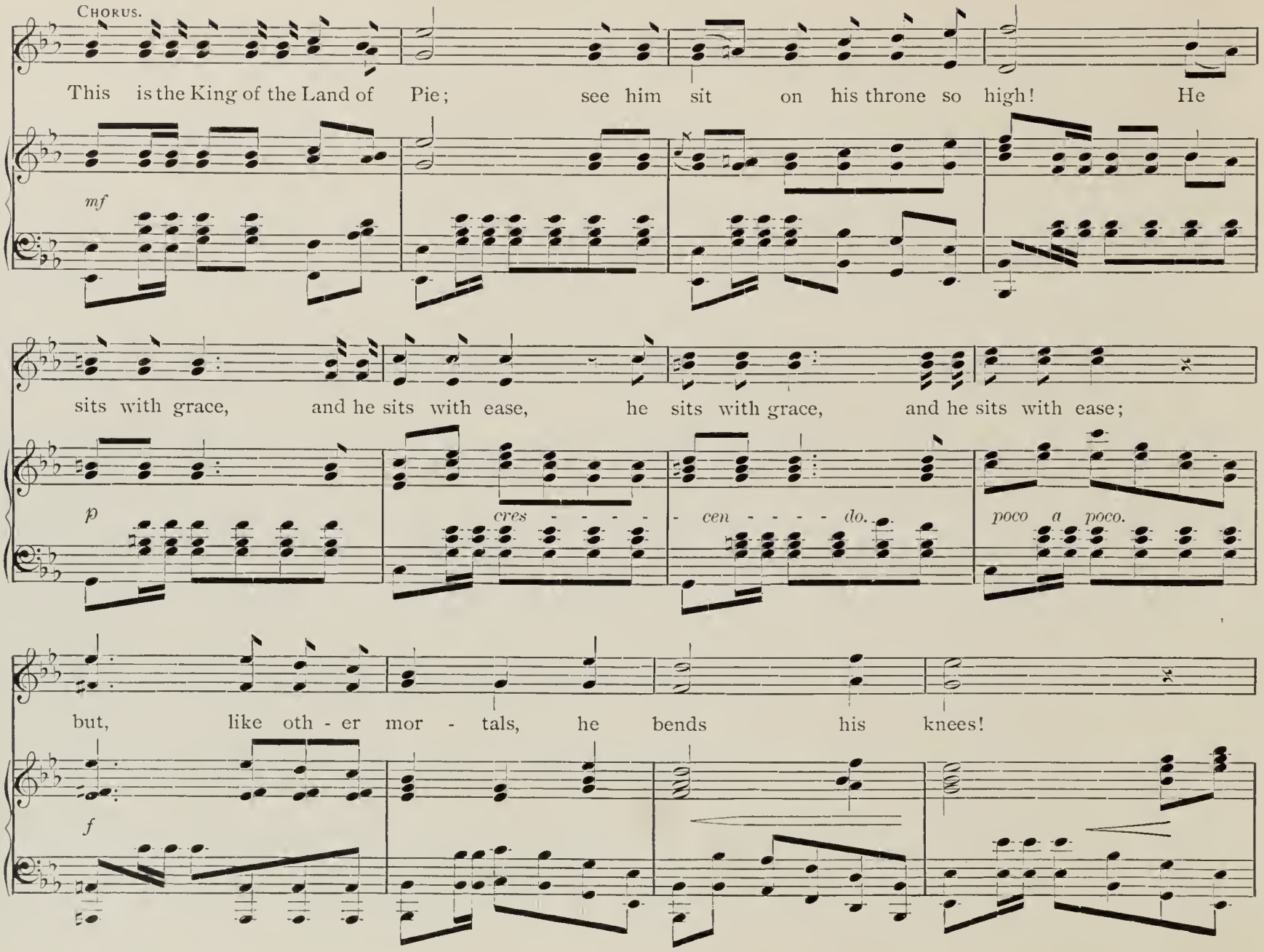
KITTY (*smiling*). Yes, it is a joke.

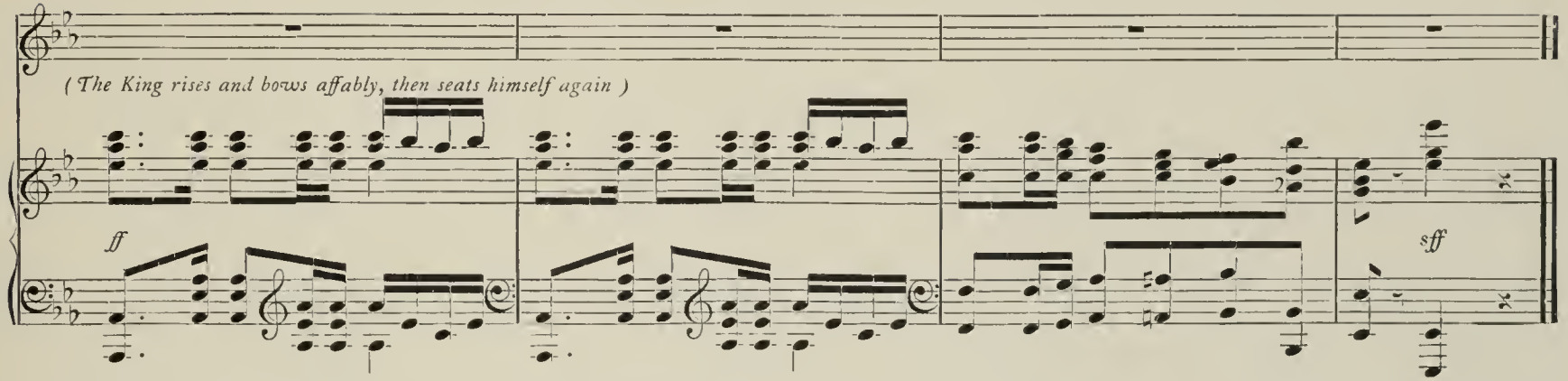
TORTOISESHELL (*eagerly*). Then you do love me?—you will marry me?

KITTY. No; that's the joke.

(Tortoiseshell *clasps his hands in despair. Enter, at back, the* King, *preceded by chorus of* Courtiers *and* Ladies. *He takes his seat on the throne, while the chorus sings.*)




Chorus.
This is the King of the Land of Pie; see him sit on his throne so high! He
mf
sits with grace, and he sits with ease, he sits with grace, and he sits with ease;
p
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do.
poco a poco.
but, like oth - er mor - tals, he bends his knees!
f



THE KING. Good-morning, my daughters. Good-morning, my future sons-in-law. Good-morning, every-body-else-in-a-lump. Where is my Court Jester?

KITCAT (*entering at back with* Ringtail). Here I am, your Majesty.

RINGTAIL (*severely*). That isn't right.

KITCAT. I beg your pardon. Here we are again, your Majesty. I didn't know I was expected to be funny.

(Ringtail *talks with* Princes.)

THE KING. Court Jester!

KITCAT. Yes, your Majesty.

THE KING. Jest.

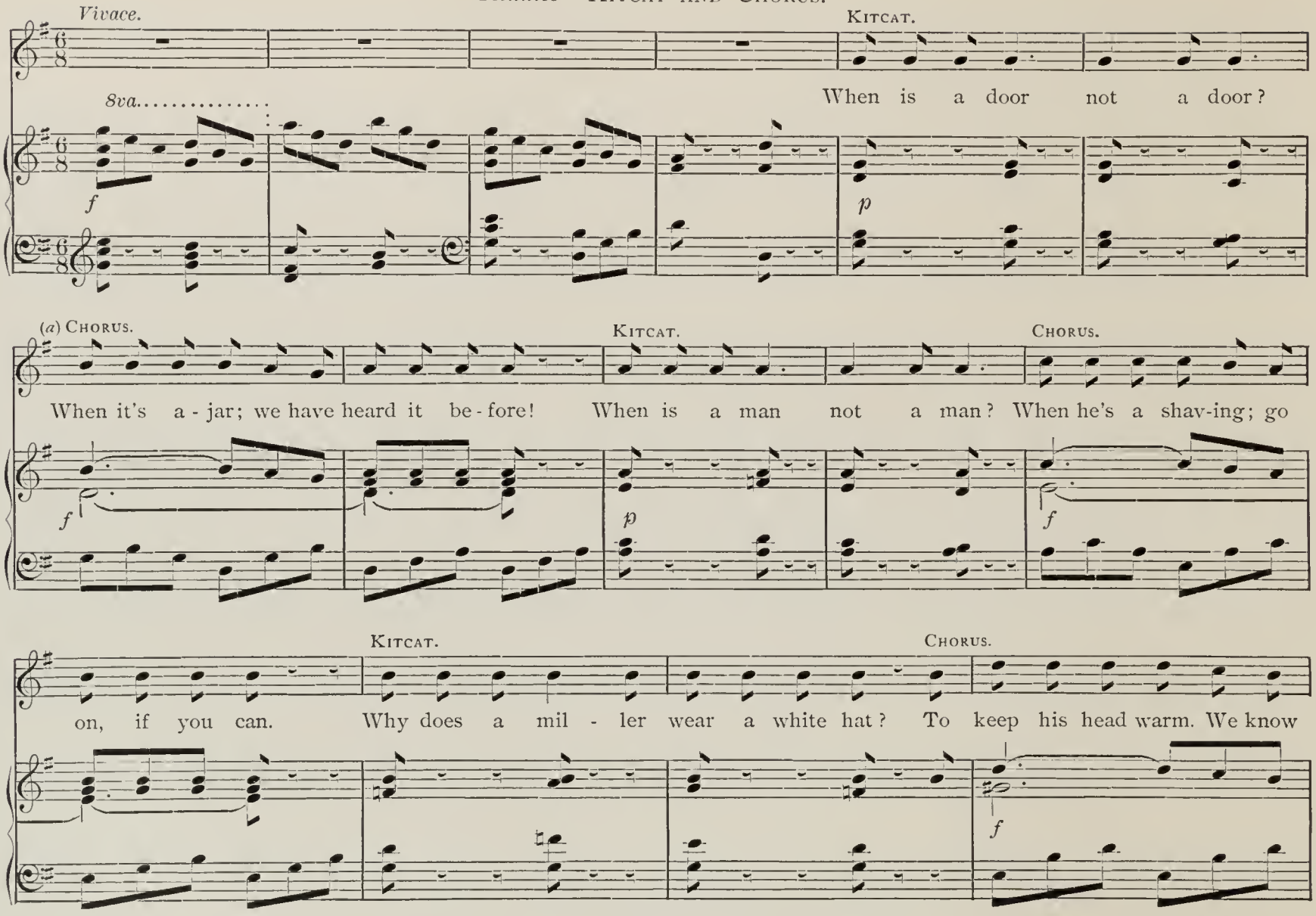
KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty. I am always ready to obey your Majesty and to earn my salary. What will your Majesty have in the way of a jest?

THE KING. Oh, I don't care; anything brilliant, clever, sparkling, and witty—and *new*.

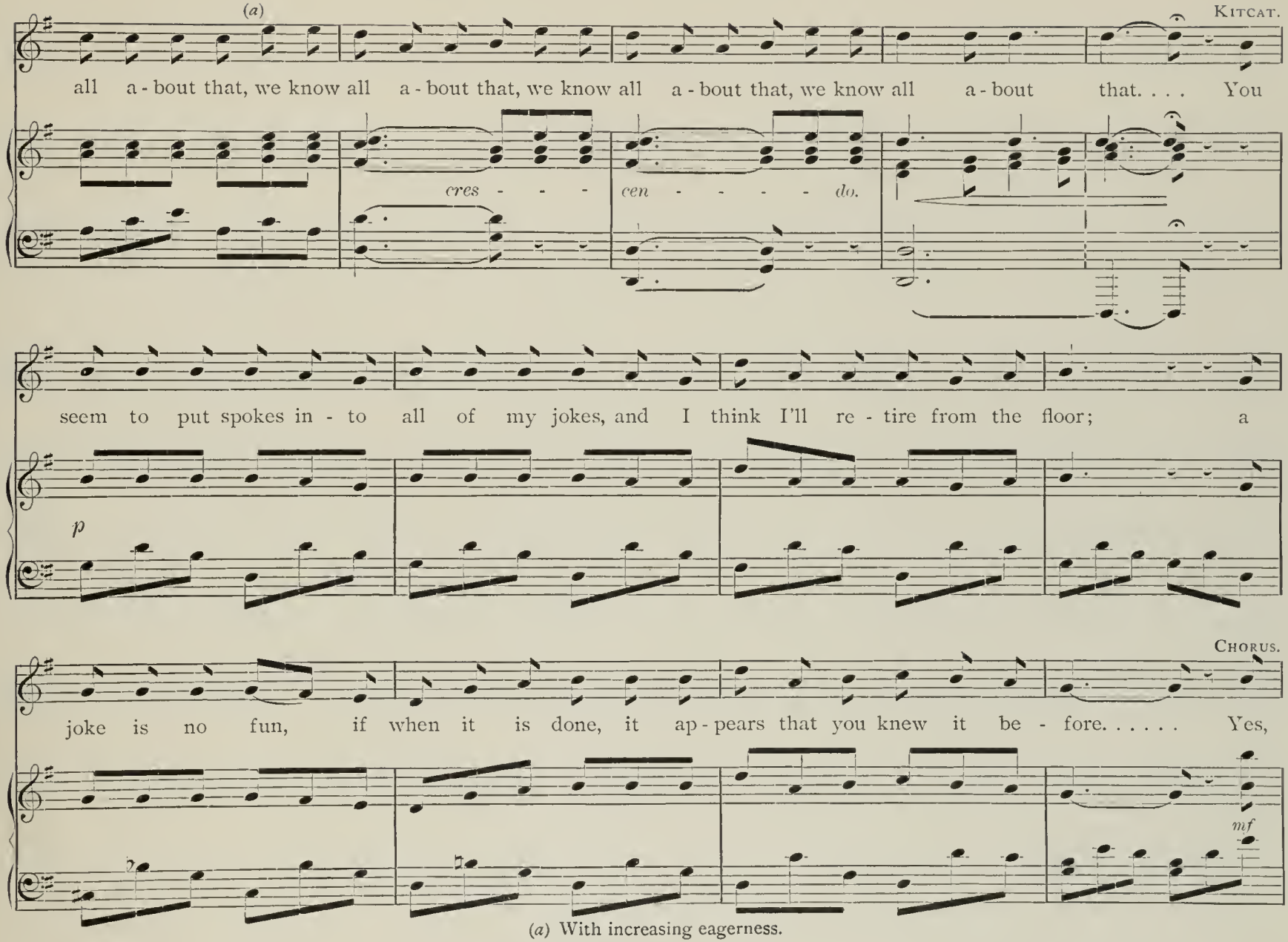
KITCAT. Certainly, your Majesty.

KITTY FITS THE MITTEN ON TORTOISESHELL'S RIGHT HAND

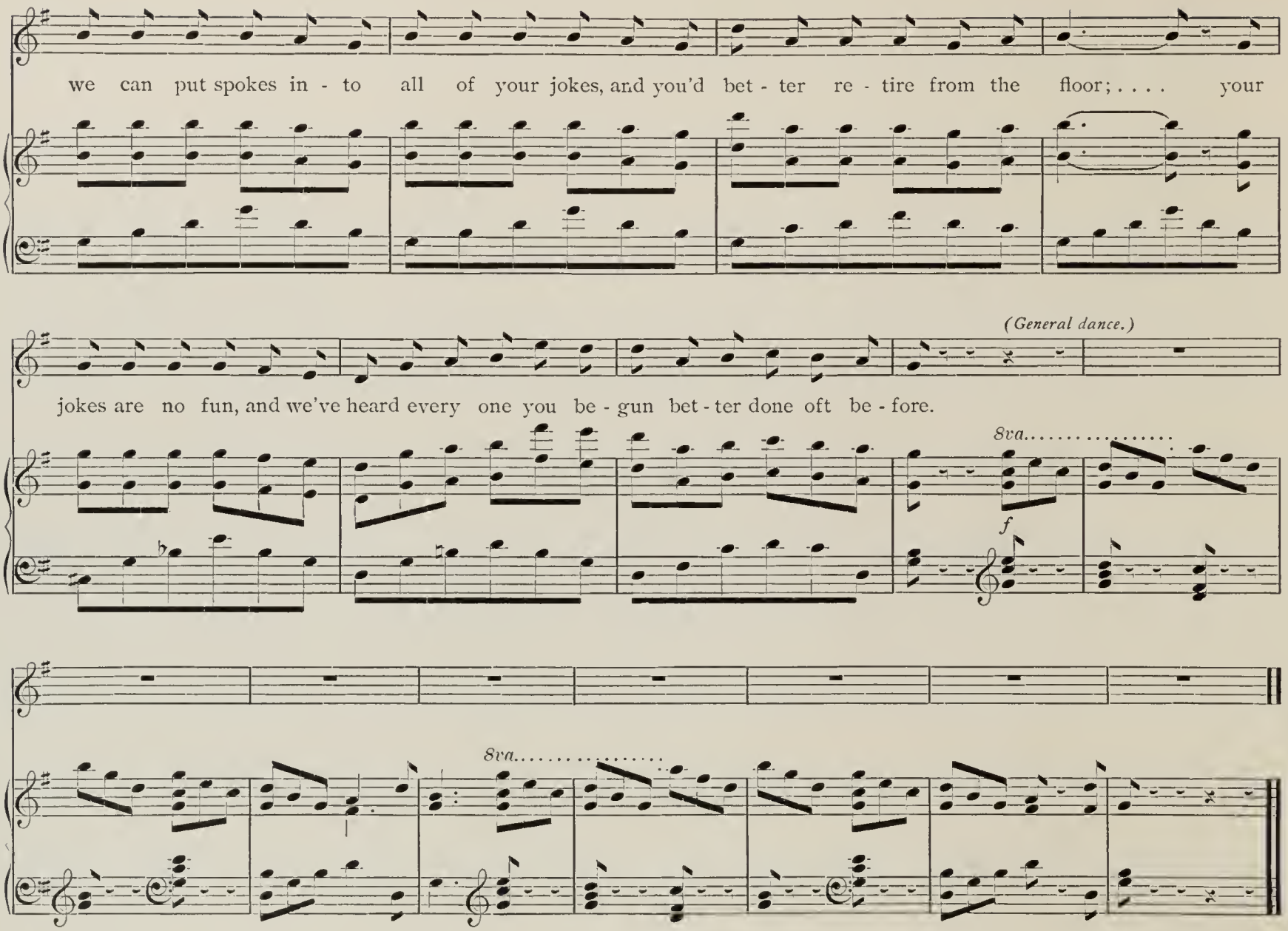
Riddles—KITCAT AND CHORUS.



(a) Take up chorus a little livelier than Kitcat each time.



(a) With increasing eagerness.


we can put spokes in - to all of your jokes, and you'd bet - ter re - tire from the floor; . . . . your
(General dance.)
jokes are no fun, and we've heard every one you be - gun bet - ter done oft be - fore.
8va.....
f
8va.....

THE KING. My Lord Chamberlain, is this all the entertainment provided for this morning?

RINGTAIL. No, not quite all, your Majesty. These young gentlemen here have just informed me of something that will greatly entertain your Majesty.

THE KING. Entertain me, then.

RINGTAIL. The Princes have just been rejected by the Princesses, who positively refuse to marry them.

THE KING (*almost falling off his throne*). But — oh! —I say—that won't do. I can't allow that.

RINGTAIL (*aside, to the* King). But it's done, your Majesty.

THE KING (*to* Ringtail). Then it's got to be undone. I've given each one of those Princes, separately and privately, a first mortgage—a *first* mortgage, do you hear, Ringtail?—on the palace, and if my daughters don't marry them, I am a foreclosed King.

KITTY. Yes, papa, we have told the Princes that we will not marry them.

MALTA *and* ANGORA. Yes, papa, all three of us.

KITTY. The fact is, we're tired of them, and so we have given them the mitten. See there!

(*The* Princes *hold up their hands, with the mittens on them.*)

THE KING. Then take them back at once. Take back those mittens.

TORTOISESHELL. Oh no, your Majesty. When a lady gives a gentleman a present—

VELVET. It wouldn't be polite to give it back.

SPOT. This is really a particularly large joke.

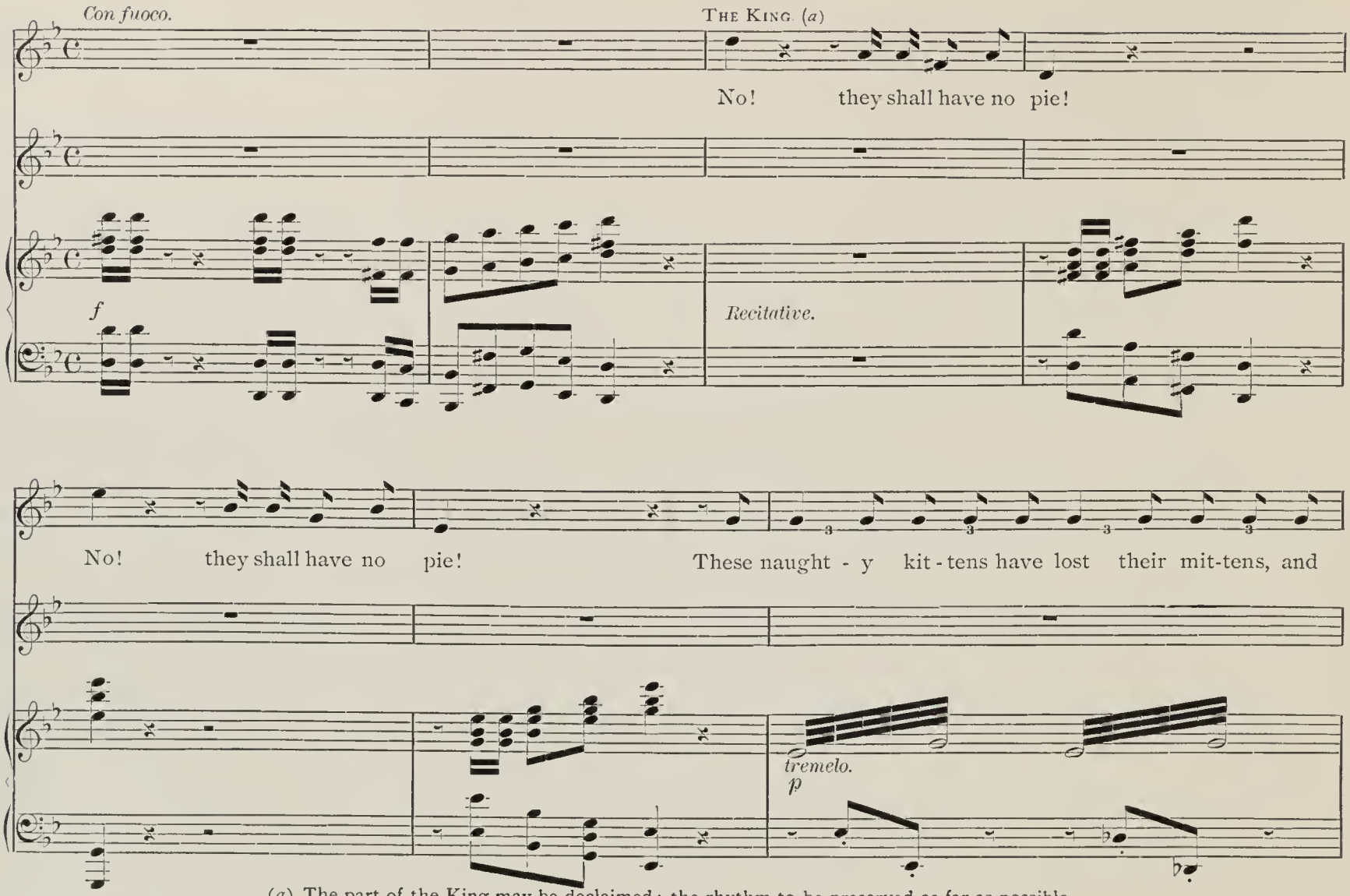
KING (*to* Princesses). Disobedient girls! Hear my commands! Get back those mittens at once, or I disown you. Unless you have those mittens back again before to-morrow you shall never share in the division of the Treasury Pie; and you shall all of you eat mustard tart for the remainder of your lives.

THE PRINCESSES (*falling on their knees*). Oh, horror!

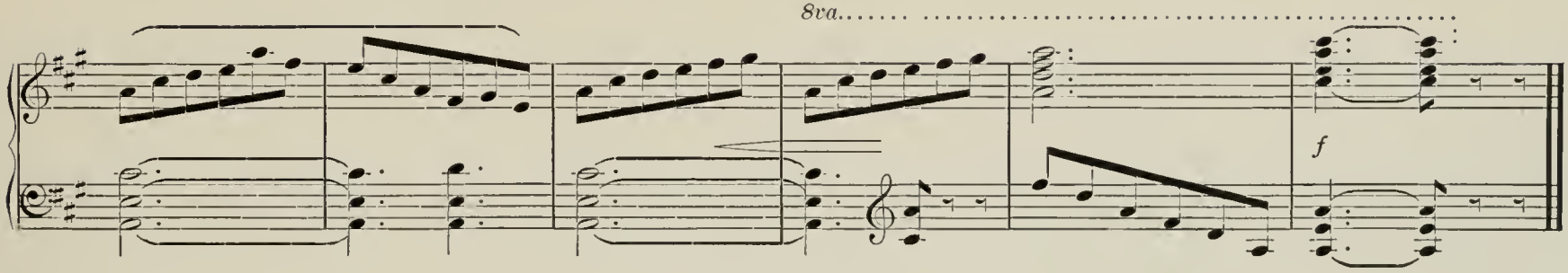
TORTOISESHELL. Your Majesty—be merciful—be merciful to *my* Princess, at least.

THE KING. No! I am firm.

Finale.—Principals and Chorus.



(a) The part of the King may be declaimed; the rhythm to be preserved as far as possible.



SPOT (*to* Angora). Princess—

ANGORA (*excitedly*). Oh, *please* don't begin with any of your horrid jokes. I can't stand them now. Don't you see, my nerves are all unstrung?

VELVET (*to* Malta). Princess—

MALTA. Oh, really, you are too much for any one to bear, with your miserable old politeness! Why don't you do something to cheer me up, when you see that I'm feeling simply wretched?

THE PRINCES. But, ladies—

ANGORA (*half sobbing*). I'm going to my own room!

MALTA (*the same*). So am I!

ANGORA. I am going to cry!

MALTA. So am I!

(*Exeunt, sobbing*, Malta *right*, Angora *left*.)

SPOT (*dismally*). It's a great joke, isn't it?

VELVET. I'm glad you like it.

SPOT. Why don't you go and cheer up your Princess?

VELVET. She isn't mine; she's yours.

SPOT. Then I'll go and cheer her up myself.

VELVET. Then I'm going to find Angora.

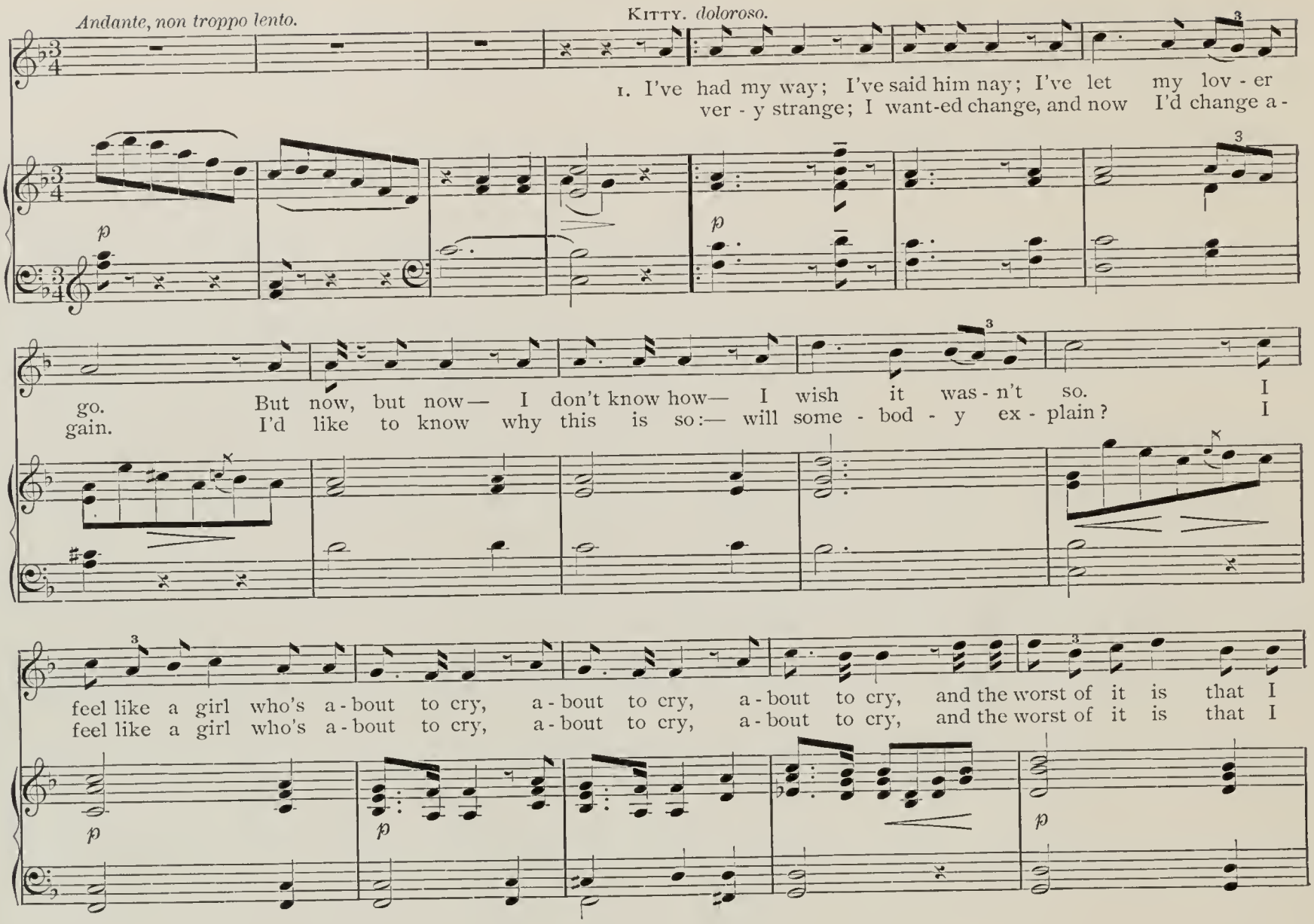
SPOT. Go! Who cares?

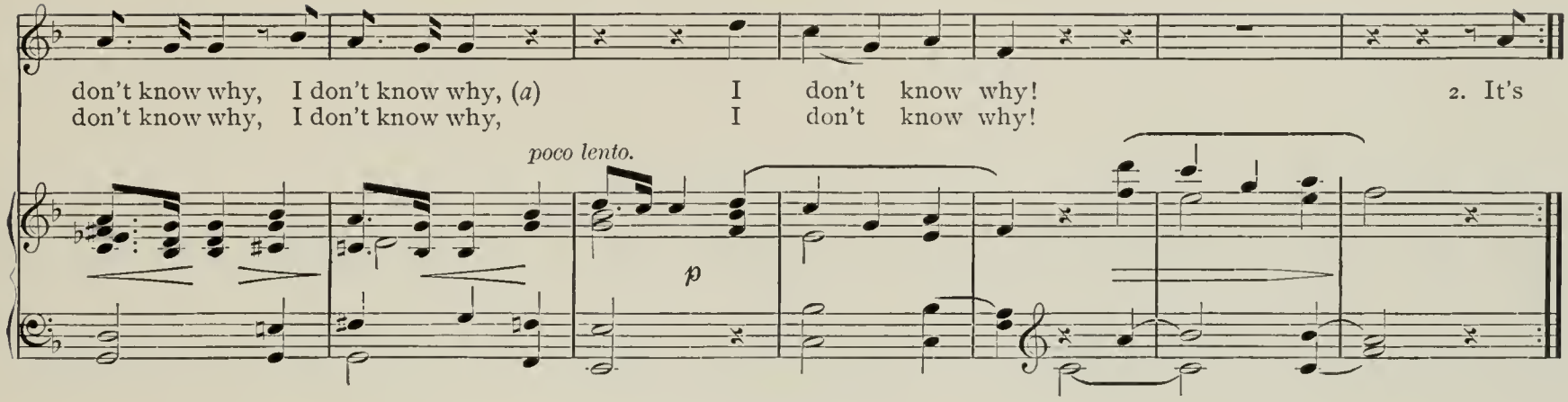
BOTH (*angrily*). Bah!

(*Exeunt quickly*, Spot *right*, Velvet *left*, *just as* Kitty *enters at back*.)

KITTY. It's really strange that when I have everything just as I like it, I find out that I don't like it at all.

Song.—KITTY.


Andante, non troppo lento.
KITTY. doloroso.
1. I've had my way; I've said him nay; I've let my lov - er
ver - y strange; I want-ed change, and now I'd change a -
p
go. But now, but now— I don't know how— I wish it was - n't so. I
gain. I'd like to know why this is so:— will some - bod - y ex - plain? I
feel like a girl who's a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, and the worst of it is that I
feel like a girl who's a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, a - bout to cry, and the worst of it is that I
p
p
p



(*a*) A smothered sob.

(*While she is singing*, Tortoiseshell *has entered at back; he stands sadly watching her. At close of song she turns and sees him.*)

KITTY. Oh dear! Are you there?

TORTOISESHELL. Yes, *dear*, I am here.

KITTY. I didn't mean "dear" in that way.

TORTOISESHELL. Yes, but *I* did, *dear*.

KITTY. Well, then, you oughtn't to. It isn't proper. I'm engaged to somebody else.

TORTOISESHELL. But *I'm* not engaged to anybody else.

KITTY. You will be, though, won't you?

TORTOISESHELL. Never! I am going to sea. I am going to spend the rest of my life in foreign lands—as foreign as possible.

KITTY. Oh, but then you'll see a great many other girls.

TORTOISESHELL. I don't care.

KITTY. But you ought to care for the society of ladies. And you'll see ever so many girls who are so much nicer than I am (*sighs*).

TORTOISESHELL. No, I sha'n't.

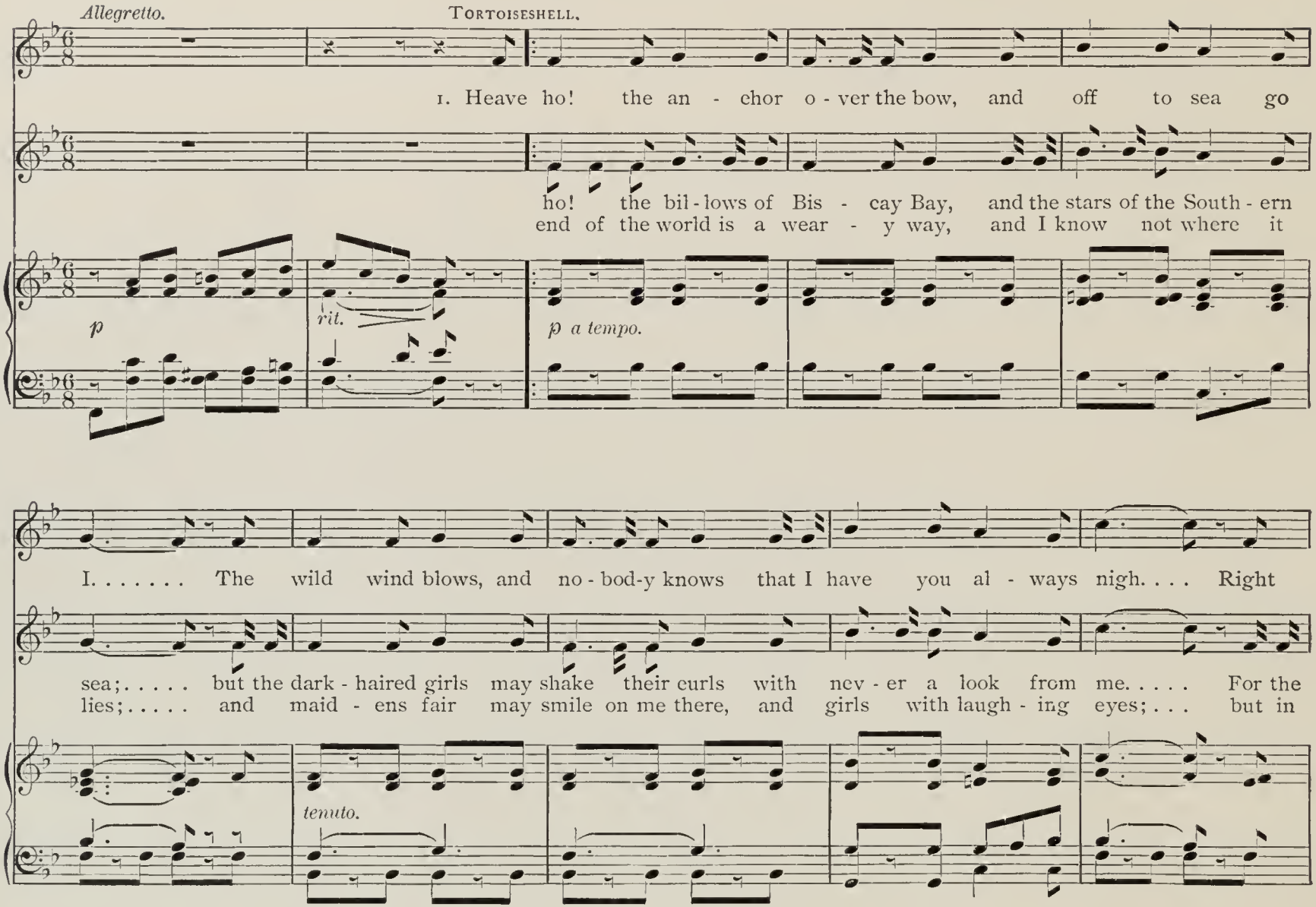
KITTY. Why not?

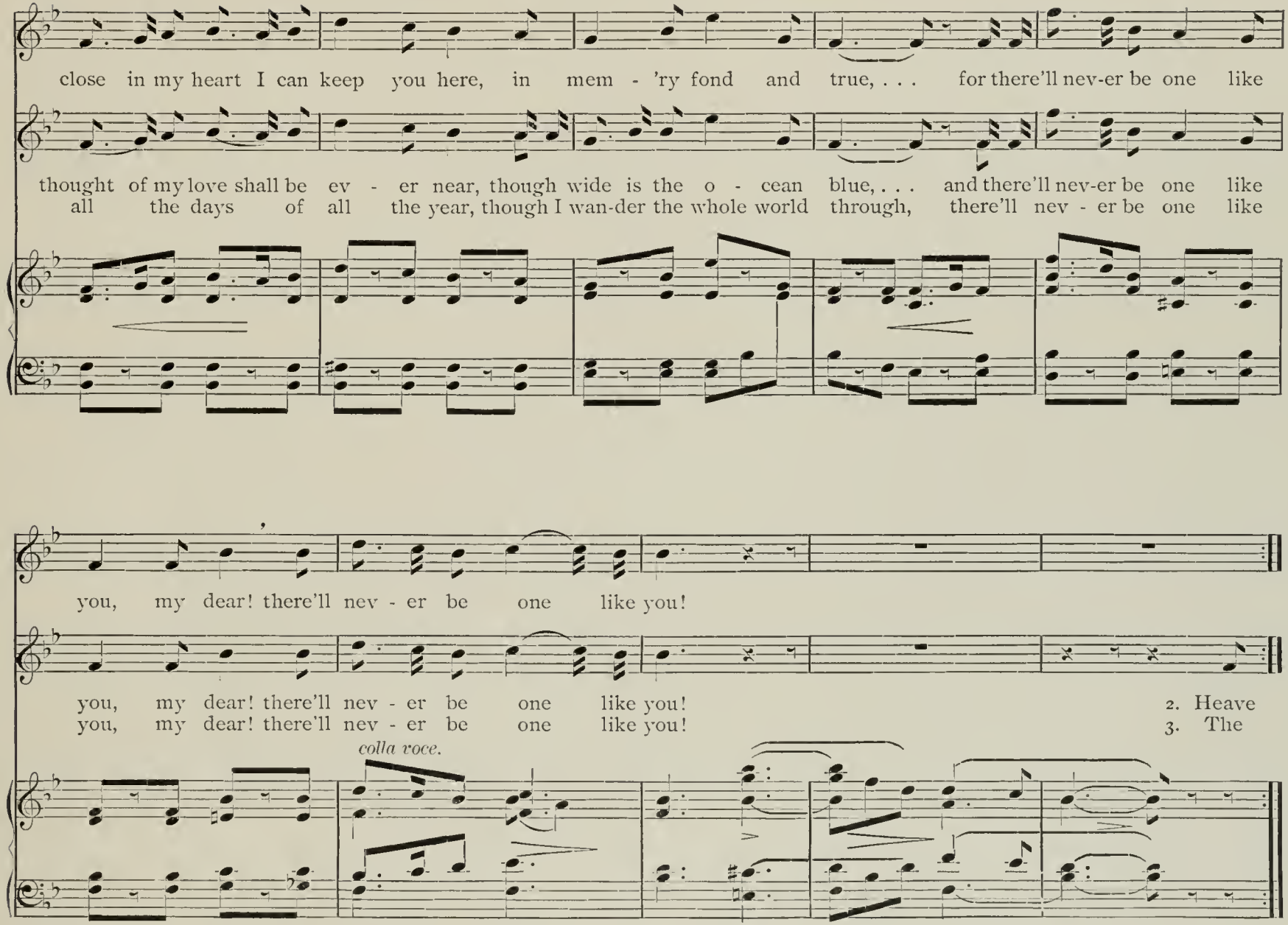
TORTOISESHELL. Because there aren't any girls who are nicer than you are.

KITTY. Oh yes, there are (*angrily*). Yes, I'm *perfectly sure* that when you get off in those hateful foreign countries you'll find some girl (*almost sobbing*) who's a *great deal* nicer than I am.

TORTOISESHELL. No, indeed, I sha'n't. You are the nicest girl that ever lived in all the whole world, and I should say so even if nobody else agreed with me.

Song.—Tortoiseshell.




close in my heart I can keep you here, in mem - 'ry fond and true, . . . for there'll nev-er be one like
thought of my love shall be ev - er near, though wide is the o - cean blue, . . . and there'll nev-er be one like
all the days of all the year, though I wan-der the whole world through, there'll nev - er be one like
you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!
you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!
you, my dear! there'll nev - er be one like you!
colla voce.
2. Heave
3. The

KITTY. Do you really love me as much as all that?

TORTOISESHELL. Indeed I do. More.

KITTY. Why didn't you ever mention it before?

TORTOISESHELL. Didn't I?

KITTY. Not in that convincing way (*coming close to him*). Oh dear, we might have been so happy!

(*She lets her head fall on his shoulder.*)

TORTOISESHELL (*putting his arm about her*). Kitty, couldn't you love me a little? I'm so sorry I displeased you.

KITTY. I'm sorry I was displeased.

TORTOISESHELL. I'll try to be different. And really, you know, I'm not so good as you think I am.

KITTY. Oh yes, you are.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm quite bad sometimes.

KITTY. I'm sure you're not.

TORTOISESHELL. I'm sometimes cross; and if I had the toothache, I think I could be very disagreeable.

KITTY. Oh no, you couldn't; not even if you tried.

TORTOISESHELL. And as to being brave—well, I think I could be afraid—of an elephant, for instance, if it was a very big elephant.

KITTY (*indignantly*). Tortoiseshell, I won't have you saying such things of yourself. You're the bravest, best, kindest, nicest Prince in the world, and you know it.

TORTOISESHELL (*sadly*). Then you can't love me at all?

(*He releases her.*)

KITTY. Of course I can—of course I do. Who could help loving you?

TORTOISESHELL. But a while ago you said you hated me for just those very reasons. This is very strange. It isn't quite—consistent.

KITTY (*surprised*). Isn't it?

TORTOISESHELL. No.

KITTY. Do you mind?

TORTOISESHELL (*embracing her*). No; you may be as inconsistent as you please, so long as you are mine.

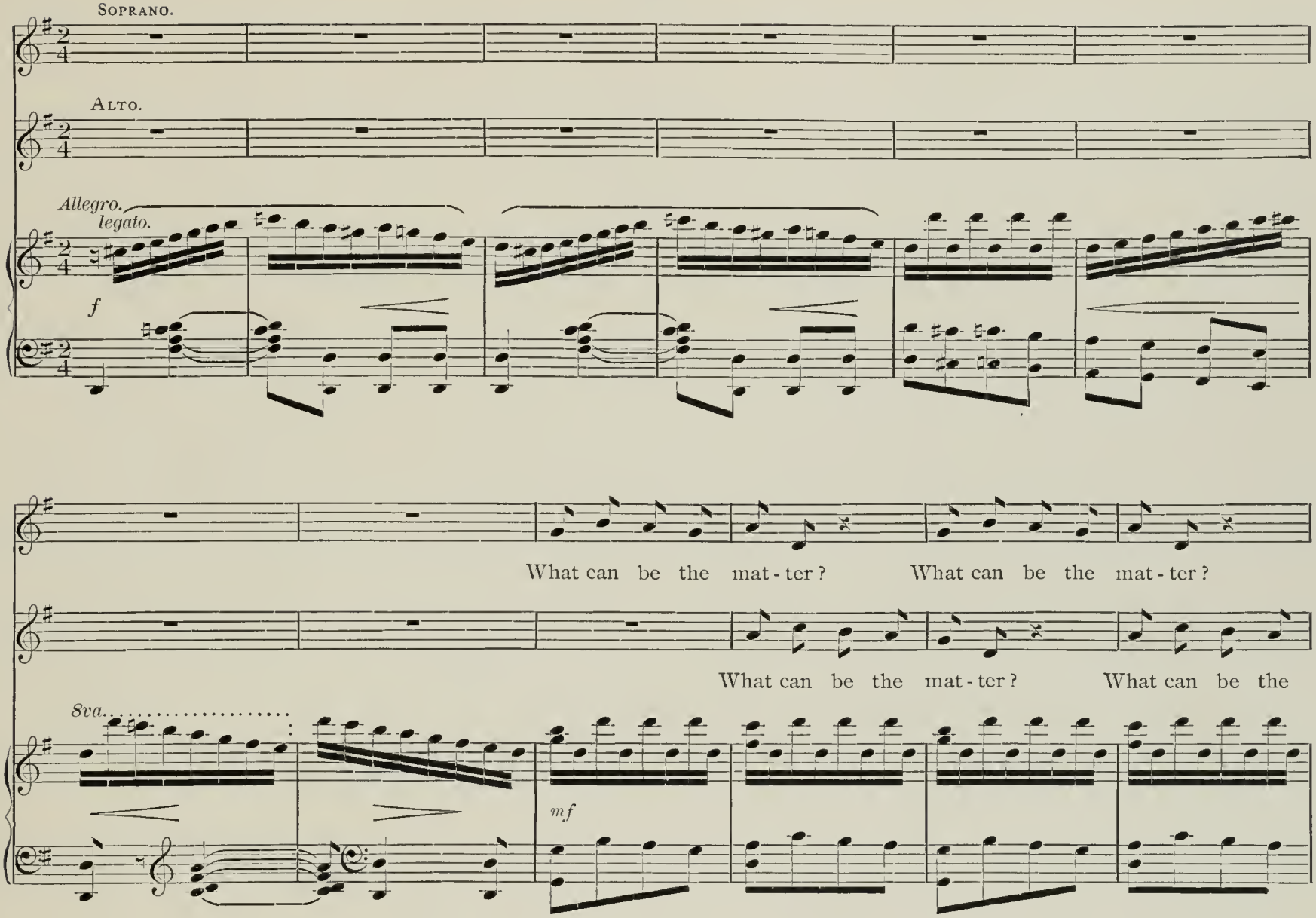
THE KING (*entering suddenly at back*). Here, young man, what are you doing with that young lady?

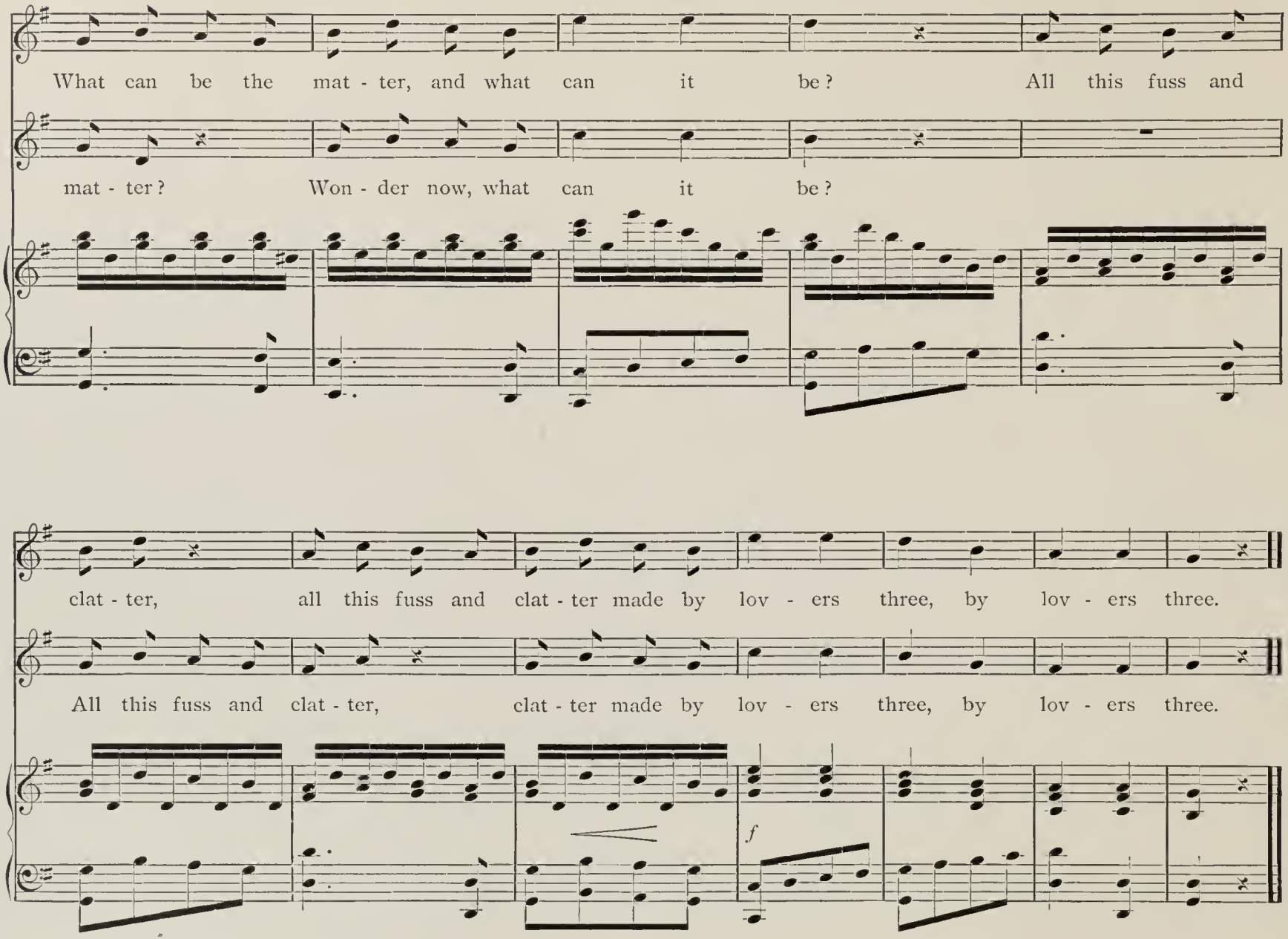
KITTY. Oh, papa, we're making up! Please don't interrupt us.

THE KING. But this won't do! She's engaged to the Lord High Chamberlain! (*Calling.*) Here, Ringtail! Here, my courtiers!

(*Enter, right*, Ringtail; *at back*, Kitcat, Velvet, *and* Angora, Spot *and* Malta, *and* Chorus.)

Chorus.


Soprano.
Alto.
Allegro.
legato.
f
What can be the mat - ter? What can be the mat - ter?
What can be the mat - ter? What can be the
8va.
mf


What can be the mat - ter, and what can it be? All this fuss and
mat - ter? Won - der now, what can it be?
clat - ter, all this fuss and clat - ter made by lov - ers three, by lov - ers three.
All this fuss and clat - ter, clat - ter made by lov - ers three, by lov - ers three.
f

TORTOISESHELL. The matter is that Kitty and I have made up; and I will defend her right to change her mind. I will defend it with my life!

(*He makes a motion as if to draw his sword.*)

THE KING. What! you would draw your sword upon a king—a real, genuine king!

RINGTAIL (*to* Tortoiseshell). Don't draw your sword, young man—draw your mortgage!

THE KING. Ringtail, why don't you claim your bride?

RINGTAIL. The honor is too great for me, your Majesty. I must respectfully decline it. (*Aside.*) I can't get the rest of the money; it's all in that Treasury Pie, and I can't get at it.

KITCAT. Ha! ha! If I can't *make* a joke, at least I can spoil one.

THE KING. My daughters, what does this mean?

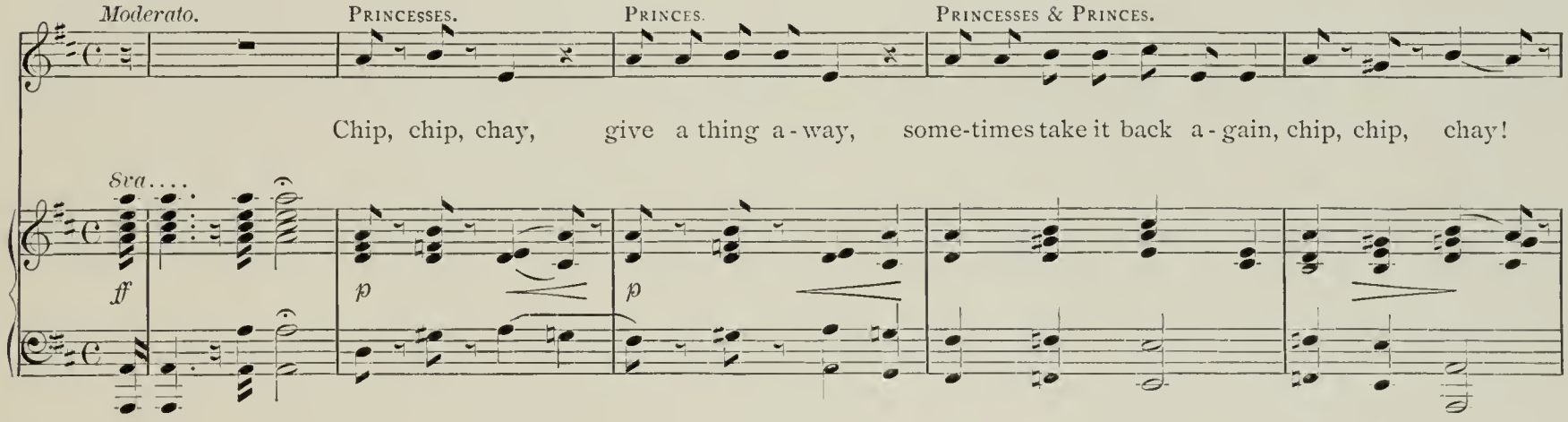
ANGORA. It means, papa, that we should like to have our mittens back.

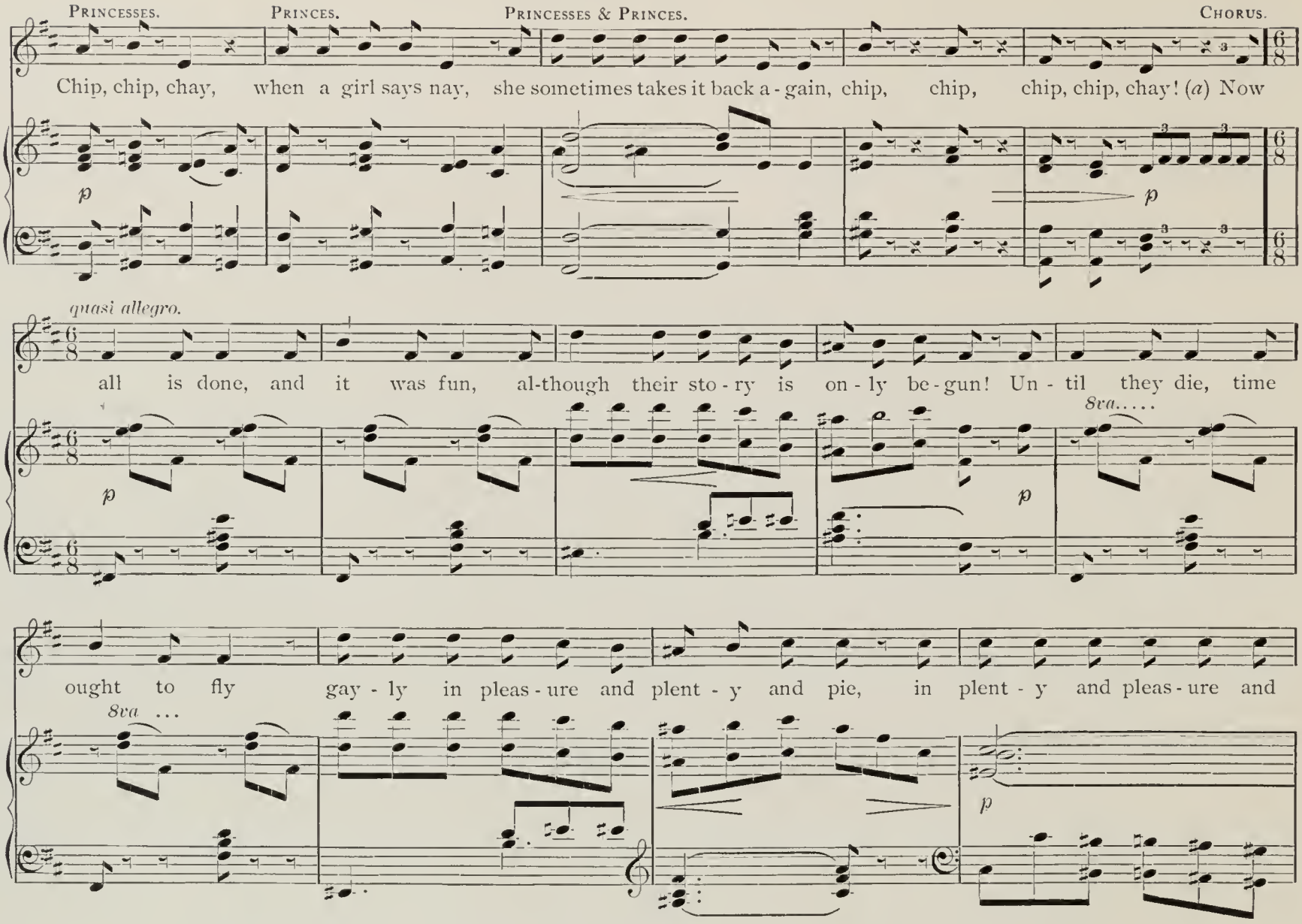
MALTA (*to the* Princes). Gentlemen, if we may trouble you for those mittens.

THE THREE PRINCES. With pleasure.

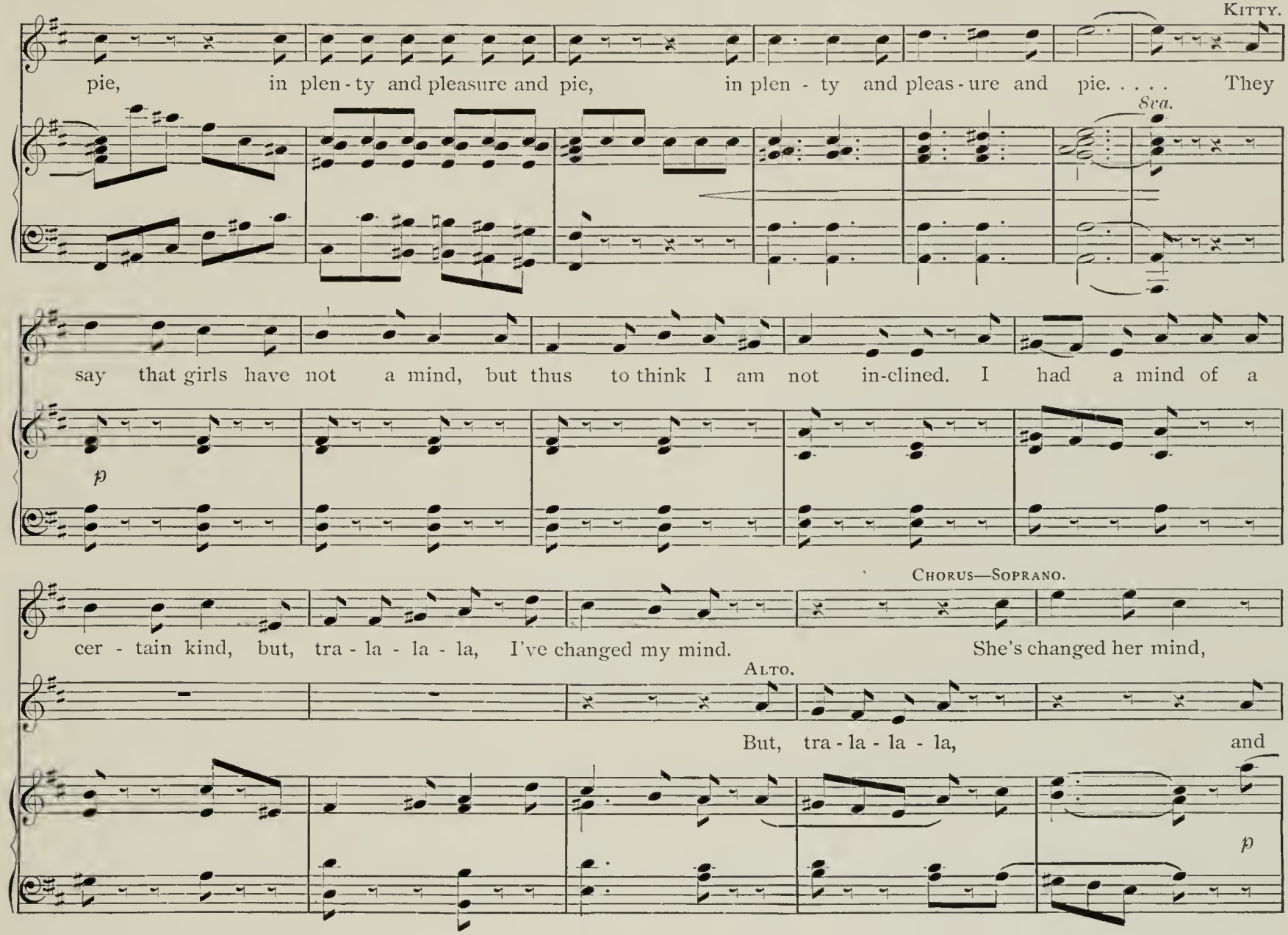
(*They bow politely, and return the mittens.*)

Finale.—EVERYBODY.

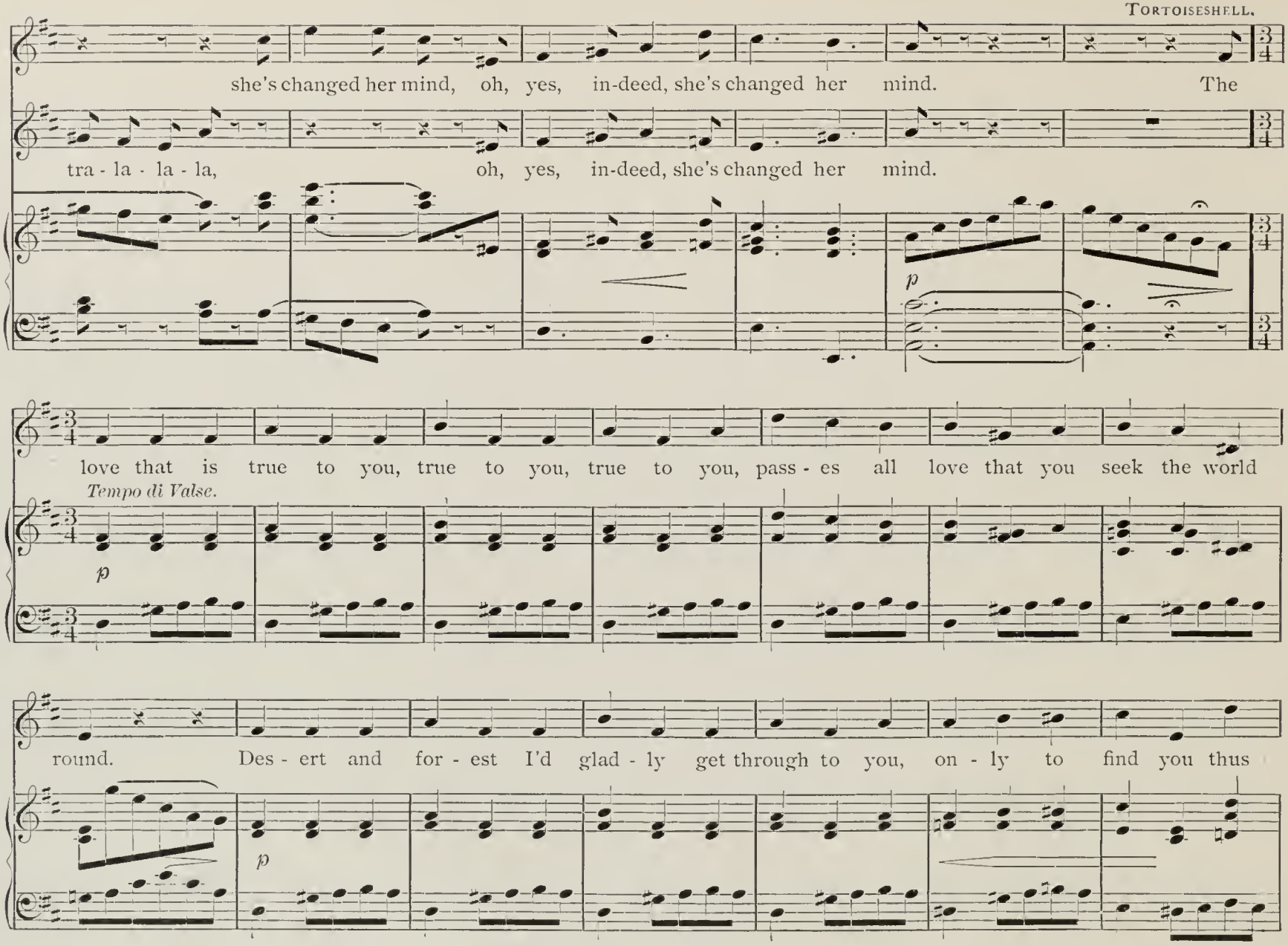


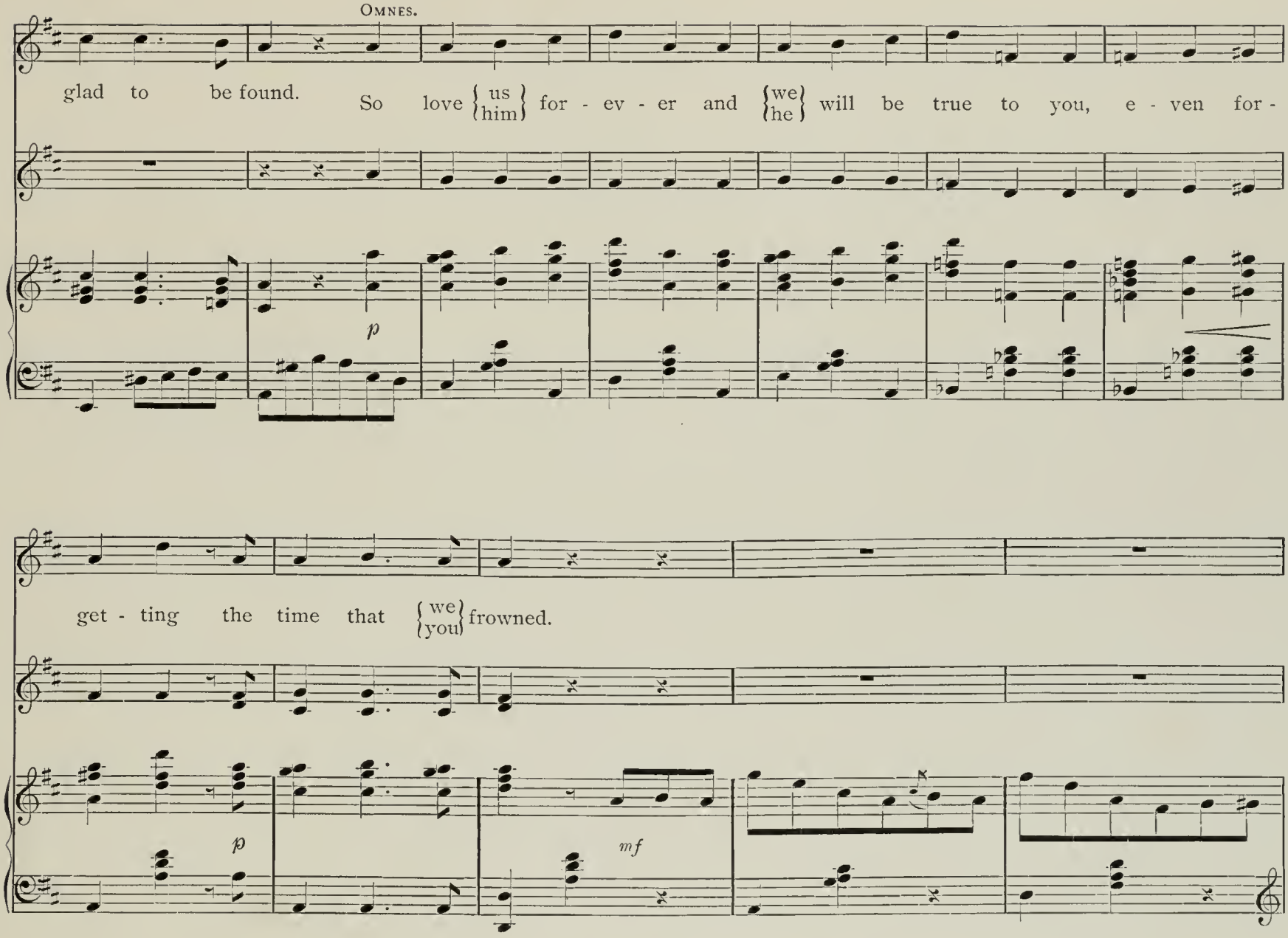


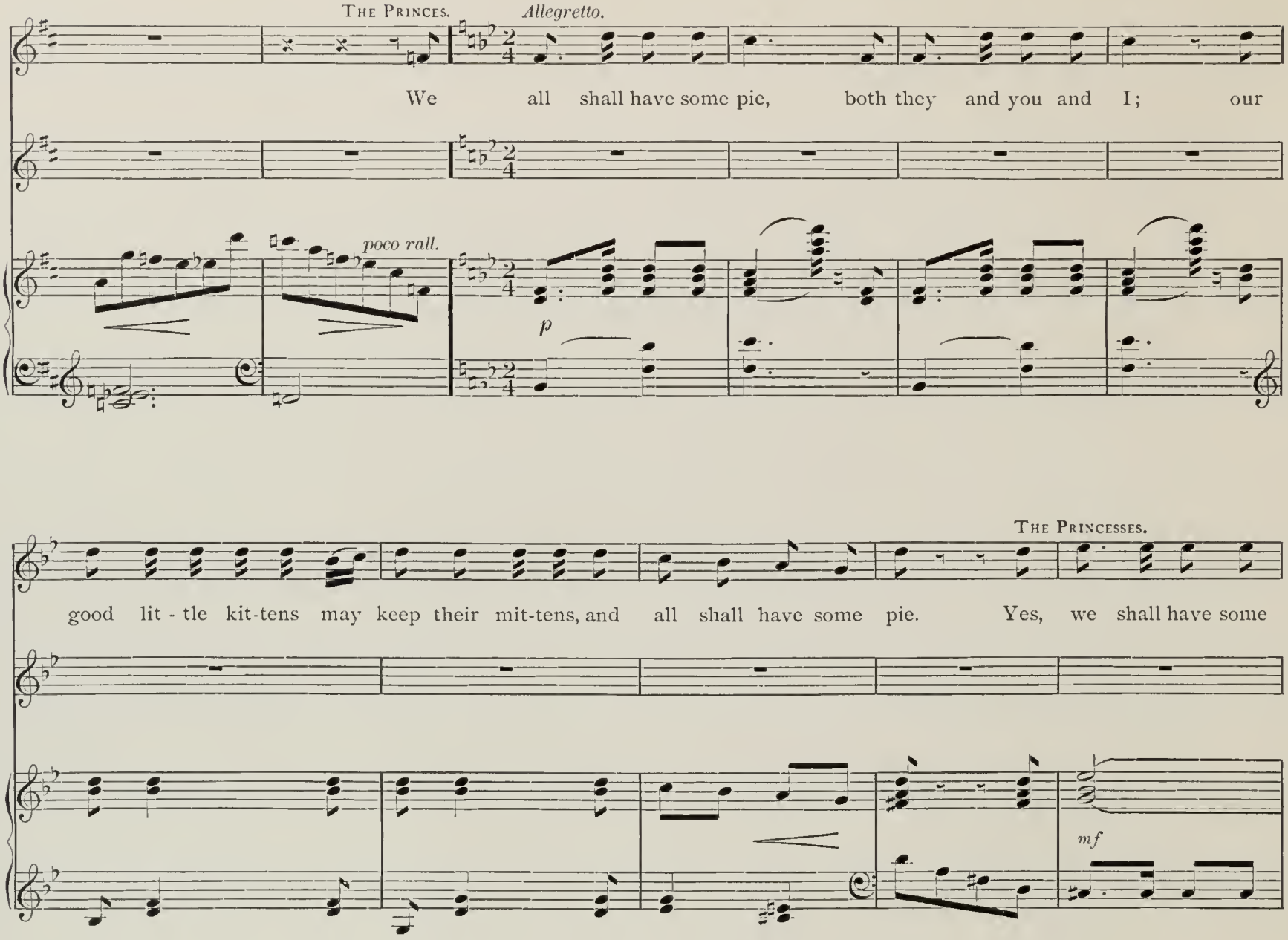
(a) Each Princess goes to her Prince. KITTY and TORTOISESHELL are C., the rest grouped R. and L.

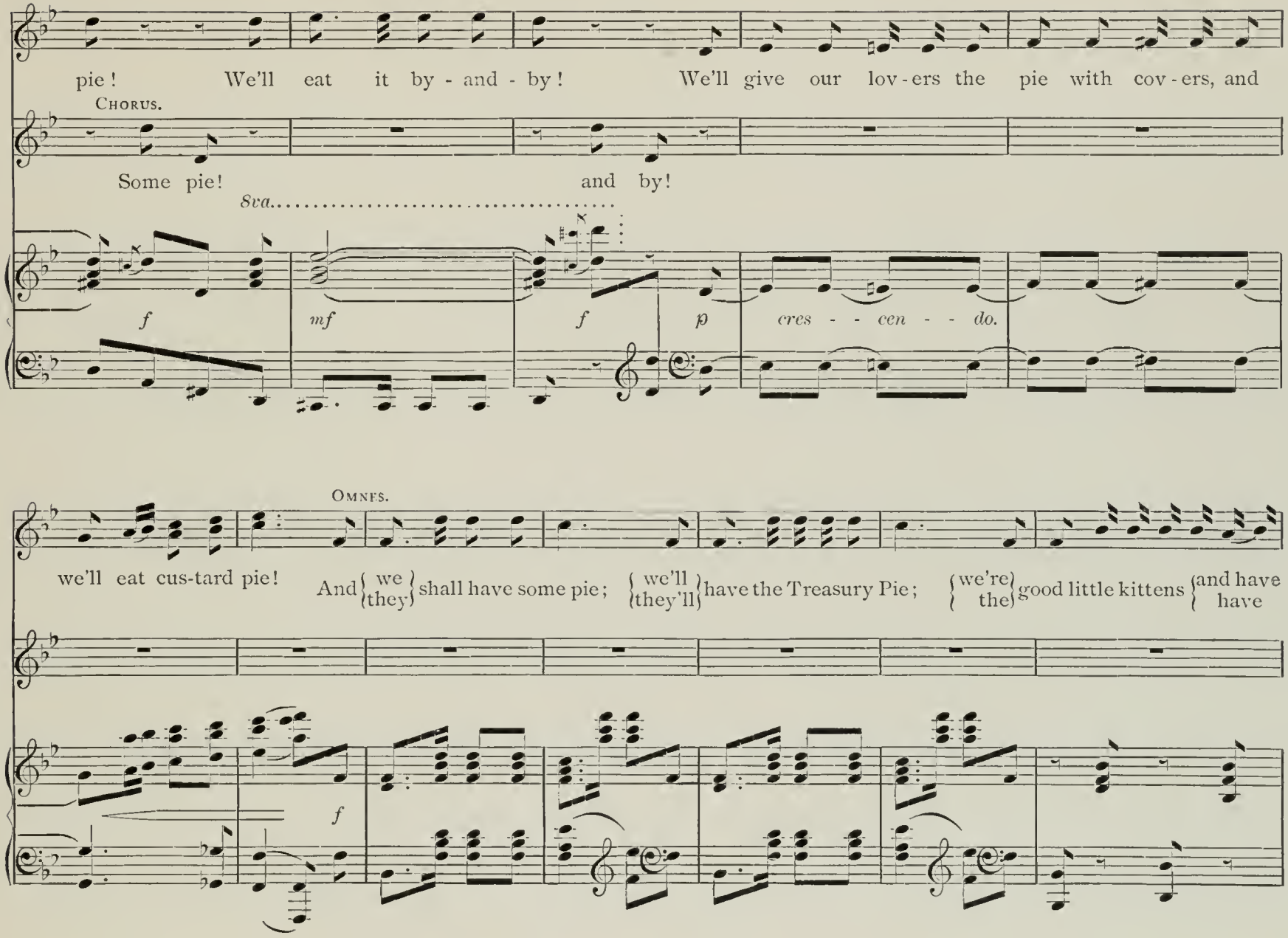

KITTY.
pie, in plen - ty and pleasure and pie, in plen - ty and pleas - ure and pie. . . . . They
8va.
say that girls have not a mind, but thus to think I am not in-clined. I had a mind of a
p
CHORUS—SOPRANO.
cer - tain kind, but, tra - la - la - la, I've changed my mind. She's changed her mind,
ALTO.
But, tra - la - la - la, and
p

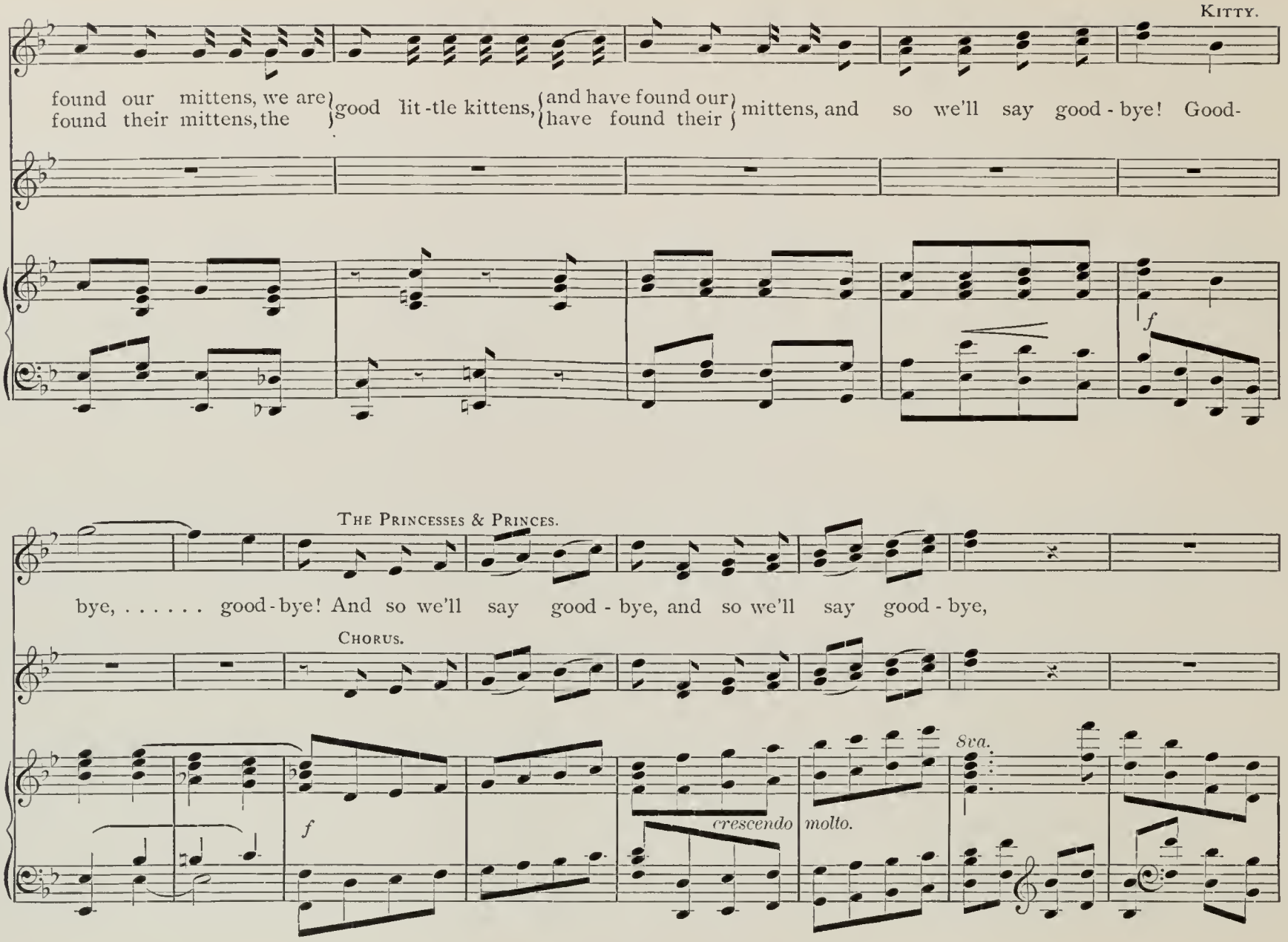
TORTOISESHELL.

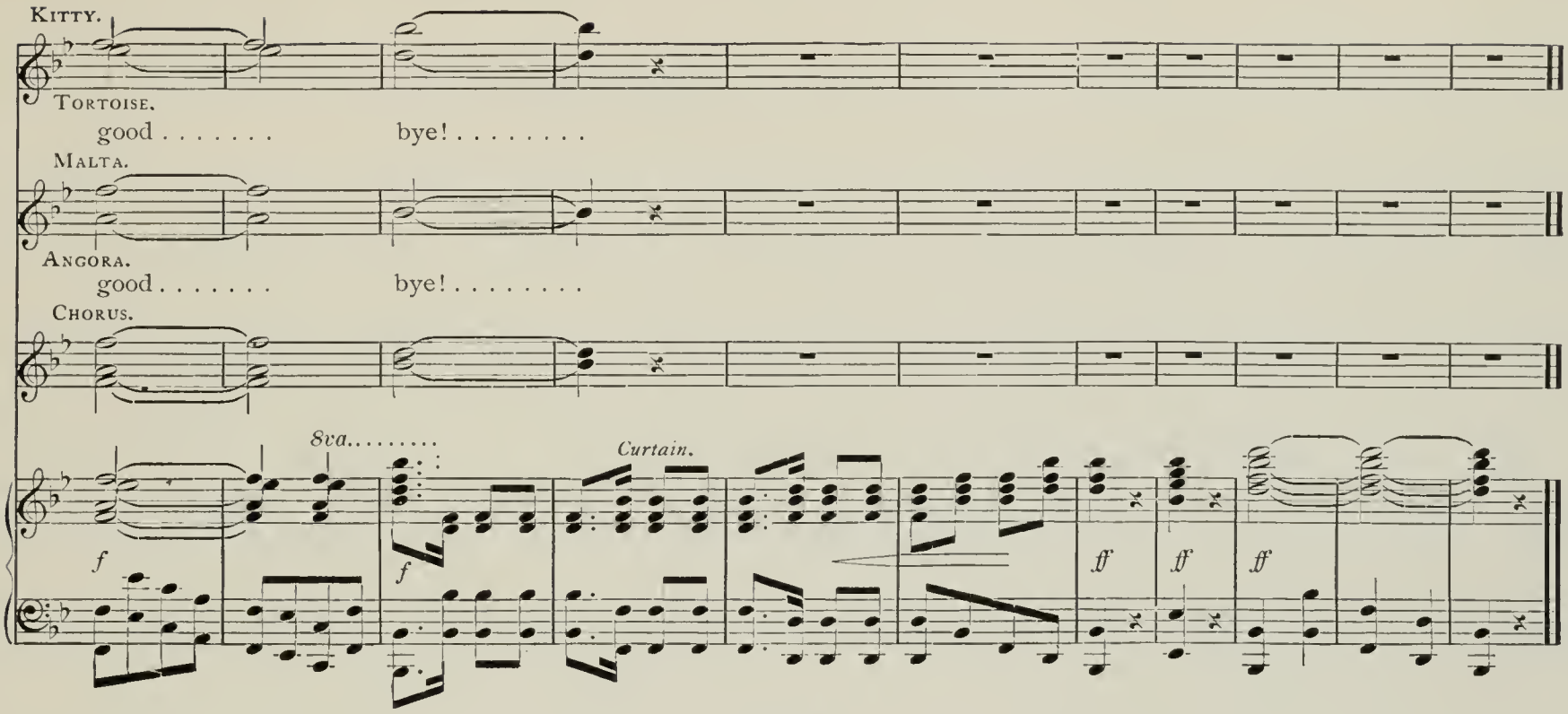



Omnes.
glad to be found. So love {us / him} for - ev - er and {we / he} will be true to you, e - ven for -
p
get - ting the time that {we / you} frowned.
p
mf


The Princes.
Allegretto.
We all shall have some pie, both they and you and I; our
poco rall.
p
The Princesses.
good lit - tle kit-tens may keep their mit-tens, and all shall have some pie. Yes, we shall have some
mf


pie! We'll eat it by - and - by! We'll give our lov - ers the pie with cov - ers, and
Chorus.
Some pie! and by!
8va
f
mf
f
p
cres - - cen - - do.
Omnes.
we'll eat cus-tard pie! And {we / they} shall have some pie; {we'll / they'll} have the Treasury Pie; {we're / the} good little kittens {and have / have}
f


KITTY.
found our mittens, we are
found their mittens, the
good lit-tle kittens,
and have found our
have found their
mittens, and so we'll say good-bye! Good-
f
THE PRINCESSES & PRINCES.
bye, ... good-bye! And so we'll say good-bye, and so we'll say good-bye,
CHORUS.
f
crescendo molto.
8va.


Kitty.
Tortoise.
good . . . . . bye! . . . . . .
Malta.
Angora.
good . . . . . bye! . . . . . .
Chorus.
8va. . . . . .
Curtain.
f
f
ff
ff
ff

Curtain.

An Operetta in Two Acts

CHARACTERS

LIGHTNING HASKINS, *the Showman.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.....
JULIUS CÆSAR.....
ALEXANDER THE GREAT .....
JOHN SMITH.....
CHARLES C. CONFUCIUS.....
HENRY THE EIGHTH..... .....
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. .....

The Great Mechanical and Conversational Agglomeration of Waxworks.

THE FAIRY AUNTY MACASSA.
THE DUCHESS OF TIDYTOWN.

MRS. SMITH.....
MRS. BROWN..... ....
MRS. JONES..... .....
MRS. ROBINSON.....
MRS. SIMPKINS.....
MRS. TIMPKINS.....
MRS. TRALALA DE MONTMORENCI.. .....

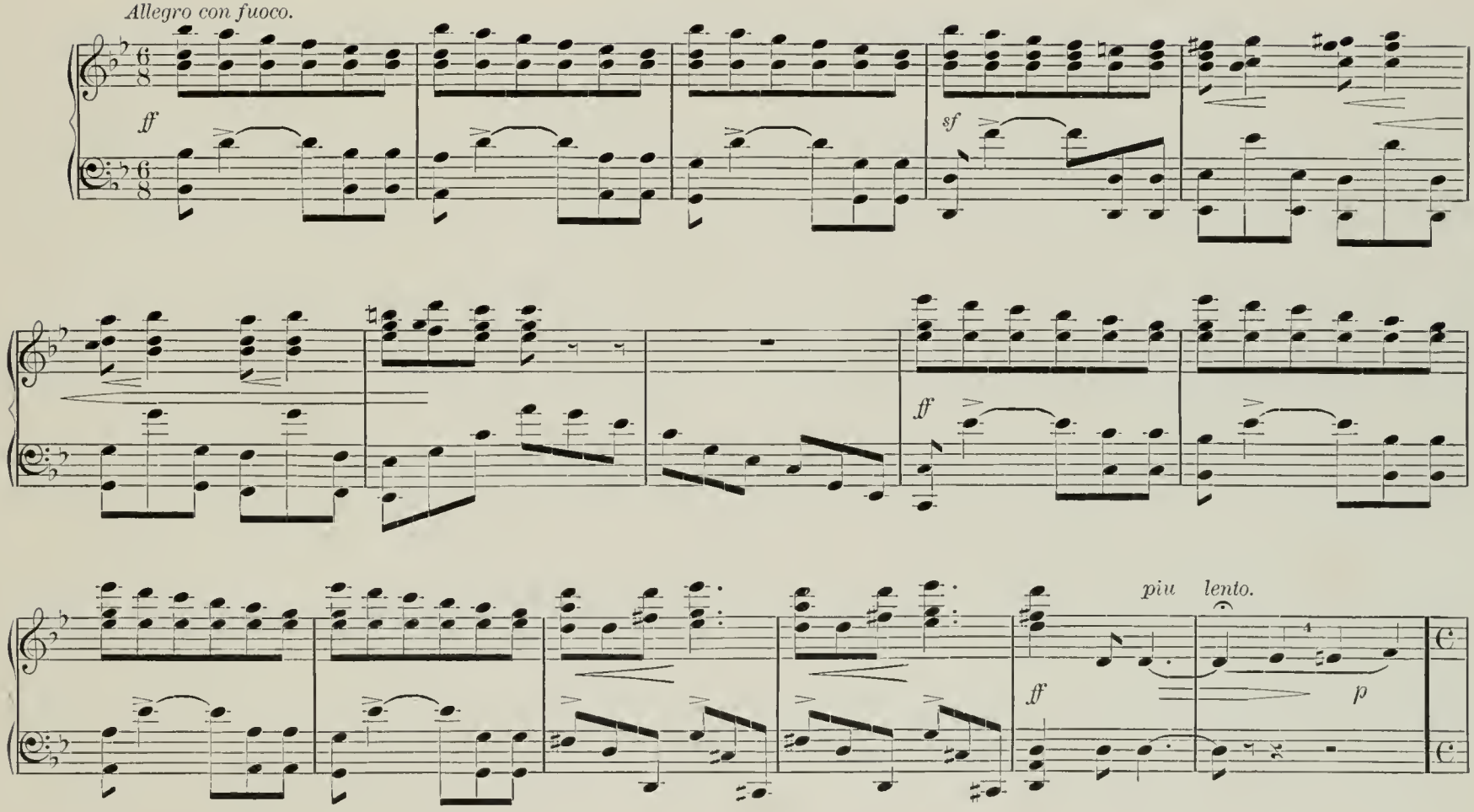
The Seven Little Old Ladies of Lavender Town.

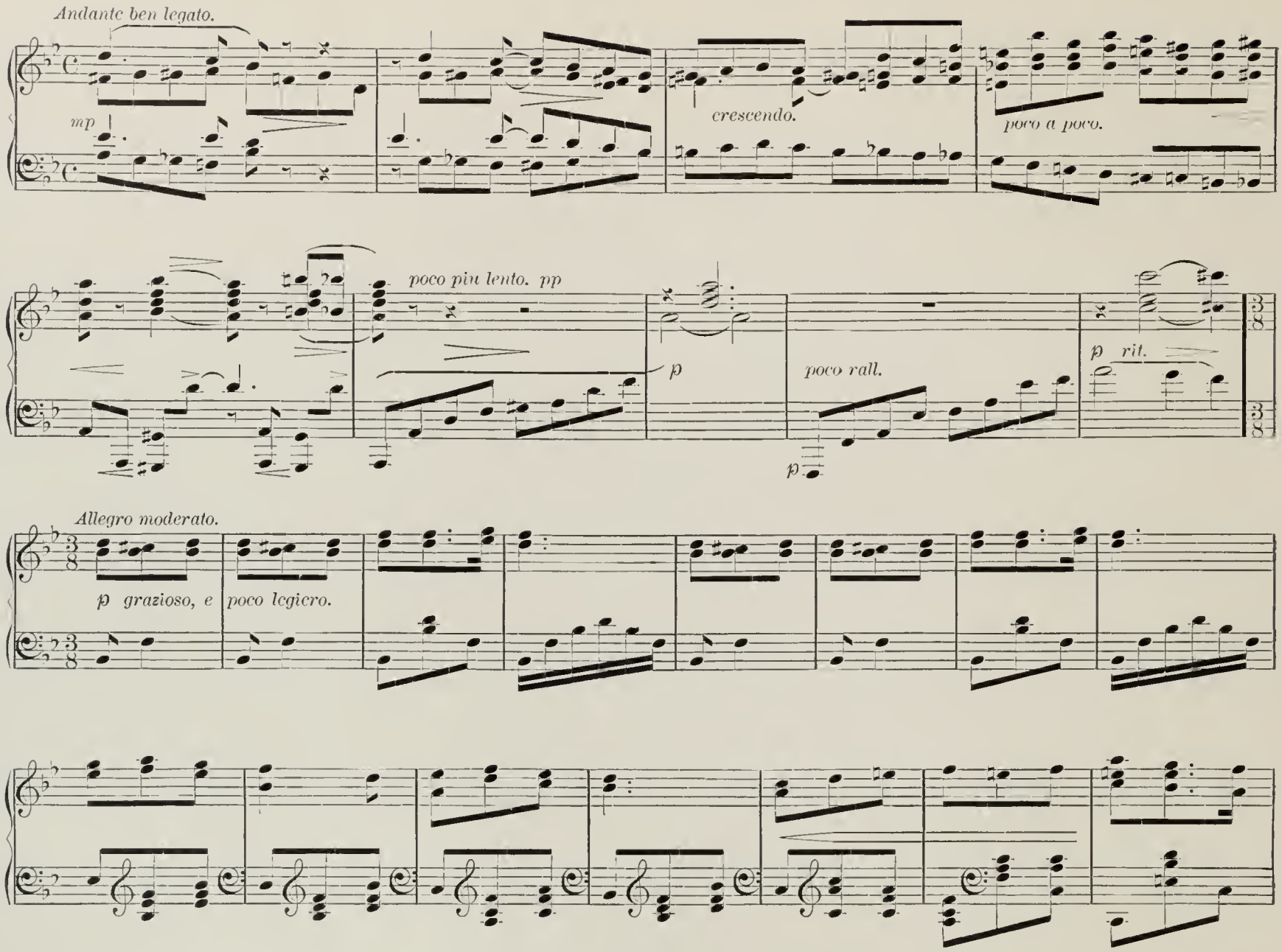
A PAGE.

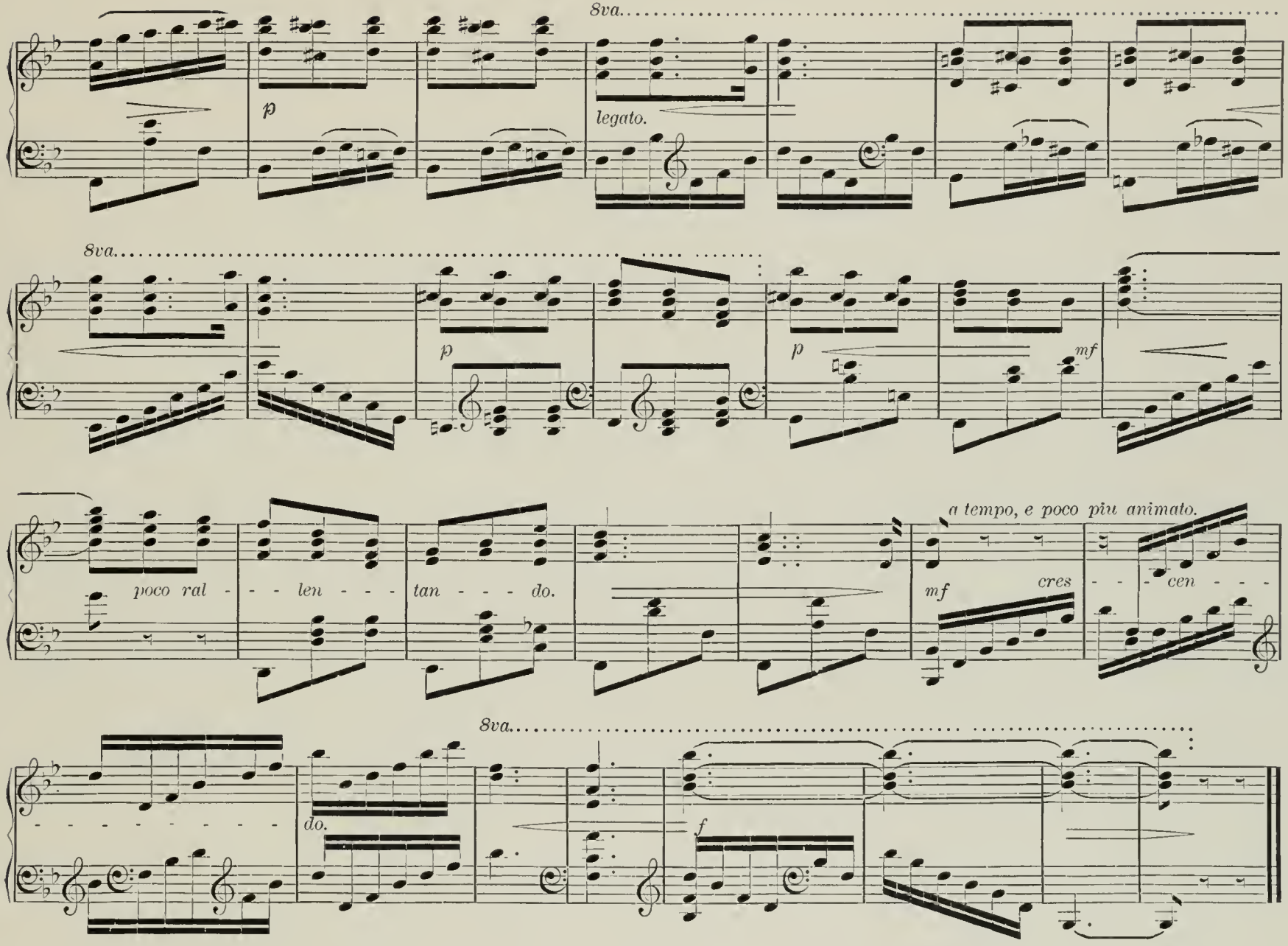
The Scene is laid in Kategreenawayland.
The Time is Once Upon a Time.

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES OF LAVENDER TOWN

INTRODUCTION




Andante ben legato.
mp
crescendo.
poco a poco.
poco piu lento. pp
p
poco rall.
p
p rit.
Allegro moderato.
p grazioso, e poco legiero.

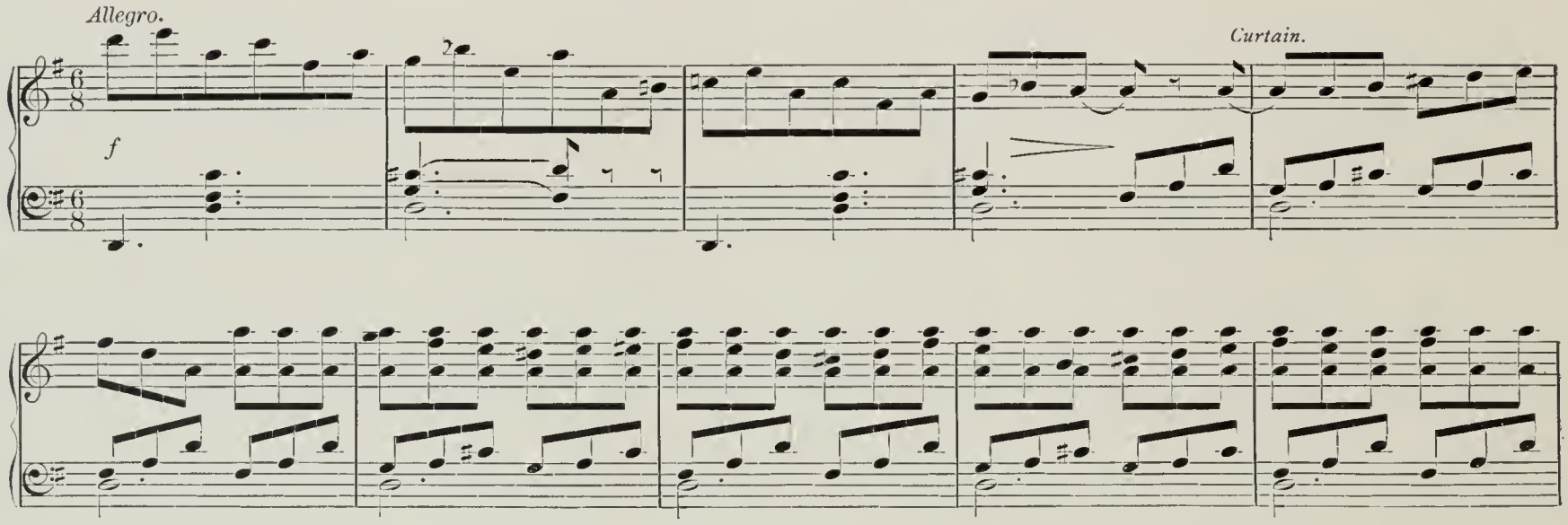

8va
p
legato.
8va
p
p
mf
poco ral - - - len - - - tan - - - do.
a tempo, e poco piu animato.
mf
cres
- - - cen - - -
8va
- - - - - - - - -
do.
f

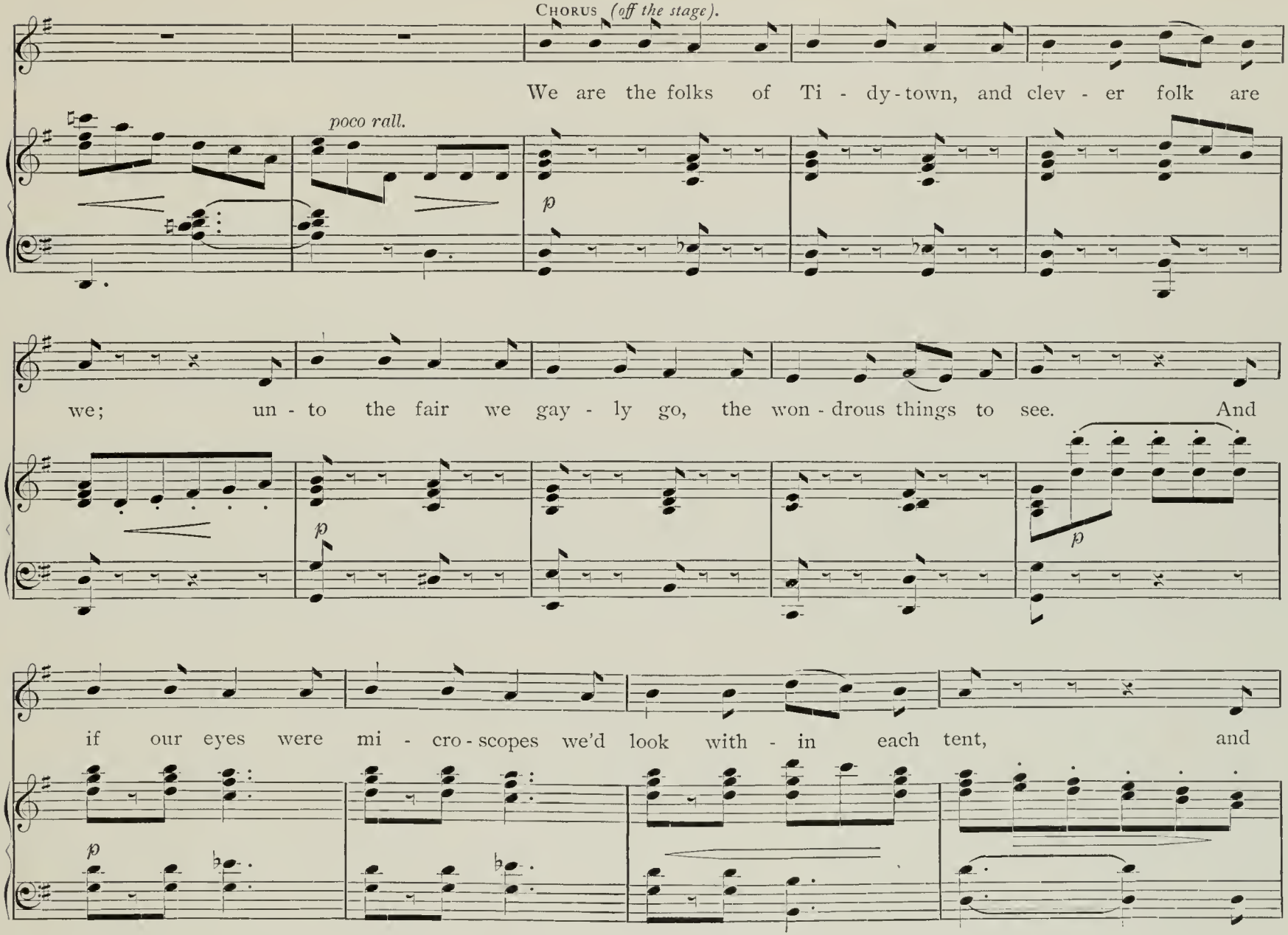
The first act takes place in the afternoon, and the stage represents the interior of a booth in Tidytown Fair. It is a plain room, with a bench near the door on each side, and at the back a low platform, over which a curtain hangs. On the curtain are letters:

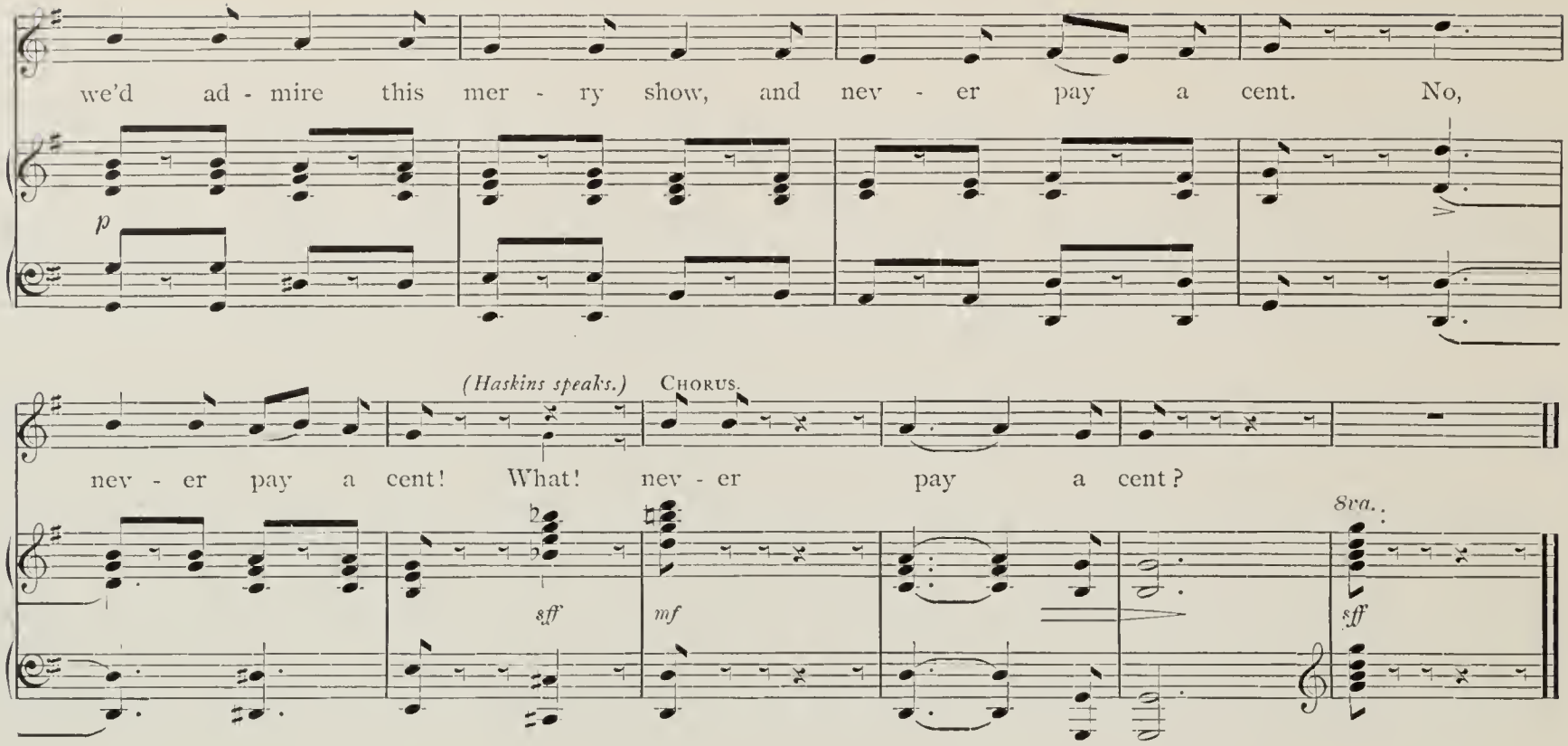
PROFESSOR LIGHTNING HASKINS'S
GREAT MECHANICAL AND CONVERSATIONAL AGGLOMERATION OF
WAXWORKS.

When the play begins this curtain hides the platform. Professor Lightning Haskins *is standing at the door to the right.*

CHORUS OF FAIR-GOERS (*outside*).




Chorus (off the stage).
We are the folks of Ti - dy-town, and clev - er folk are
poco rall.
p
we; un - to the fair we gay - ly go, the won - drous things to see. And
p
p
if our eyes were mi - cro-scopes we'd look with - in each tent, and
p



Haskins (*gloomily*). That's the truth. The people hereabouts won't pay for anything. They get all the sights free if they can; if they can't, they just stand around the door and look at the signs. I've been travelling with these waxworks of mine for seven years today, and I never found such a mean fair as this one. People hereabouts don't seem to appreciate true art. [*He looks out the door.*] There they go, flocking into the show of that fellow with the common old-fashioned waxworks. Now my waxworks are an extra fine, fairy-made article, and they move their arms and legs and make speeches, and nobody comes to see them. Oh, it's discouraging to an artist! There! There goes a grand lady with a long train. I'll wager she goes over the way. No. Good gracious! she's coming straight here. [*Enter, very grand and stately, and muffled in a great cloak, the* Duchess of Tidytown. Haskins *bows very low.*] Good-afternoon, madam.

DUCHESS (*sternly*). Your Grace!

HASKINS. My—what? I beg your pardon, madam.

DUCHESS. Your Grace!

HASKINS (*flattered*). Oh no, madam. That's not my title. Just Professor Lightning Haskins — simply Professor—

DUCHESS (*severely*). *Will* you call me your Grace?

HASKINS (*meekly*). Oh yes, certainly, madam — your Grace, I mean.

DUCHESS. Do you know who I am?

HASKINS. No, your Grace.

DUCHESS. I am the Duchess of Tidytown.

HASKINS. Delighted to meet your Grace. Allow me to introduce myself—Professor Lightning—

DUCHESS (*paying no attention to him*). I have come here to satisfy myself as to the character of your exhibition.

HASKINS (*going towards the curtain*). Certainly, your Grace. Let me show you the Grand Agglomeration—

DUCHESS. No. I don't want to see it; I only wish to hear about it.

HASKINS. Same price, your Grace. This show is so expensive that I can't afford to talk about it for nothing.

DUCHESS. Here is a guinea—a golden guinea. Give me as little conversation as you can for the money.

HASKINS. As little?

DUCHESS. Just as little as you can, or a trifle less. You have only to answer my questions. I wish to know if your exhibition is a proper one for proper young ladies.

HASKINS. My show is the properest show in all the fair, your Grace. The character of my waxworks is unexcelled, and they utter only the noblest sentiments, out of the copy-books.

DUCHESS. If I am satisfied with your performance, I will send my daughters here this evening. But there must be nothing in the entertainment to offend the daughters of a Duchess.

HASKINS. Madam, your Grace, I mean—my waxworks would not offend anybody. Just look at them. [*He draws the curtain aside.*] Here they are—George Washington, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, John Smith — all excellent men.

THE DUCHESS

DUCHESS. Very respectable, I believe. They have been dead some time, have they not?

HASKINS. I guarantee them to be all dead. Here is Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Henry the Eighth.

DUCHESS. Henry the Eighth! But he was a man who had six wives!

HASKINS. Oh, but he hasn't now. He is quite reformed

since he joined my show. He is now a confirmed old bachelor. [*He closes the curtain.*

DUCHESS. And you are sure that your exhibition is fit for a Duchess's daughters?

HASKINS. Your Grace, it's fit for two Duchesses' daughters. [*Confidentially.*] I don't mind telling you, your Grace, that I got the whole outfit from a fairy, who sold them out cheap. They are all very respectable people, whom she changed into waxworks because they offended her. They are not at all common waxworks, and they are to be seen every afternoon and evening for the low price of one shilling—three shillings to Duchesses' daughters.

DUCHESS. Very well. I shall expect you to give a private performance, for the entertainment of my daughters, at precisely seven o'clock this evening. The vulgar public must be excluded.

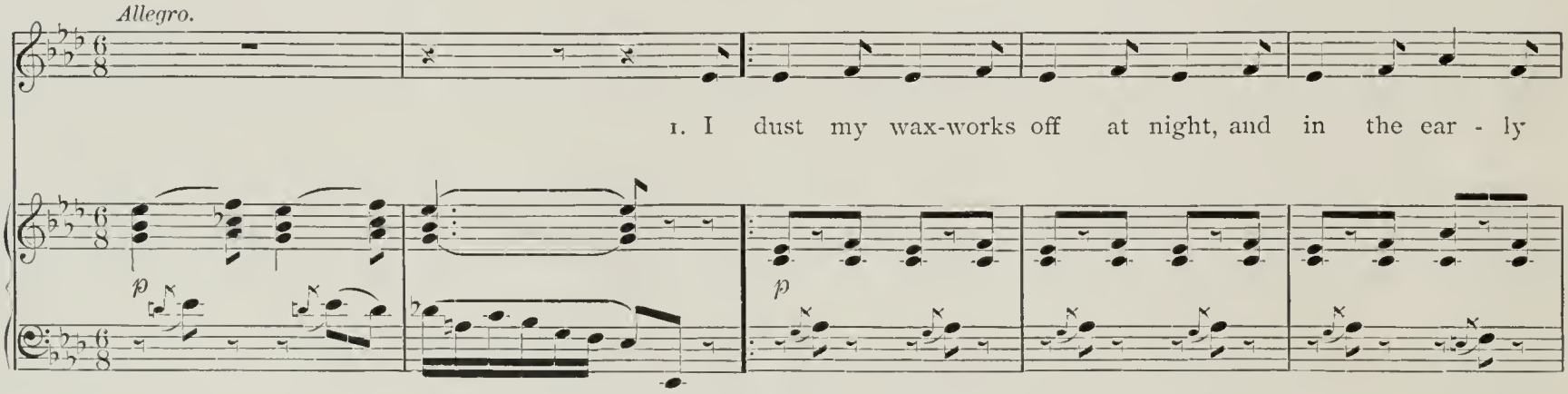
HASKINS. From what I have seen of this town, your Grace, that will be easy. Going already? Just look once more at the waxworks [*drawing the curtain aside*]. They are as natural as life.

DUCHESS. No, I cannot. If I should look at them any longer, I should want to pinch them, and that would be beneath the dignity of a Duchess.

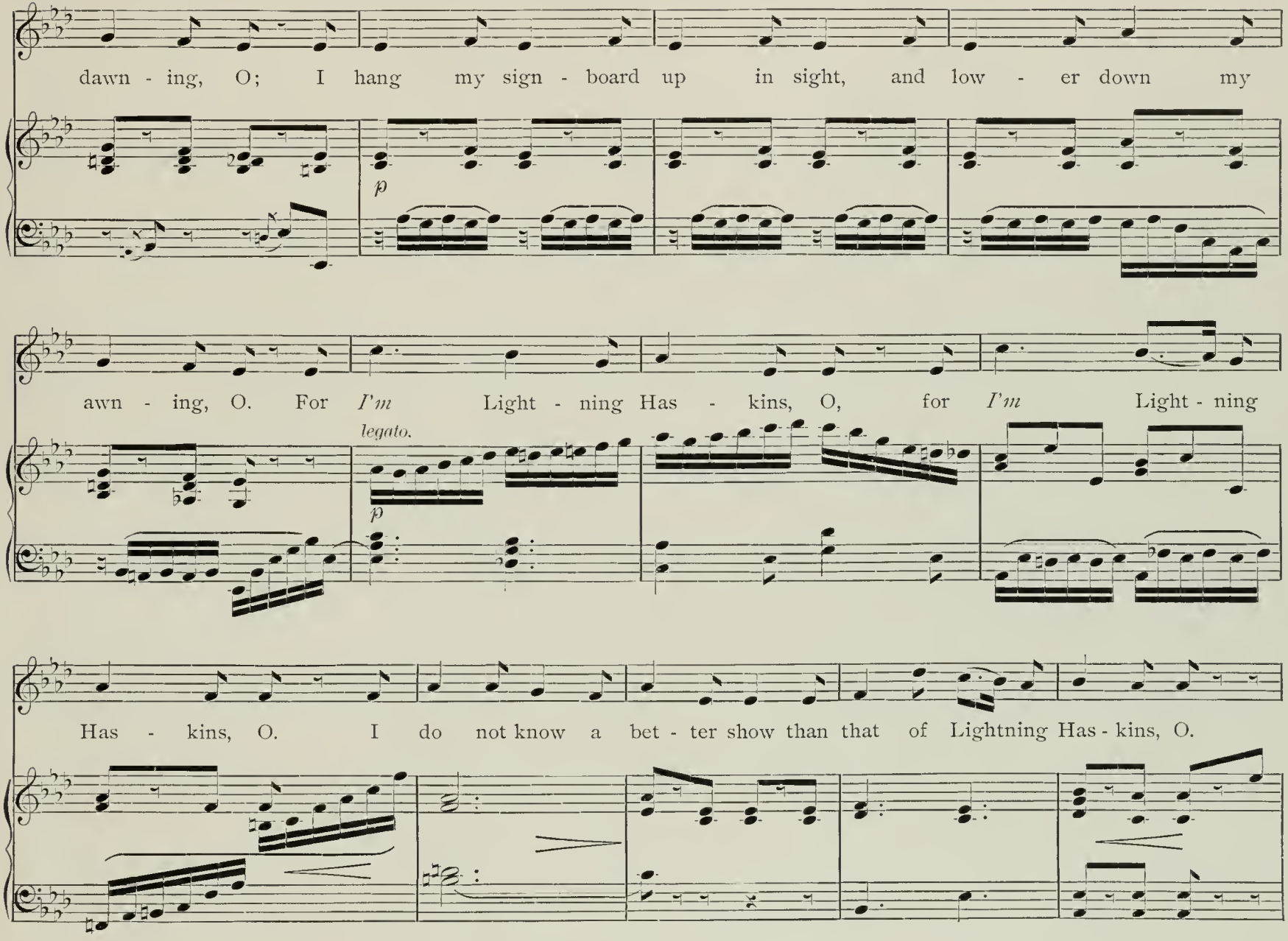
[*She goes out proudly.*

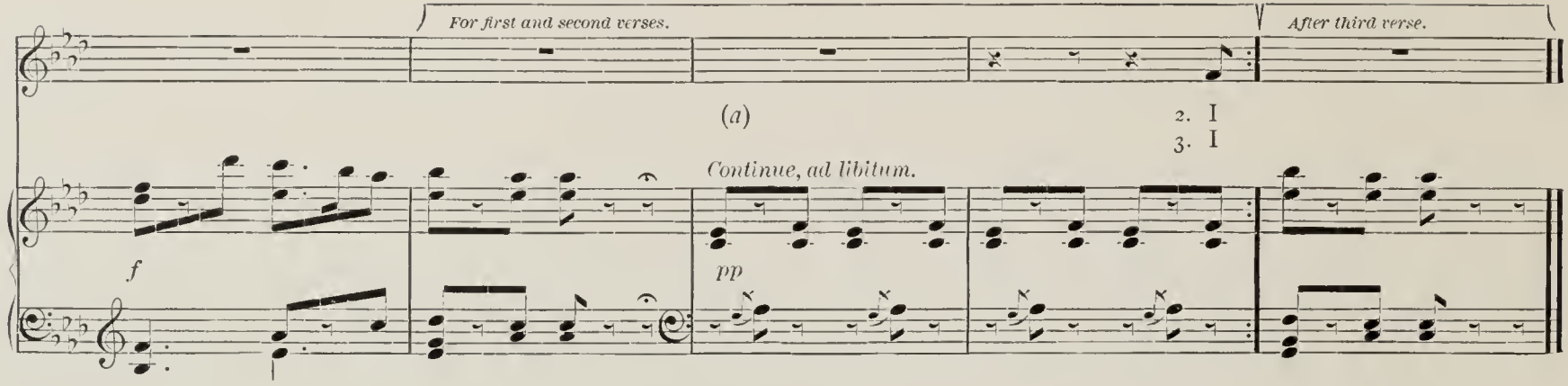
HASKINS. Well, this is something like business at last. Three shillings apiece! I hope she's got a large family. Aha! I feel like the great original Haskins once more.

Song. (*a*)



(*a*) For text of second and third verses, see p. 78.


dawn - ing, O; I hang my sign - board up in sight, and low - er down my
p
awn - ing, O. For I'm Light - ning Has - kins, O, for I'm Light - ning
legato.
p
Has - kins, O. I do not know a bet - ter show than that of Lightning Has - kins, O.



2. I putty up the horrid holes
Where people pinch their calveses, O;
I sell admission cards in shoals,
The wholeses and the halveses, O.
For *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O, for *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O.
I do not know a better show than that of Lightning Haskins, O.

3. I rise and speak a little speech
When people come to see them, O;
But though their bloom is like the peach,
I wouldn't like to be them, O.
For *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O, for *I'm* Lightning Haskins, O.
I do not ax to turn to wax, for I am Lightning Haskins, O.

Yes, I am Lightning Haskins, but it does not look as though people generally knew it. [*Looking out.*] Ah! my luck has changed. Here comes an audience—all in a row.

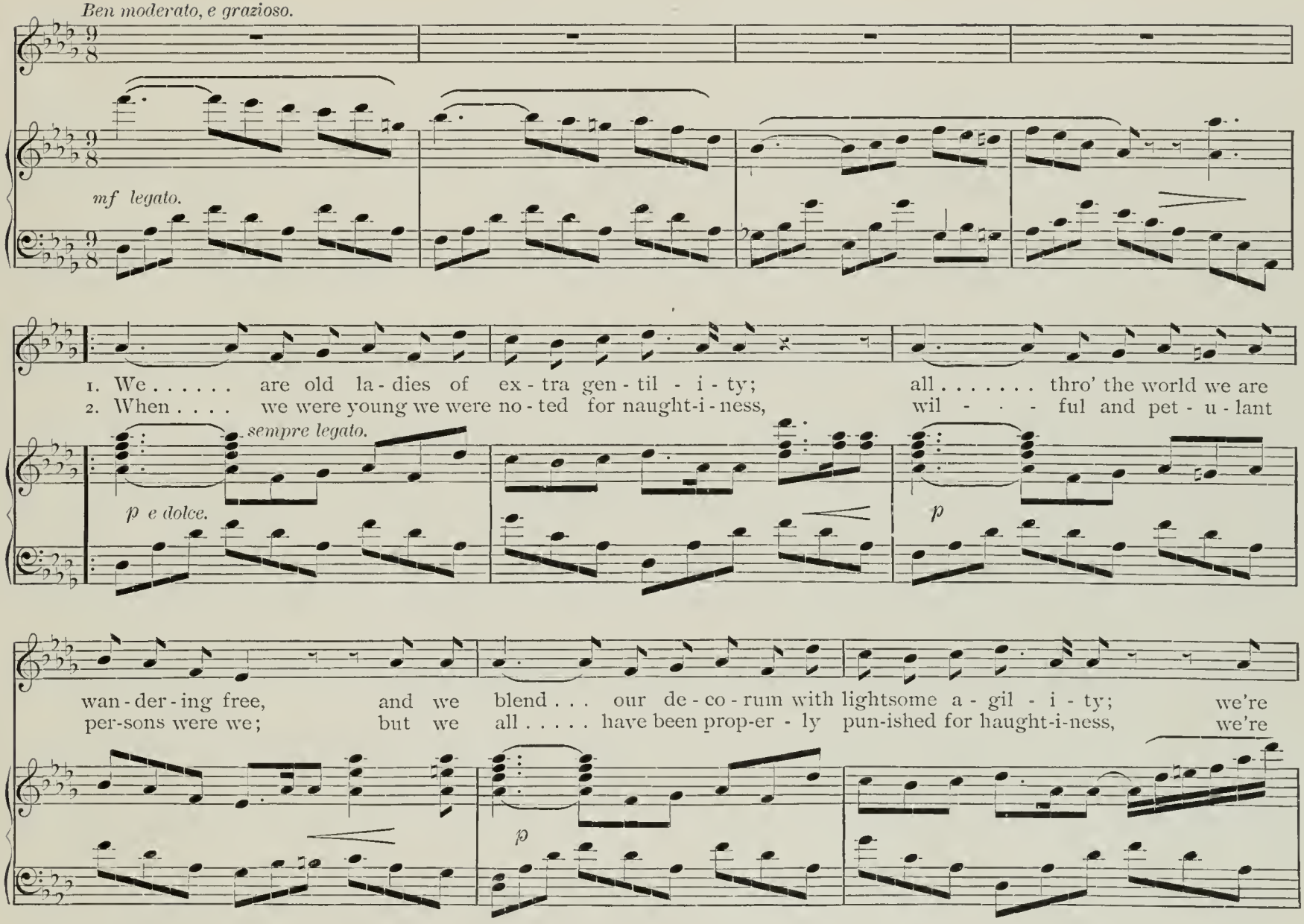
[*Enter* Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Simpkins, Mrs. Timpkins, *and* Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci.

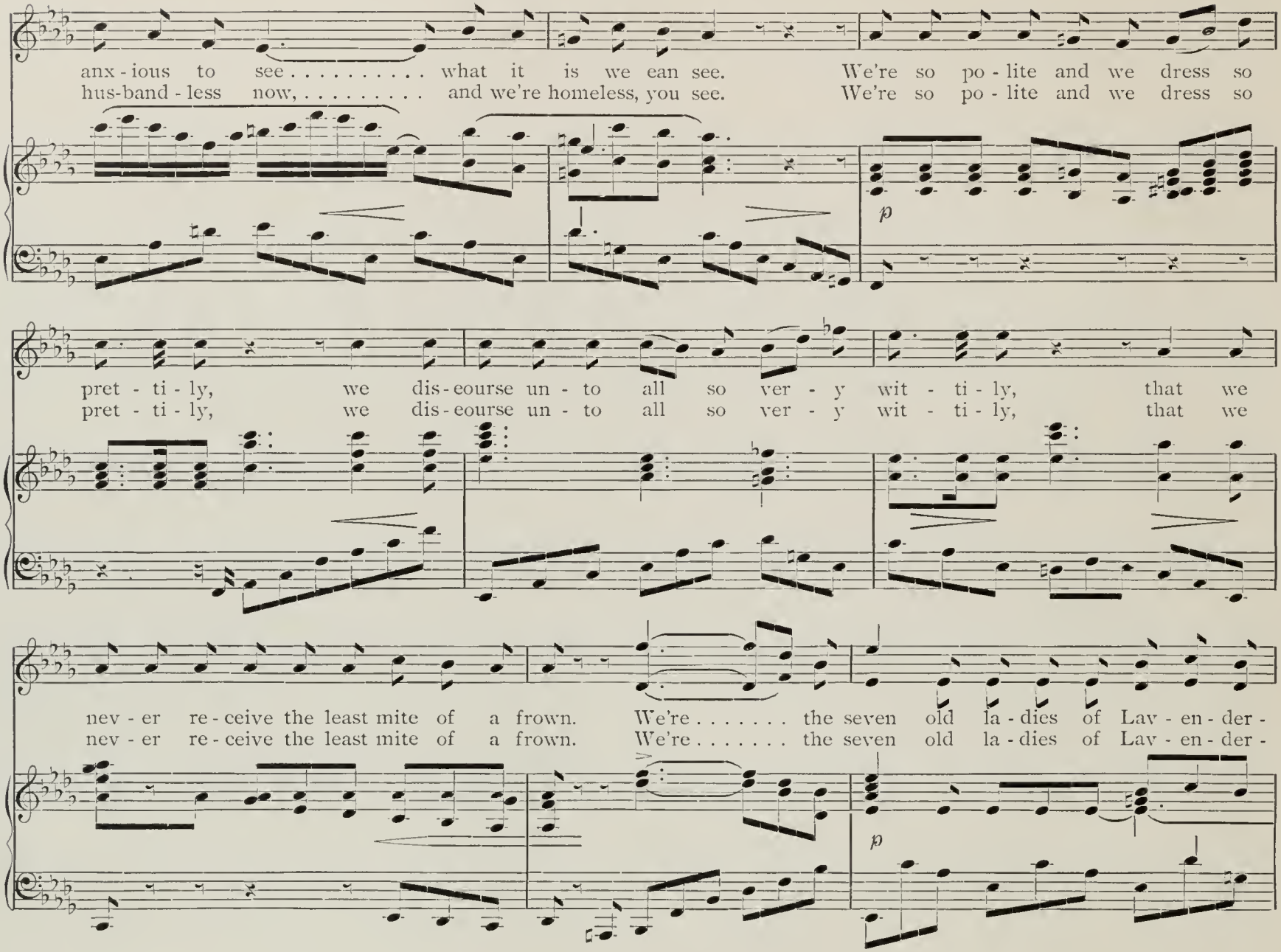
Haskins. Very glad to see you, ladies. Lightning Haskins — Professor Lightning Haskins, at your service.

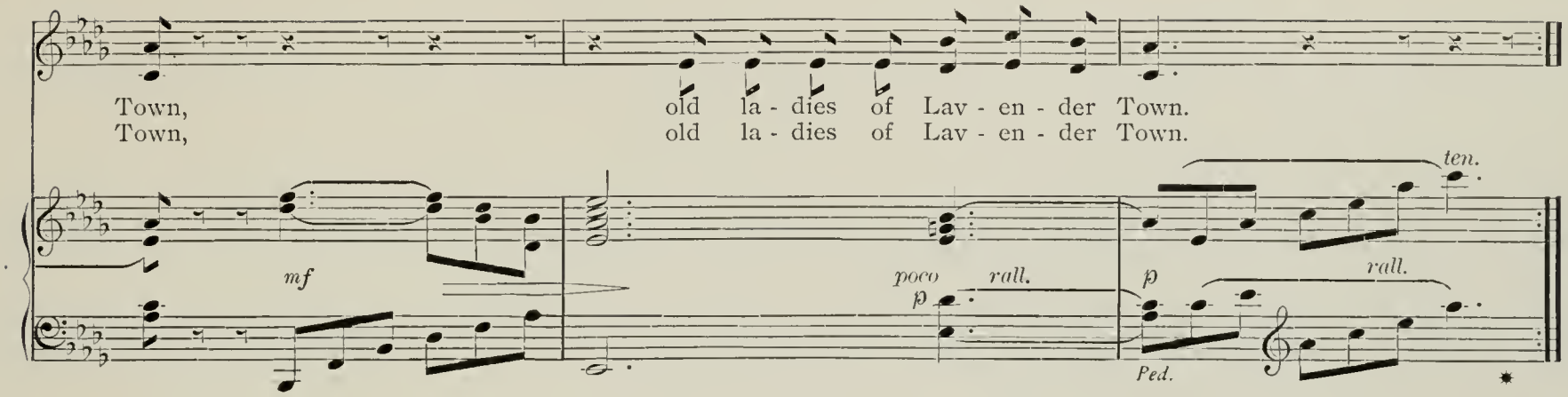
Mrs. Smith. You are very polite, sir. Allow us to introduce ourselves.

(*a*) A quiet dance step of four or eight measures.

Chorus.—The Seven Old Ladies.




anx - ious to see . . . . . what it is we ean see.
hus-band - less now, ... and we're homeless, you see.
We're so po - lite and we dress so
We're so po - lite and we dress so
p
pret - ti - ly, we dis - eourse un - to all so ver - y wit - ti - ly, that we
pret - ti - ly, we dis - eourse un - to all so ver - y wit - ti - ly, that we
nev - er re - ceive the least mite of a frown.
nev - er re - ceive the least mite of a frown.
We're . . . . . the seven old la - dies of Lav - en - der -
We're . . . . . the seven old la - dies of Lav - en - der -
p



Mrs. Smith. If you'd like to hear anything more about us, sir, we shall be happy to tell you anything you wish to know. Our history is very interesting.

Haskins (*pompously*). Not at all—not at all. It's not necessary. I have no doubt that you are properly respectable persons whom I may with propriety admit to my show. The exhibition will now begin. [*He draws aside the curtain.*] Behold, ladies, the— Hold on a moment [*letting curtain close.*] One shilling apiece, if you please.

Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Brown has all the shillings, I believe.

Mrs. Brown. Excuse me; I gave them to Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci.

Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci. Mrs. Smith took them away from me when we came to the shop where they sold dolls. I'm so giddy, you know.

Mrs. Smith (*producing money*). Here they are. But I have only six shillings. Would you mind taking two sixpences for Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci, sir?

Haskins (*taking money*). Not at all. [*He draws curtain aside.*] You now behold, ladies, the Great Mechanical and Conversational Agglomeration of Waxworks. These, ladies and gentlemen—ladies; I beg your pardon—are the only waxworks in the world that really work. You will now hear them recite their pieces and move their arms and legs, all for one shilling apiece.

Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci. And two sixpences. Oh, I forgot! I oughtn't to talk.

[*The curtain being drawn aside, displays the* Waxworks *seated in chairs. As* Haskins *calls upon each one, he rises, speaks his piece with appropriate gestures, and sits down.* Haskins *walks along the platform, pointing out the characters.*

Haskins. Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the

great Julius Cæsar. This famous Roman general and world-famed ruler lived several centuries ago, and is now dead. His most notable action during his life was the burning of his ships—an act of wasteful extravagance, for which he was severely censured by the Roman Senate. He also crossed the Rubicon, an unparalleled feat in those days. Julius Cæsar will now move his arms and legs, and speak his piece. Abracadabra!

ONE OF THE OLD LADIES

Julius Cæsar. All Gaul is divided into three parts—

The Seven Old Ladies (*together*). Oh, he needn't go on.

Haskins. Philopena, Julius! [Julius Cæsar *is instantly motionless.*] We will proceed to the next. This, ladies and gentlemen, is George Washington, the Father of his Country, first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. [*The* Waxworks *execute the appropriate salute.*] Now, George, Abracadabra! You see, I have only to say Abracadabra to start them, and Philopena to stop them. Abracadabra, George!

George Washington. When I arrived at the age of seven years my father presented me with a bright new hatchet, and I at once amused myself with cutting down a valuable cherry-tree to which the old man was greatly attached. When my father arrived and beheld the ruin I had wrought he inquired, in tones of deep feeling, "Who has cut down my cherry-tree?" I immediately replied, "Father, I cannot—"

The Seven Old Ladies (*together*). Oh, please make him stop! He looks *so* much better with his mouth shut!

Haskins. Philopena, George! The next one, ladies and gentlemen, is Alexander the Great. Owing to his unfamiliarity with the English language, Alexander is unable to express himself as he would wish to. He will therefore appear only in his celebrated act of weeping for more worlds to conquer. Abracadabra, Alexander! [Alexander *weeps.*] Philopena! We now pass on, ladies and gentlemen, to the world-renowned John Smith, founder of the immortal Smith family. Here you gaze upon the only and original John Smith. All other John Smiths exhibited in any other concern are base and spurious imitations.

ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S GIRLS

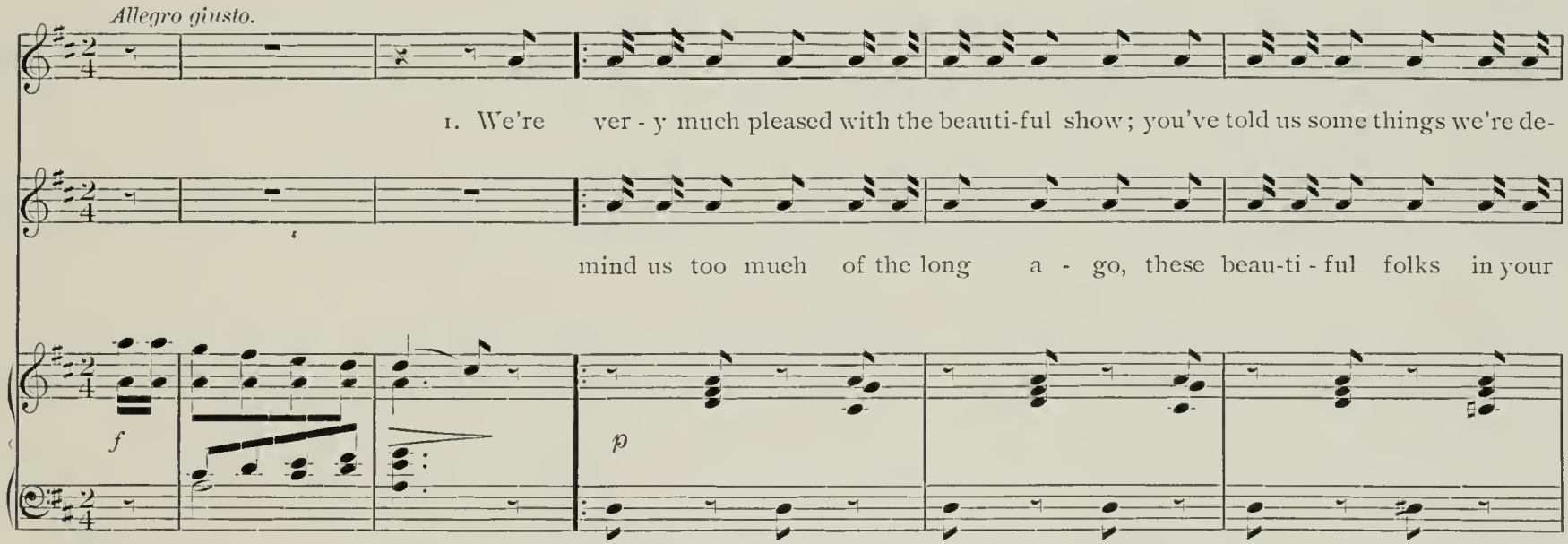
Mrs. Smith (*repressing a sob*). Pardon me, sir, but please do not make him talk. You cannot understand, but it awakens painful memories to me.

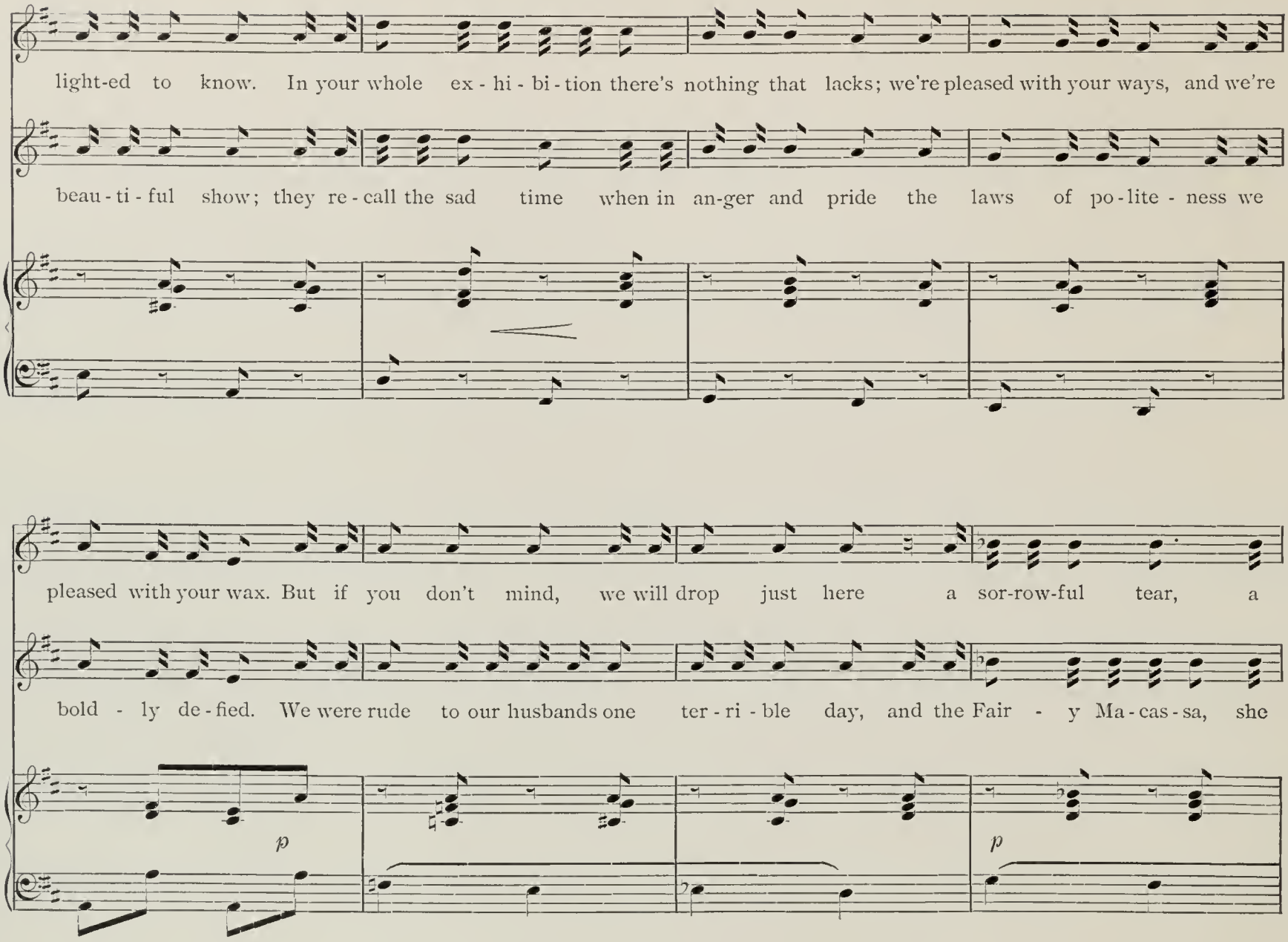
Mrs. Jones. We prefer our waxworks silent.

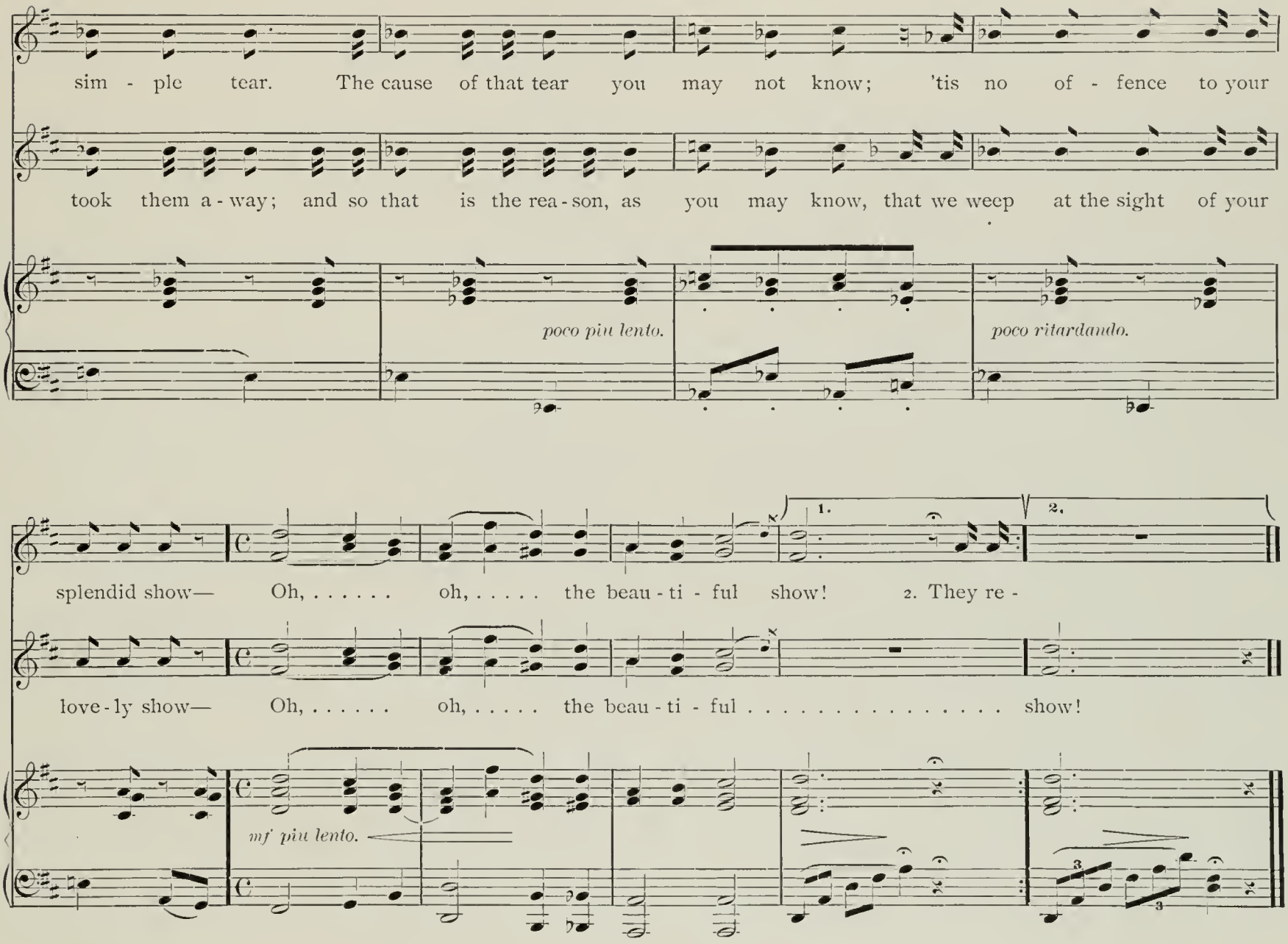
Haskins. Certainly, ladies. Here we have the great Confucius—Charles C. Confucius, of China, the gentleman who invented the Chinese alphabet, which contains seventy-one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine letters and three postal cards. This is Henry the Eighth of England. He was a King when he was alive, and he is dusted off twice as often as any other waxwork in the show. And here, ladies and gentlemen, the exhibition closes with the great Napoleon Bonaparte, the original inventor of white duck trousers. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen the wonders that it is my privilege to exhibit to you, and you may go home and marvel at the gigantic progress of science and art without extra charge.

[*During the lecture the* Seven Old Ladies *have followed* Haskins, *expressing surprise and pleasure at the sight of each* Waxwork. *At the close of the discourse they appear much affected. At close of lecture* Haskins *draws the curtain.*

Chorus.—The Seven Old Ladies.




light-ed to know. In your whole ex - hi - bi - tion there's nothing that lacks; we're pleased with your ways, and we're
beau - ti - ful show; they re - call the sad time when in an-ger and pride the laws of po - lite - ness we
pleased with your wax. But if you don't mind, we will drop just here a sor-row-ful tear, a
bold - ly de - fied. We were rude to our husbands one ter - ri - ble day, and the Fair - y Ma - cas - sa, she
p
p


sim - ple tear. The cause of that tear you may not know; 'tis no of - fence to your
took them a - way; and so that is the rea - son, as you may know, that we weep at the sight of your
poco piu lento.
poco ritardando.
splendid show— Oh, ... oh, ... the beau - ti - ful show!
2. They re -
love - ly show— Oh, ... oh, ... the beau - ti - ful . . . . . show!
mf piu lento.
1.
2.

Mrs. Smith (*brokenly*). Thank you, sir. It—is—very—interesting.

Mrs. Jones (*almost weeping*). We have been very much interested.

Mrs. Brown (*mournfully*). I feel as if I were going to cry.

Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci (*weeping*). I don't believe I could giggle if I tried.

Haskins. You seem to take waxworks pretty hard.

Mrs. Smith. You cannot understand, sir. By your leave, I will tell you our sad story. Although we seem so old, we are young and beautiful. Seven years ago we were seven lovely brides, and we lived in Lavender Town, near Rosemary Lane. Alas, we quarrelled with our good husbands, and they quarrelled with us, although we were most desirable wives. To punish us for our bad tempers, the Fairy Aunty Macassa—we had no fairy godmother, but only a fairy aunty—turned us into seven old ladies, and condemned us to roam the world in search of our husbands, whom she turned into something else—we really don't know what.

Haskins (*aside*). Good gracious! the Fairy Aunty Macassa! Why, that's *my* fairy! And these must be the wives of my waxworks. What will become of my business if they find it out?

Mrs. Jones. And all these years we have been wandering about, hoping to find our husbands somewhere. And we have been very much affected by a peculiar coincidence. Your beautiful waxworks have the same first names as our husbands, who were called—

Mrs. Smith (*sobbing*). John!

Mrs. Jones (*sobbing*). George!

Mrs. Brown (*sobbing*). Julius!

Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci (*sobbing*). Alexander!

The Seven Old Ladies (*together, sobbing*). And Henry, and Charles, and Napoleon!

Haskins (*aside*). I must get them out of here at once,

THE SEVEN YOUNG LADIES

or they will take their husbands away with them. [*Aloud.*] Ladies, you must excuse me, but this show closes promptly at five, and it's two seconds past five now.

Mrs. Smith. Oh, dear me, sir, we're sorry. We won't detain you. But perhaps you will allow us—

Haskins. I'll allow you anything—only this show closes promptly—

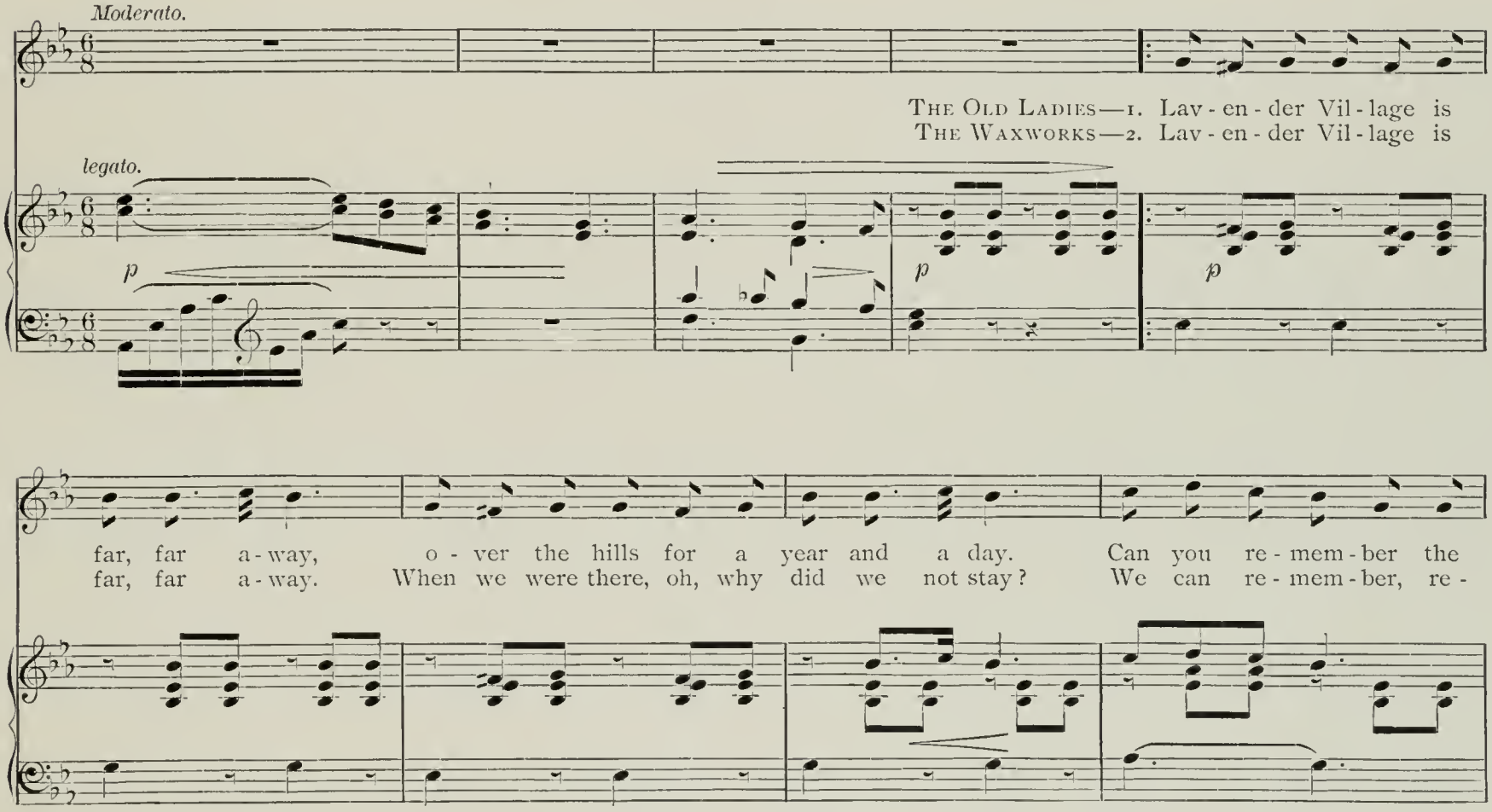
Mrs. Smith. If you'll only allow us to sing one little song before we go!

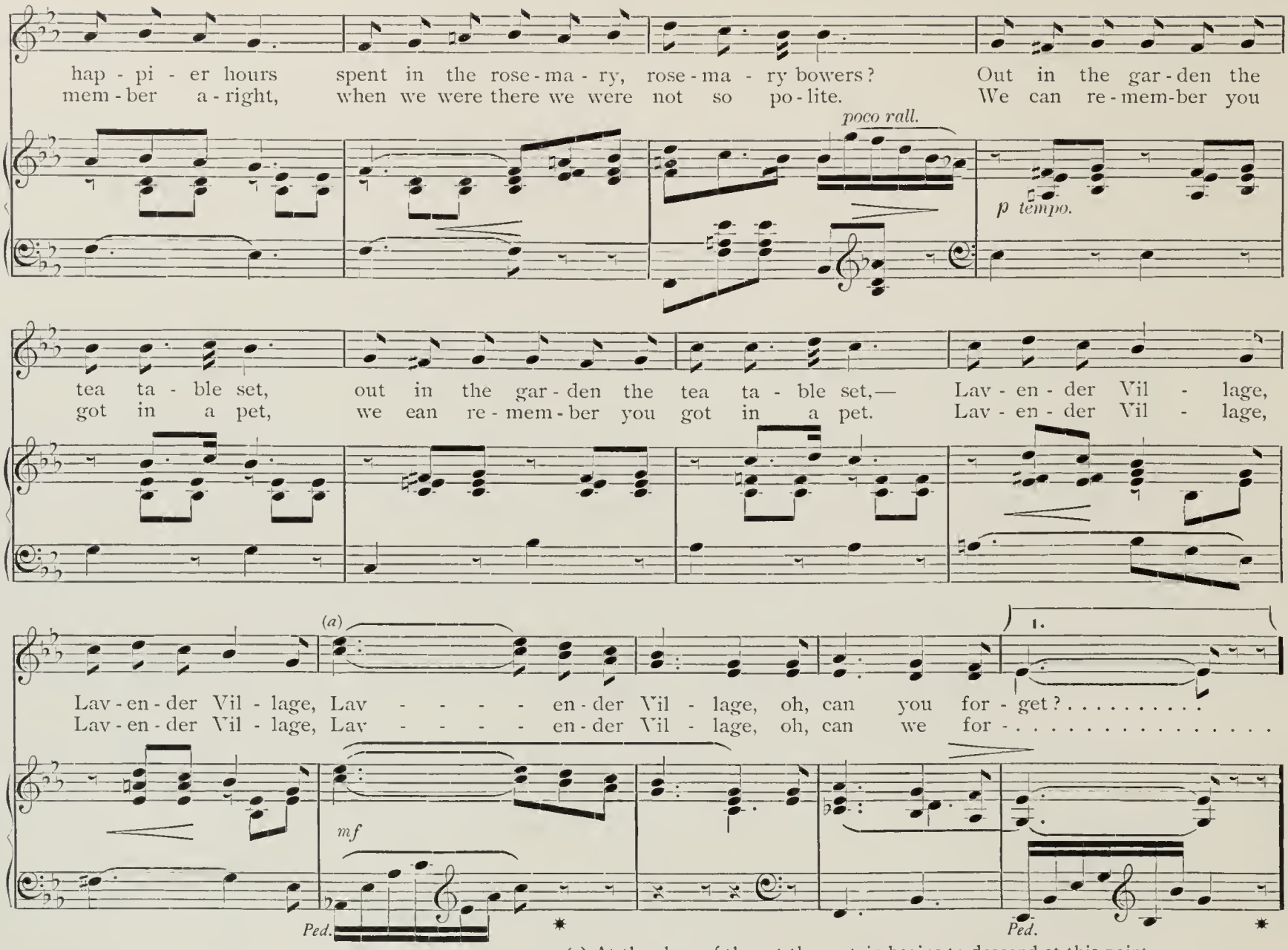
HASKINS (*desperately*). Well, sing it, and go. Never mind the key.

MRS. SMITH. It is a song which the fairy told us to sing, and if our husbands hear it they will recognize us.

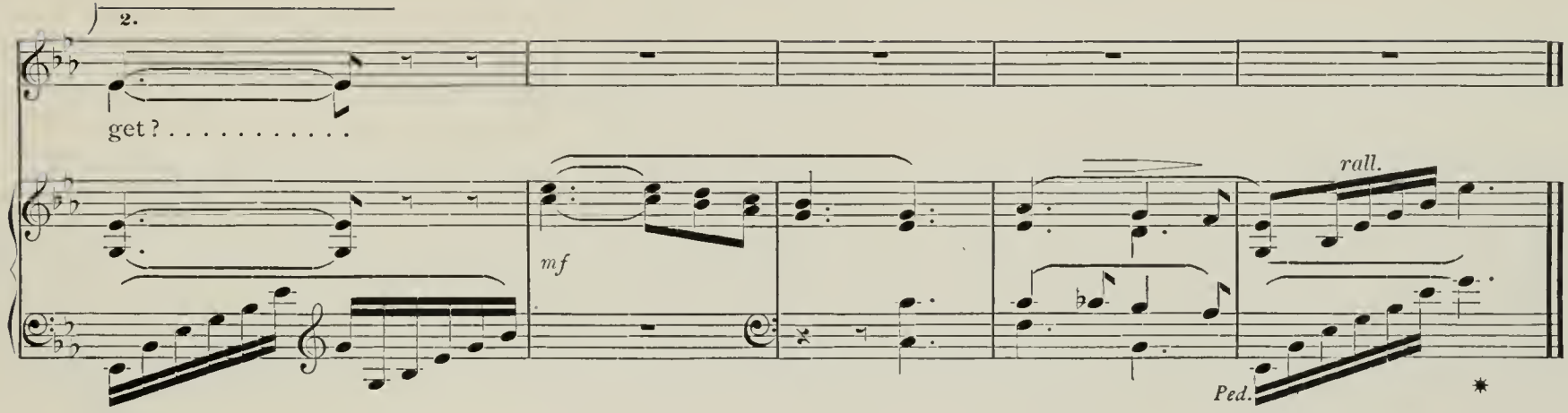
HASKINS (*aside*). Oh! oh! oh! I'm done for!

Chorus.





(a) At the close of the act the curtain begins to descend at this point.



HASKINS (*drawing curtain aside*). What is this?

[*Tableau.* The Seven Old Ladies *and the* Waxworks *recognize each other.* Haskins *is desperate.*

THE SEVEN OLD LADIES. Give us our husbands.

HASKINS. Never! They're mine. I bought them from the fairy. This show closes promptly at five. I don't want to be impolite, but—get out!

MRS. SMITH. We'll have them yet.

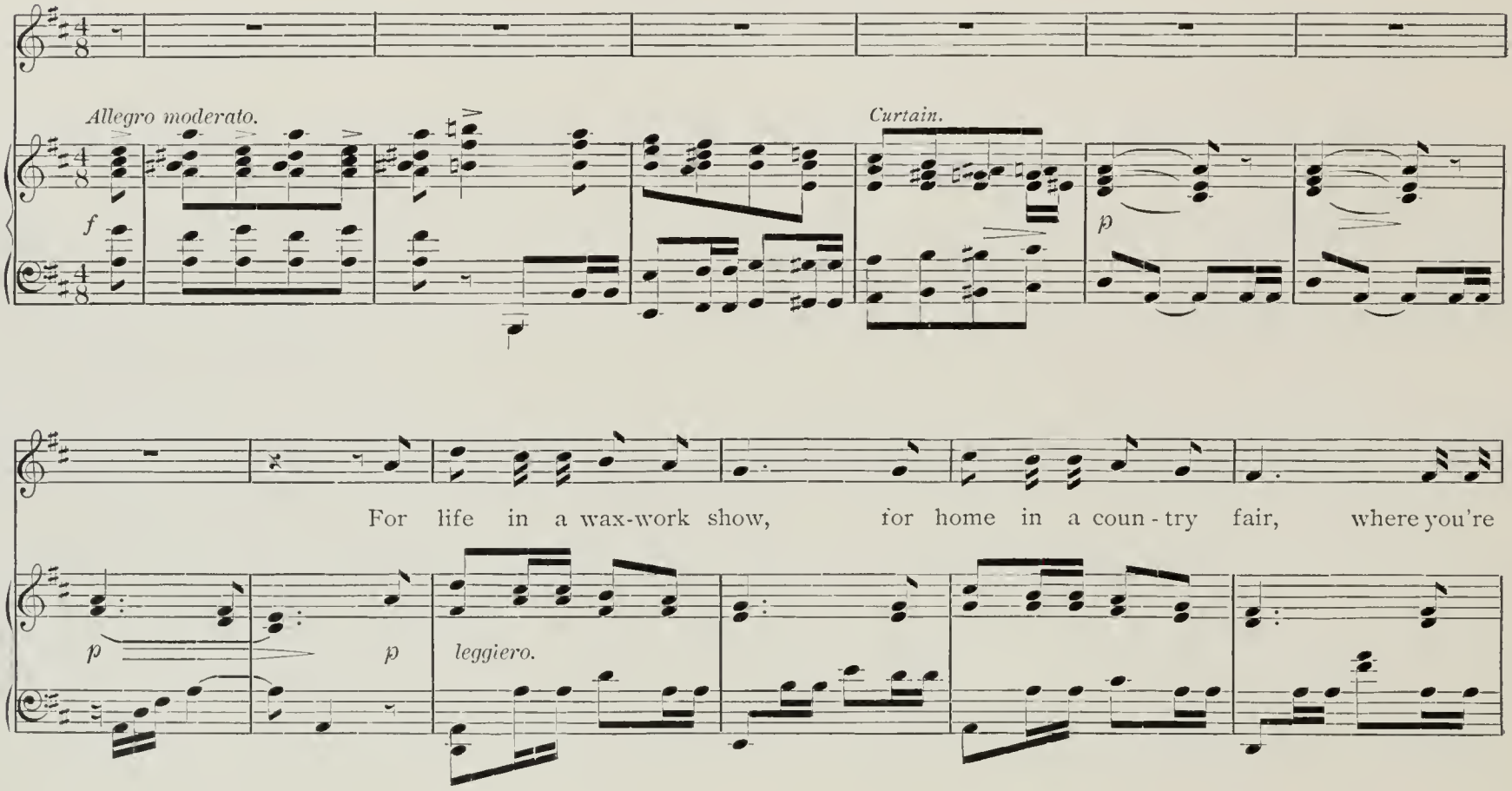
[Haskins *tears his hair, and urges* The Seven Old Ladies *out. They depart, stretching out their arms to the* Waxworks, *who stretch out their arms, but cannot leave their places. All sing "Lavender Village."* Haskins *tears his hair again.*

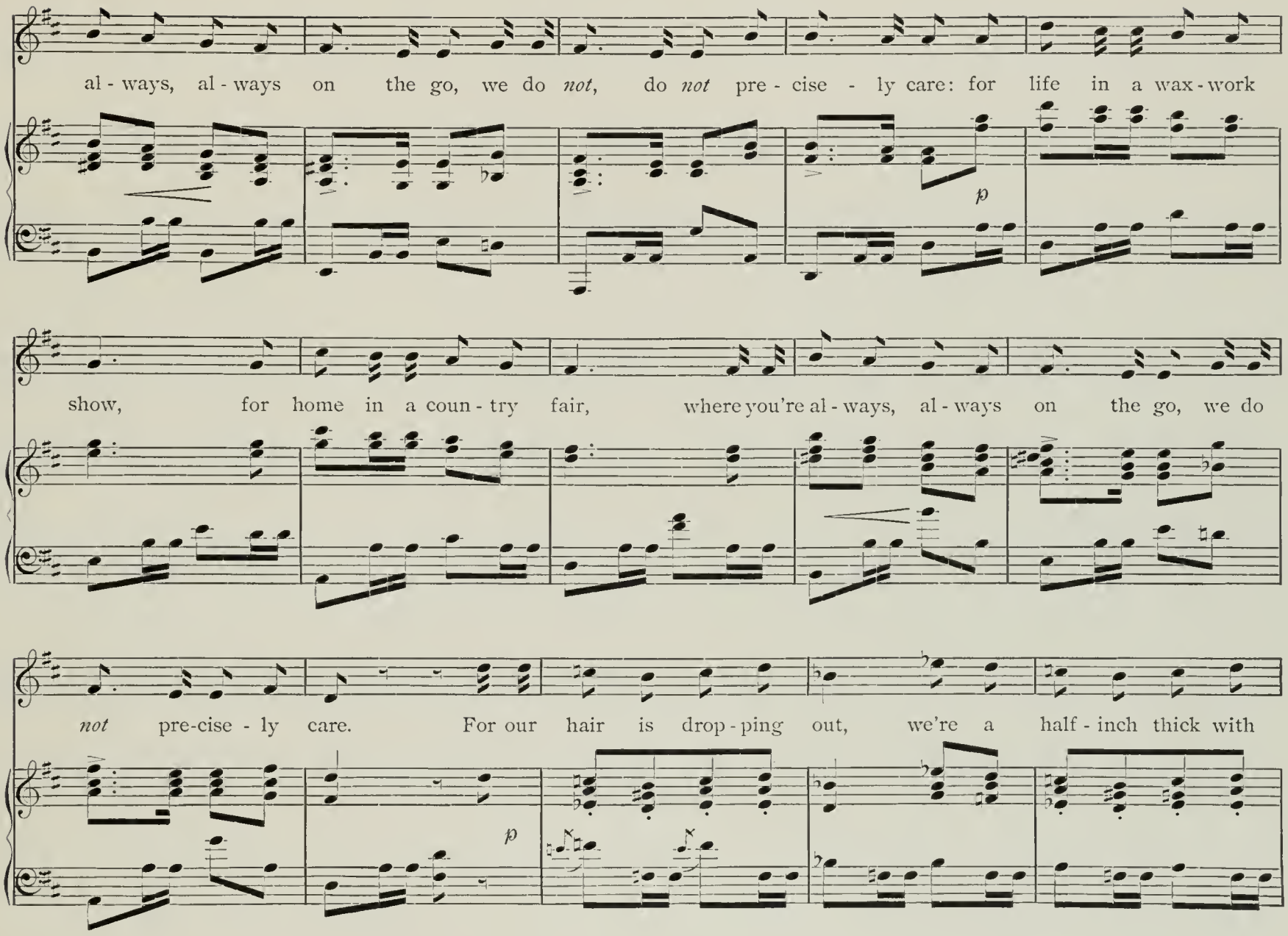
Curtain.

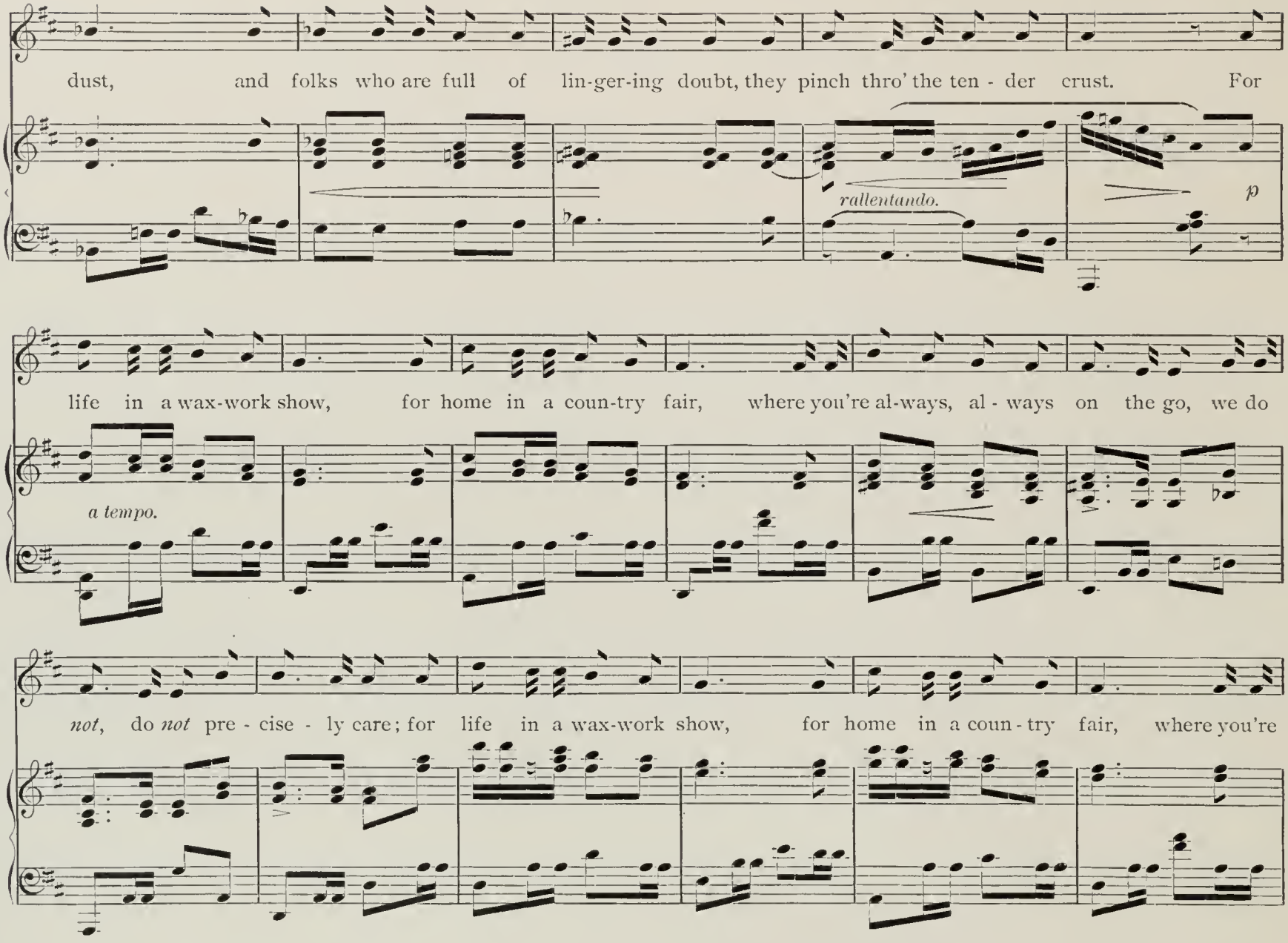
ACT II.

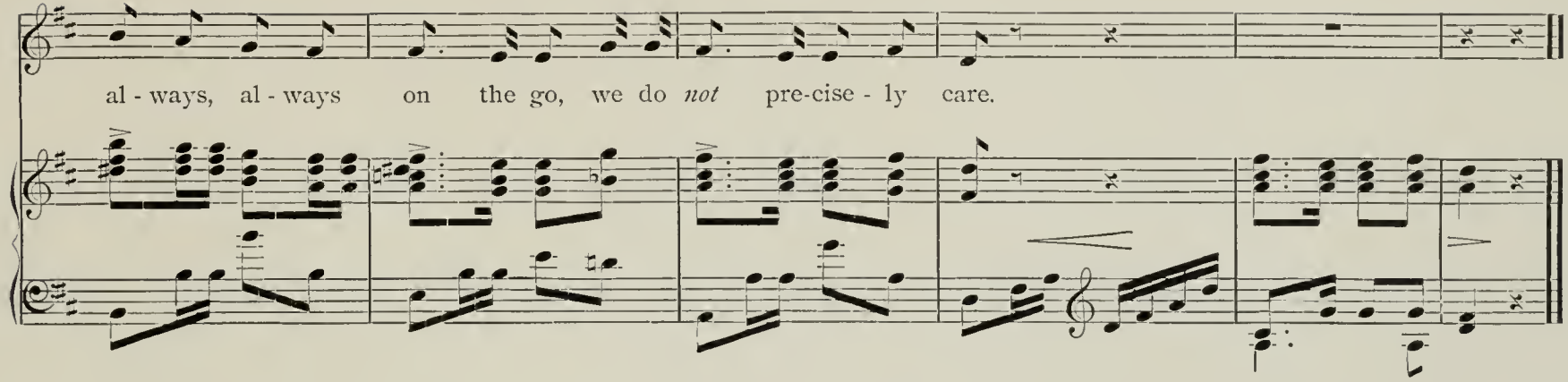
The scene is the same, at night. The curtain of the platform is drawn away, and the Waxworks *are seen covered up with sheets or furniture covers. And while they are covered up they sing.*

Chorus.—Waxworks.




al - ways, al - ways on the go, we do *not*, do *not* pre - cise - ly care: for life in a wax - work
p
show, for home in a coun - try fair, where you're al - ways, al - ways on the go, we do
not pre-cise - ly care. For our hair is drop - ping out, we're a half - inch thick with
p


dust, and folks who are full of lin-ger-ing doubt, they pinch thro' the ten - der crust. For
rallentando.
p
life in a wax-work show, for home in a coun-try fair, where you're al-ways, al - ways on the go, we do
a tempo.
not, do not pre - cise - ly care; for life in a wax-work show, for home in a coun - try fair, where you're



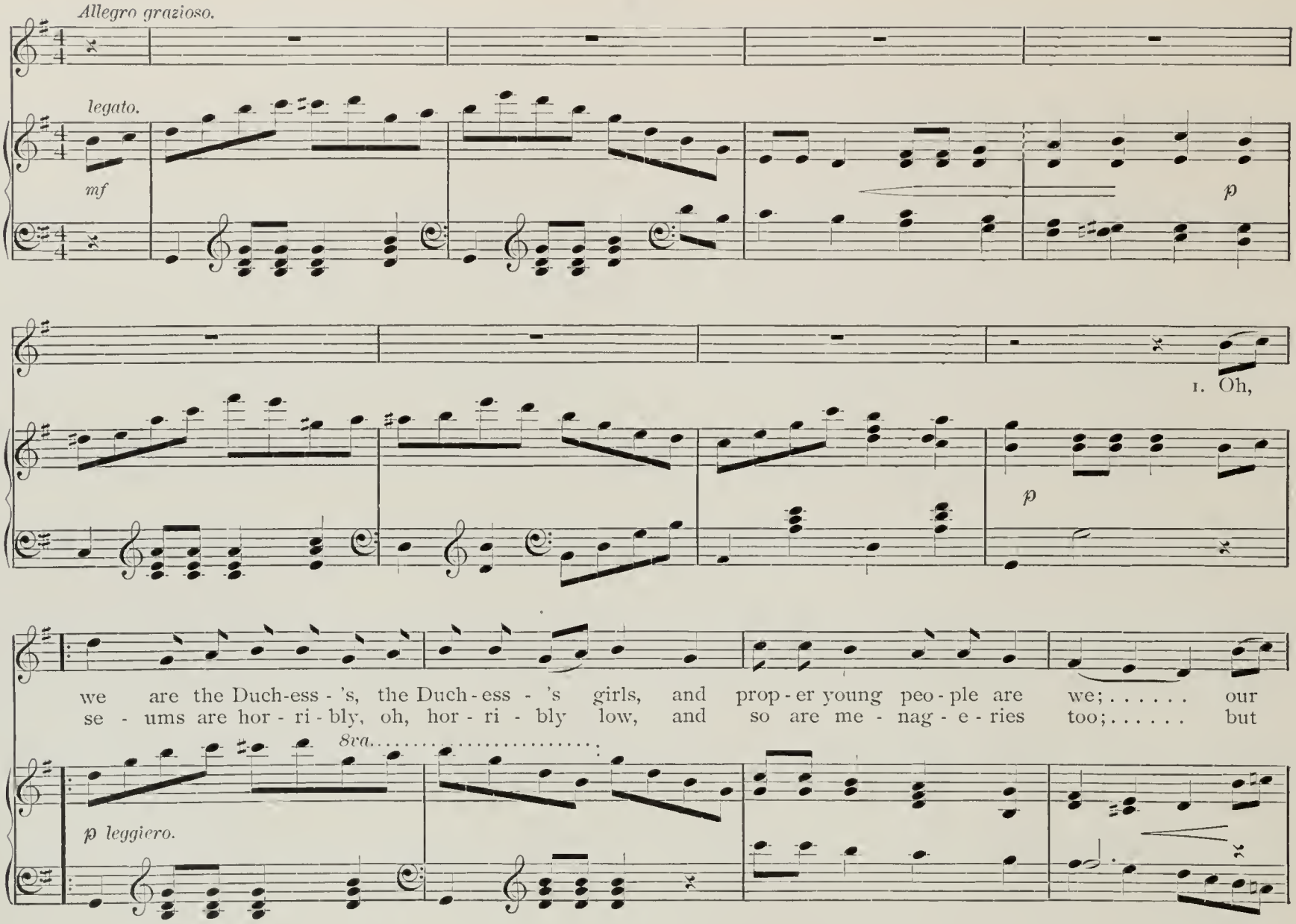
[Haskins *enters, and proceeds to take off their covers and dust them off with a feather duster.*]

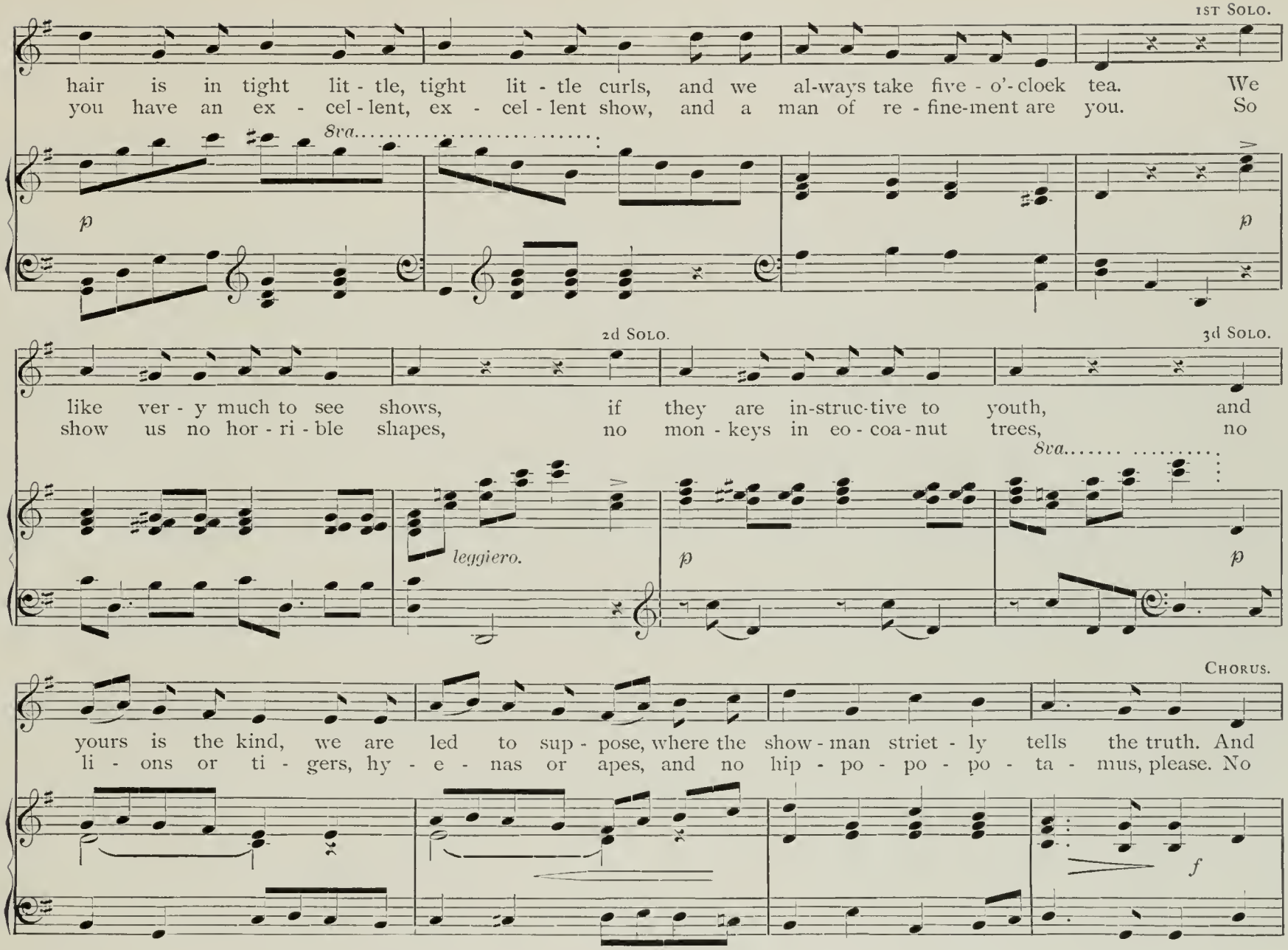
Haskins. Here's a nice piece of business! If I hadn't that engagement to entertain the Duchess's daughters to-night, I'd pack up and get out of the town before those women could come back. I've said Abracadabra to these miserable waxworks until I can't say it any more; and the spell doesn't seem to work as it used to. The fairy didn't tell me that these waxworks had wives, or I wouldn't have bought them. Well, it's time for the Duchess's daughters. And here they are, right on time.

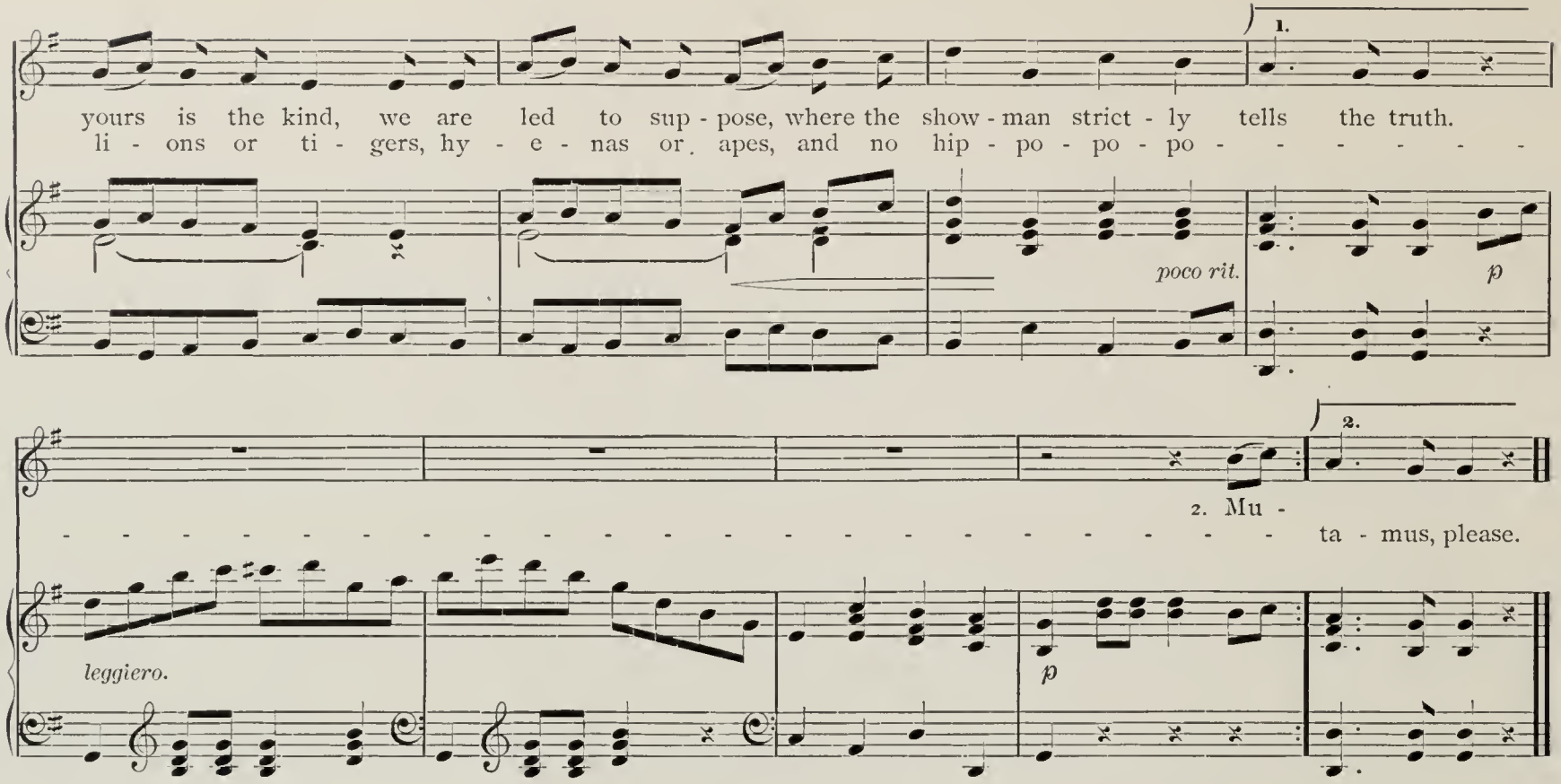
PROFESSOR HASKINS DUSTING OFF

[*Enter the* Duchess's Daughters, *cloaked and hooded.*

Chorus.


Allegro grazioso.
legato.
mf
p
1. Oh,
p
we are the Duch-ess - 's, the Duch - ess - 's girls, and prop - er young peo - ple are we; . . . . . our
se - ums are hor - ri - bly, oh, hor - ri - bly low, and so are me - nag - e - ries too; . . . . . but
8va. . . . . .
p leggiero.


1st Solo.
hair is in tight lit - tle, tight lit - tle curls, and we al-ways take five - o'-cloek tea. We
you have an ex - cel - lent, ex - cel - lent show, and a man of re - fine-ment are you. So
8va
p
p
2d Solo.
3d Solo.
like ver - y much to see shows, if they are in-struc-tive to youth, and
show us no hor - ri - ble shapes, no mon - keys in eo - coa - nut trees, no
8va
leggiero.
p
p
Chorus.
yours is the kind, we are led to sup - pose, where the show - man striet - ly tells the truth. And
li - ons or ti - gers, hy - e - nas or apes, and no hip - po - po - po - ta - mus, please. No
f



Haskins (*obsequiously*). Always, young ladies; I always tell the truth, and [*confidentially*] a great deal more. Please be seated. The show—the exhibition—is about to begin. [*They seat themselves on the benches, and he begins his lecture.*] Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the great Julius Cæsar. He is now dead. This was an unparalleled feat in those days. Julius Cæsar will now speak his piece. Abracadabra, Julius.

Julius Cæsar. When I arrived at the age of seven years my father presented me with a bright new hatchet, and I at once—

Haskins. Hold on! That isn't your piece. "All Gaul is divided into three parts—"

Julius Cæsar. It ain't.

Haskins. What's that?

Julius Cæsar. It ain't.

"HOLD ON, THAT ISN'T YOUR PIECE"

HASKINS. Never mind if it isn't. You say so.

JULIUS CÆSAR. I won't.

HASKINS. What does this mean?

JULIUS CÆSAR. We've struck.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. We have formed the Waxworks Union.

"WHAT 'LL YOU TAKE FOR THEM?"

ALEXANDER. And we won't waxwork.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Unless we can have our wives again.

[*The ladies applaud.*

THE DUCHESS (*entering, followed by a* Page *with a bandbox*). What is this I hear? Unseemly language from waxworks? Is this the exhibition to which I have sent my daughters?

HASKINS (*desperately*). I beseech your Grace's pardon. My waxworks have struck, and I can't do anything with them. [*To the* Waxworks.] Philopena, the whole lot of you.

THE WAXWORKS. Philopena yourself.

DUCHESS. Let us submit this matter to arbitration. What do these gentlemen want?

THE WAXWORKS. We want our wives?

DUCHESS. Quite right and proper. Give them their wives.

HASKINS. I haven't got their wives. I can't give them any wives.

DUCHESS. Then I will.

HASKINS. *You* will?

DUCHESS. Yes. Here they are.

[*The* Duchess's Daughters *rise and throw off their wraps, appearing as* The Seven Old Ladies, *only made young again. They form a line and sing.*

Chorus.—THE SEVEN OLD LADIES.

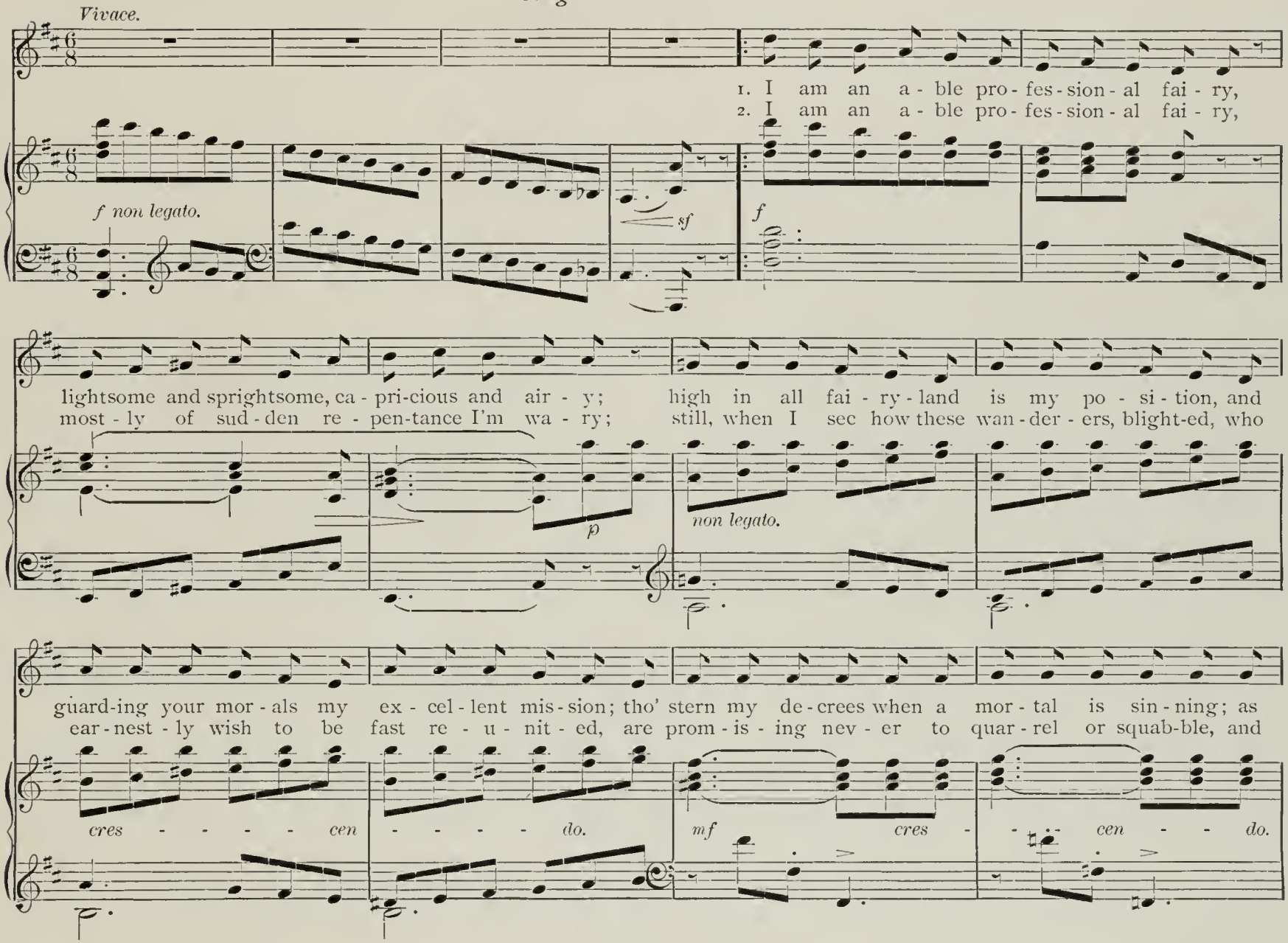
The chorus is a repetition of the first verse of No. 4 of the first act, with the word "young" substituted for "old."

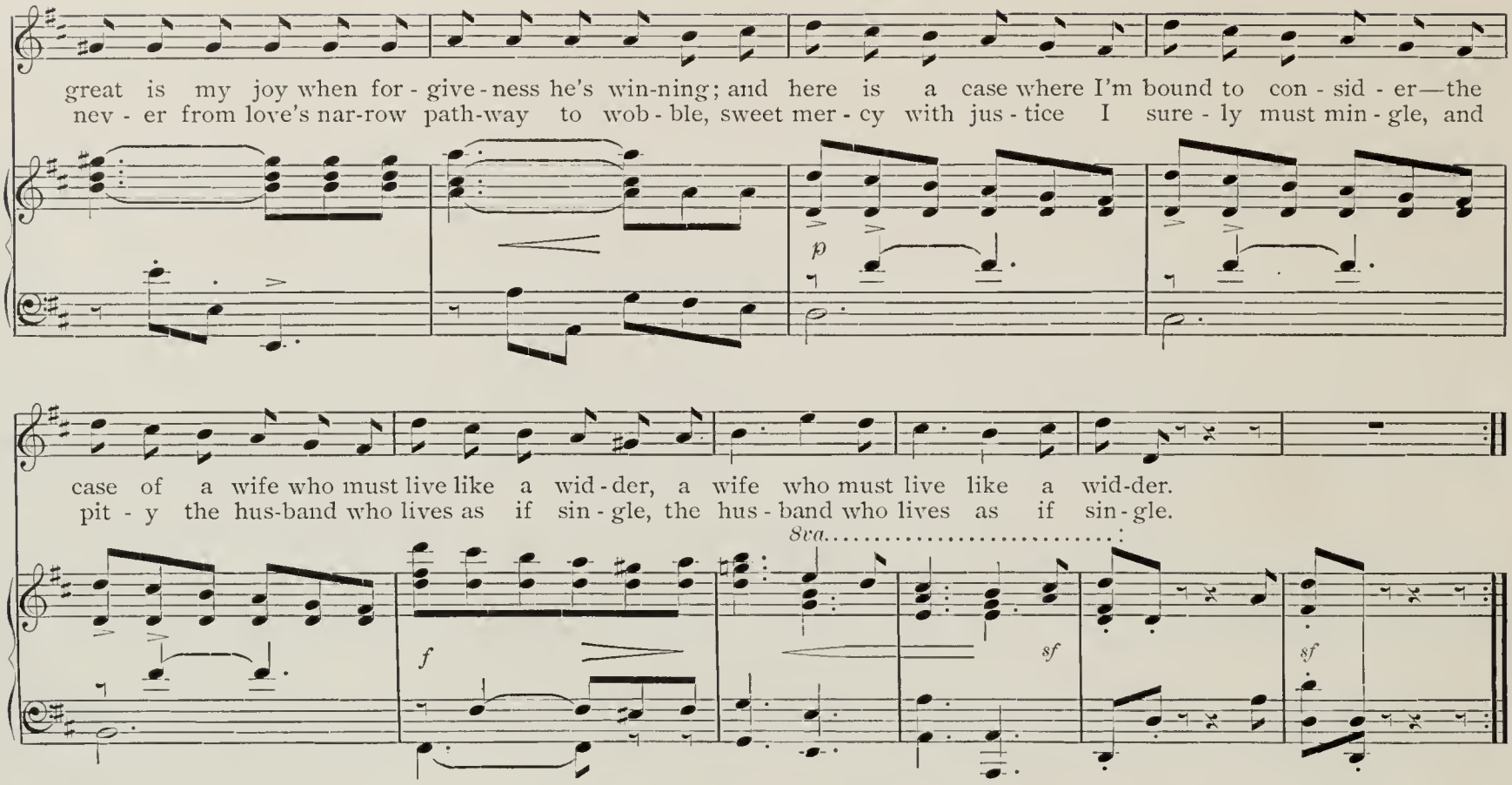
[*And they all courtesy.*

HASKINS. But—look here; you can't do that. Nobody can do that sort of thing but the Fairy Aunty Macassa.

DUCHESS. And I am the Fairy Aunty Macassa.

Song.—THE DUCHESS.





Do you not recognize me?

[*She throws off her cloak, and appears in a brilliant costume.*

HASKINS. I don't know whether I do or not. Where are your wings?

DUCHESS (*beckoning to the* Page). Here in this band-box. You don't want to make me go to the trouble of putting them on, do you?

HASKINS. Oh, no, your Grace. But you won't mind my looking at them, will you? [*He takes the wings out.*] What 'll you take for them?

DUCHESS. They are not for sale. I use them in my

business. [Haskins *puts them back.*] I have come here to announce that as the seven young married couples of Lavender Town are sincerely penitent for their past naughtiness, I have decided to pardon them, and release them from their spell. By my marvellous power I have changed these Seven Old Ladies back to Seven Young Brides, and by my marvellous power I will now free these seven Waxworks.

[*She takes* Haskins's *stick and waves it. The* Waxworks *descend from the platform, and each one embraces his wife.*

Mrs. Smith. John!

John Smith. Jemima!

Mrs. Jones. George!

George Washington. Gloriana!

Mrs. Brown. Julius!

Julius Cæsar. Josephine!

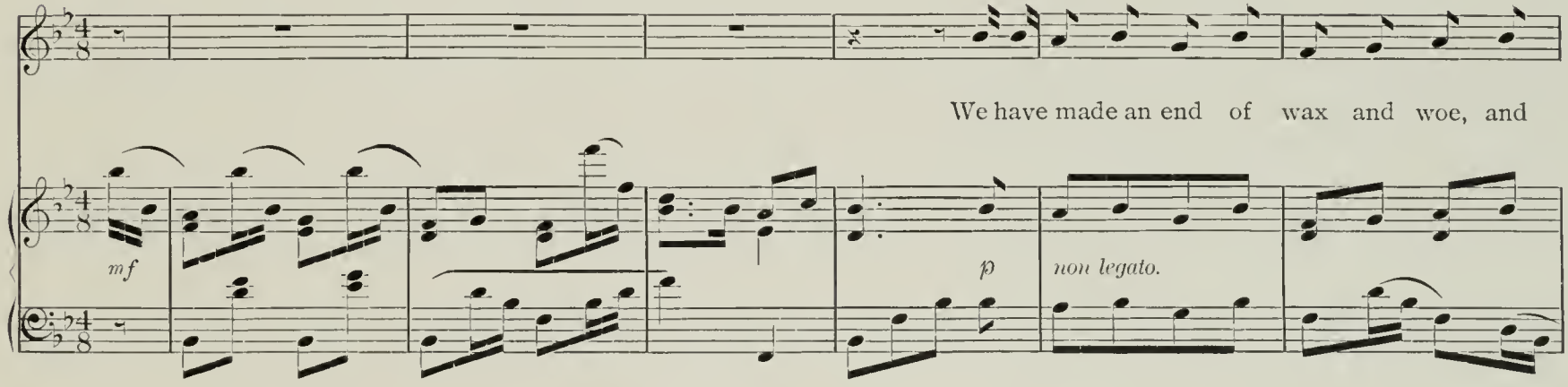
Mrs. Tralala de Montmorenci. Alexander!

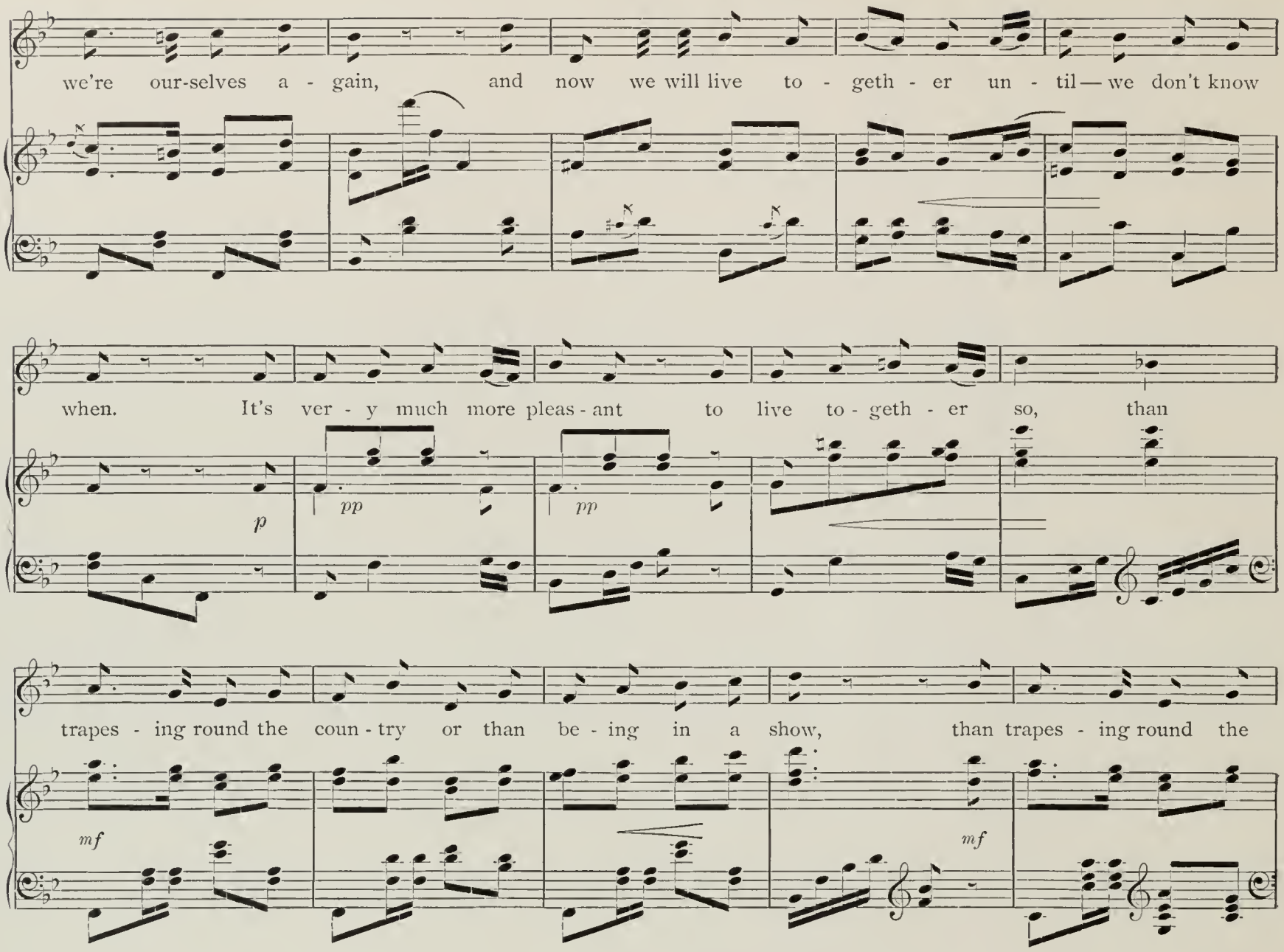
Alexader the Great. Anne!

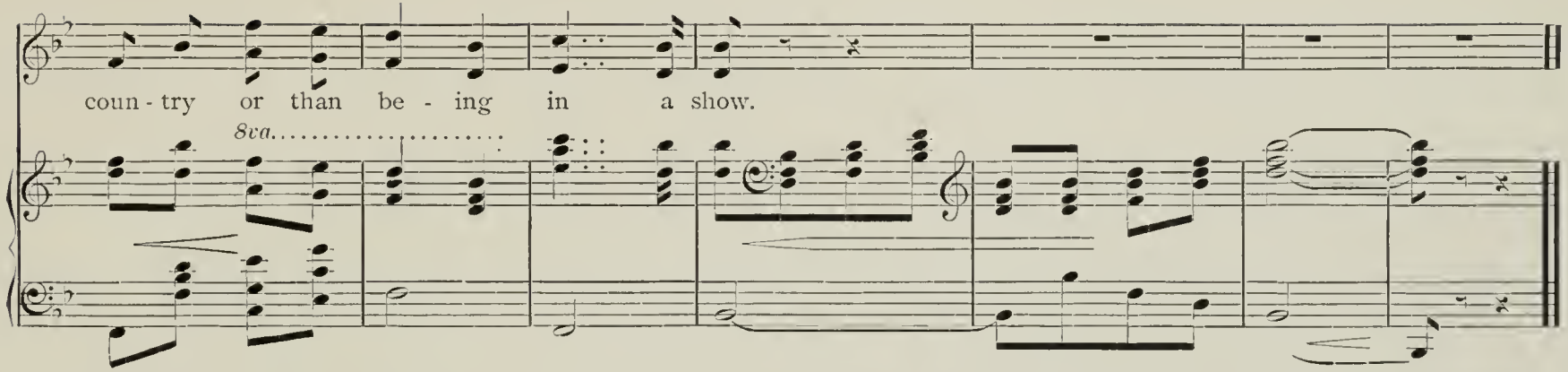
Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Simpkins, and Mrs. Timpkins. Our husbands!

Napoleon, Confucius, and Henry the Eighth. Our wives!

Chorus.—The Seven Old Ladies and the Waxworks.




we're our-selves a - gain, and now we will live to - geth - er un - til — we don't know
when. It's ver - y much more pleas - ant to live to - geth - er so, than
p
pp
pp
trapes - ing round the coun - try or than be - ing in a show, than trapes - ing round the
mf
mf



HASKINS. And I—what will become of me?

DUCHESS. Don't worry. I'll make you a waxwork yourself, and sell you to somebody else.

JULIUS CÆSAR. And now, dear Fairy, pray excuse us if we seem to ask too much, but—

MRS. SMITH. Our husbands are still waxworks.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. If you could conveniently change us back.

DUCHESS. Oh, certainly. I will change you back to your natural shapes.

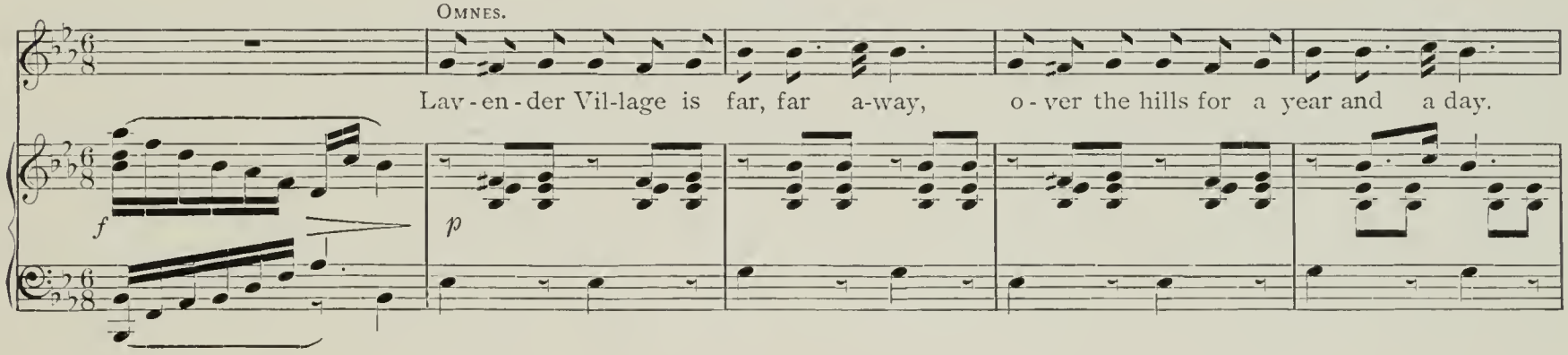
HASKINS (*maliciously*). Perhaps you'll do that—by your "marvellous power."

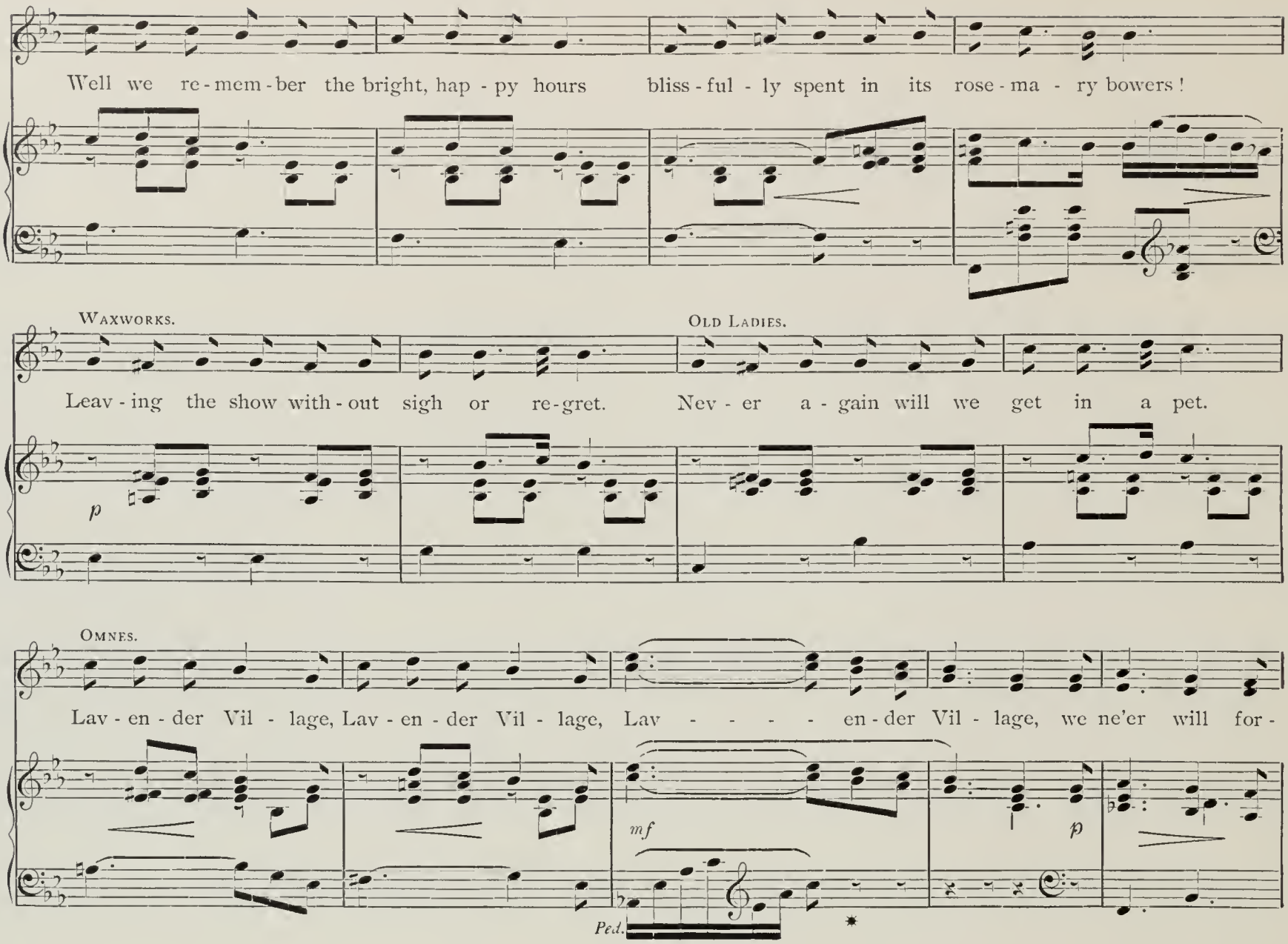
DUCHESS. I will.

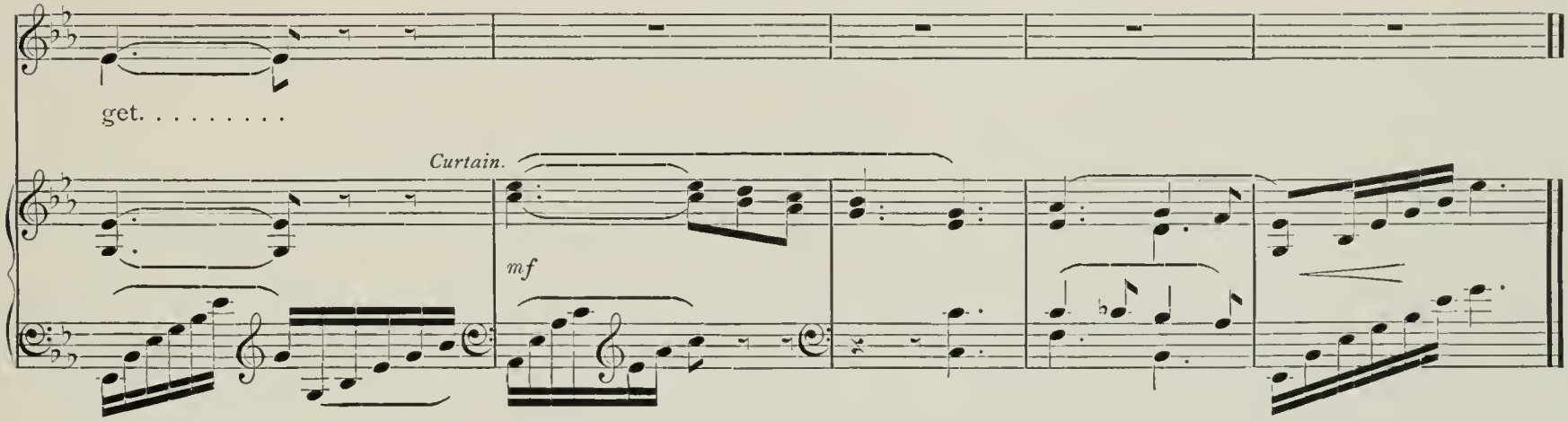
HASKINS (*defiantly*). Well, do it, then.

DUCHESS. I will—as soon as the curtain falls.

Finale.




Well we re-mem-ber the bright, hap-py hours bliss-ful-ly spent in its rose-ma-ry bowers!
Waxworks.
Old Ladies.
Leav-ing the show with-out sigh or re-gret. Nev-er a-gain will we get in a pet.
p
Omnes.
Lav-en-der Vil-lage, Lav-en-der Vil-lage, Lav - - - - en-der Vil-lage, we ne'er will for-
mf
p
Ped.

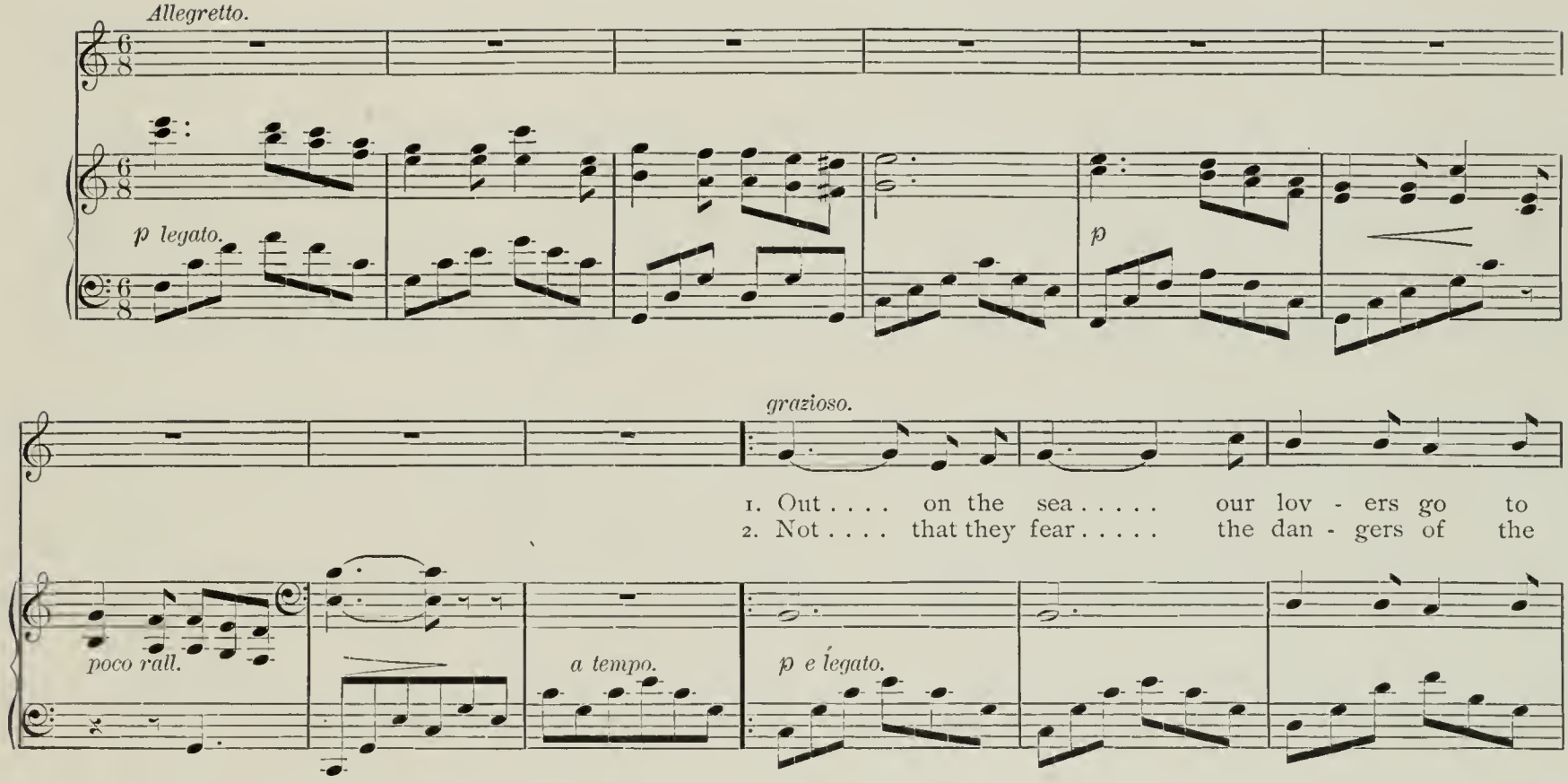


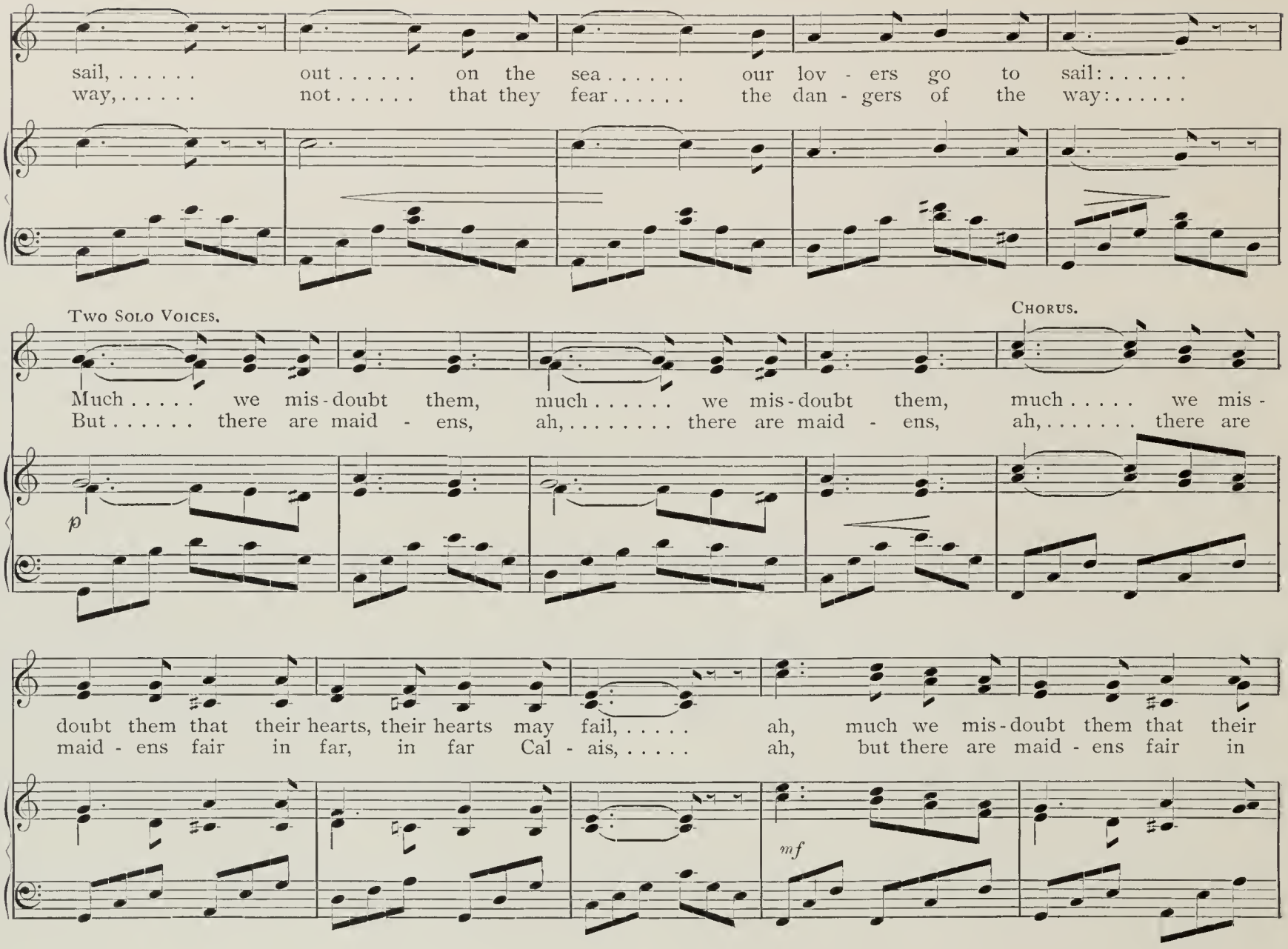
Curtain.

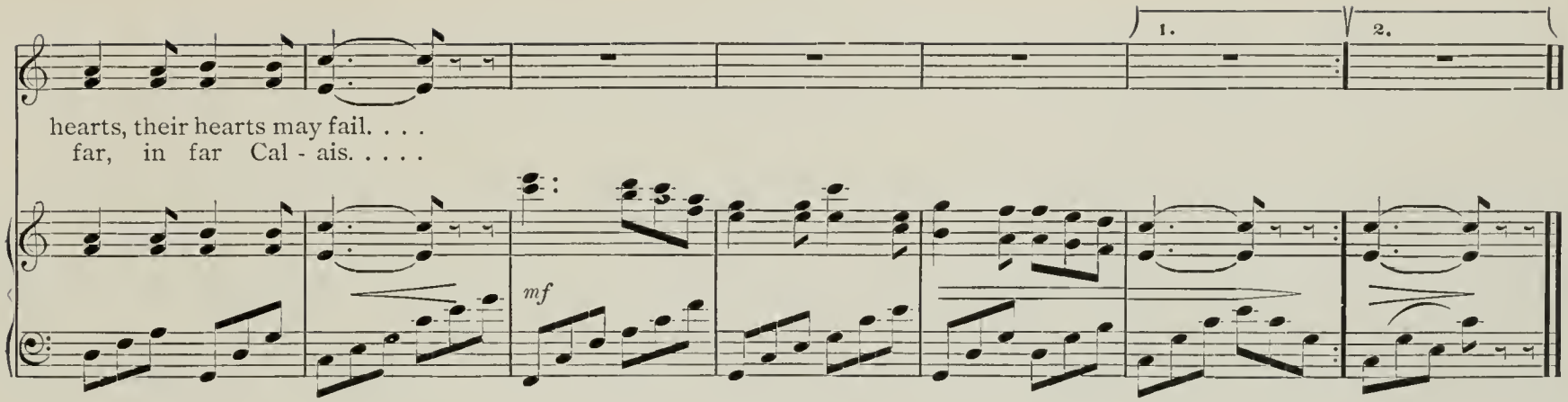
BOBBY SHAFTOE

ACT I.—The Market-Place.

Chorus of Fisher-Girls, *passing slowly across stage.*




sail, ... out . . . . . on the sea . . . . . our lov - ers go to sail: . . . . . .
way, ... not . . . . . that they fear . . . . . the dan - gers of the way: . . . . . .
Two Solo Voices.
Chorus.
Much . . . . . we mis-doubt them, much . . . . . we mis-doubt them, much . . . . . we mis -
But . . . . . there are maid - ens, ah, ... there are maid - ens, ah, ... there are
p
doubt them that their hearts, their hearts may fail, ... ah, much we mis-doubt them that their
maid - ens fair in far, in far Cal - ais, ... ah, but there are maid - ens fair in
mf



As the girls go out, enter the EARL OF MUCKLEMUCHKIN *and the* COUNTESS, *followed by* JEEMS *at a distance.*

THE EARL. Ah, there they go—all so young and fair. And I—I am *so* lonely—oh, so lonely!

THE COUNTESS. You ought not to be lonely. You have had three wives.

THE EARL. Yes; but only one at a time. And they are all dead, and I am lonely now.

THE COUNTESS. My dear grandson, your wives may not have been simultaneous, but they were, so to speak, continuous. The ordinary period of mourning is one year, but you have always married again within one week of losing a wife.

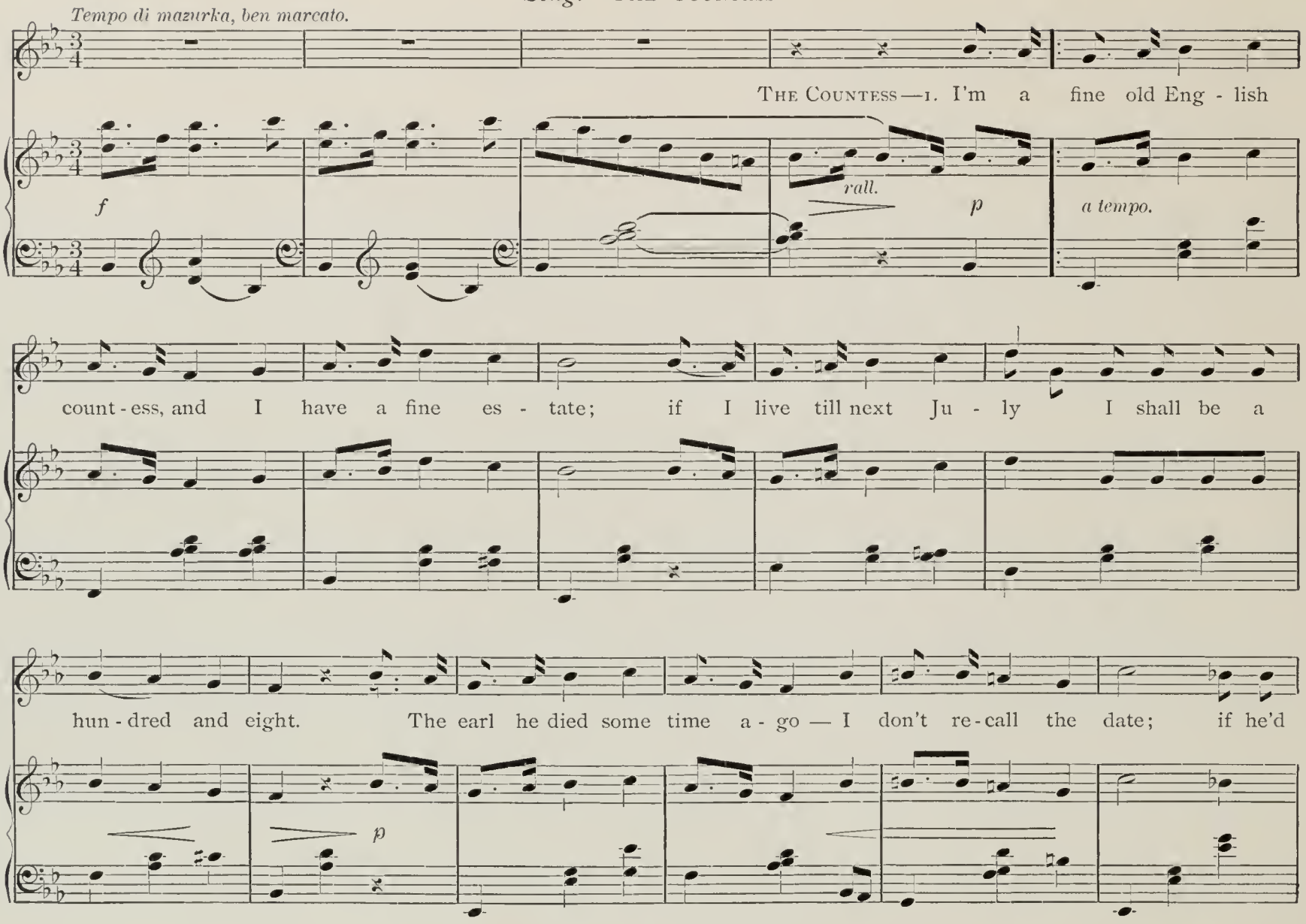
THE EARL. I was lonely.

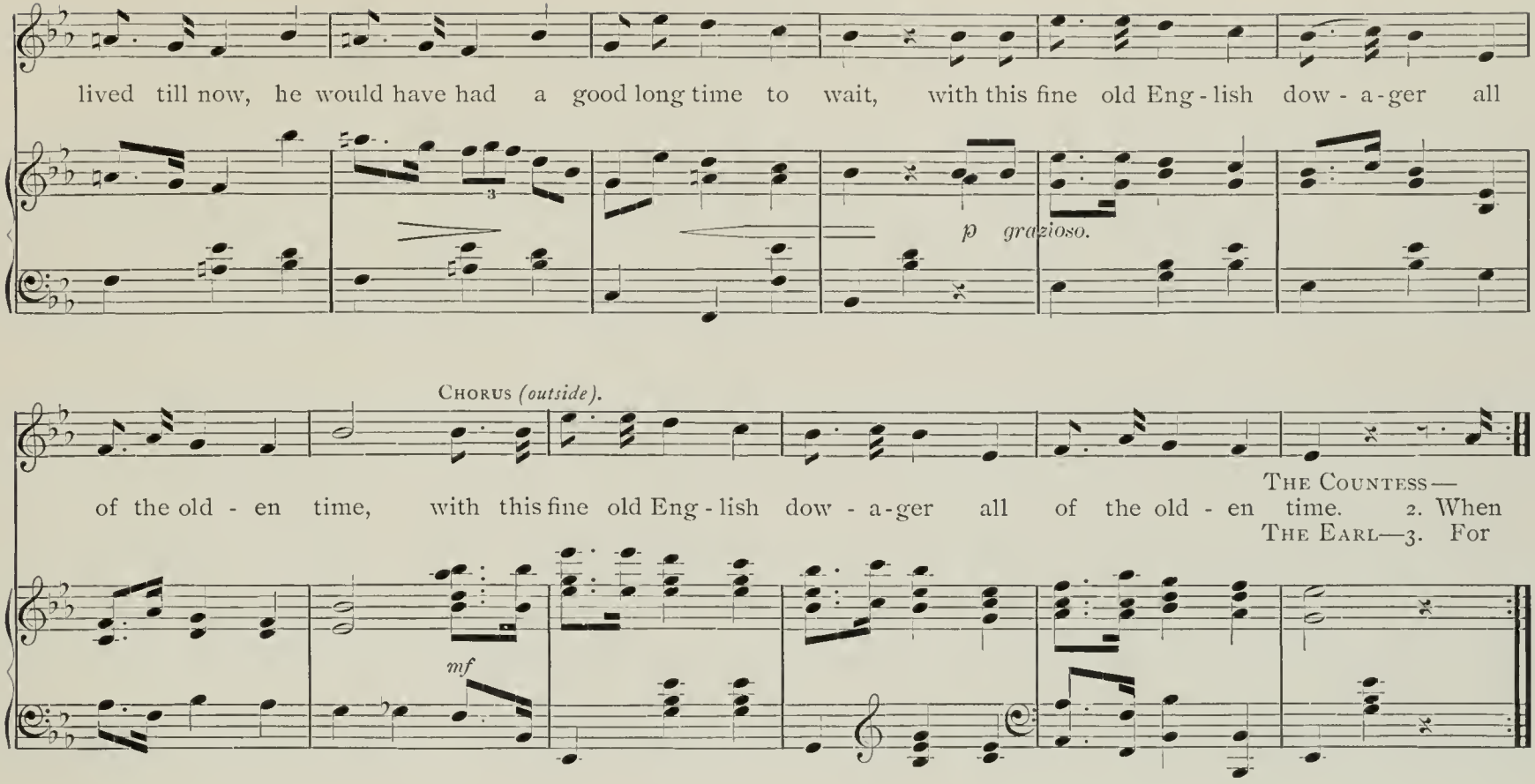
THE COUNTESS. Lonely? Look at me. I have been lonely ever since your grandfather died.

THE EARL. Yes; but then—you couldn't help it.

THE COUNTESS. I was resigned to my fate. You also should be content. You desire company? Have you not Jeems, our ancestral valet, handed down to you from four generations of ancestors?

Song.—The Countess





The Earl (*listening to chorus*). How beautiful the echoes are to-day!

The Countess. Very beautiful! And how cleverly they catch an idea! [*Sings.*

The Countess—

2. When I was quite a little babe, before these locks were gray,
I used to be rolled out by Jeems on every sunny day,
And in my baby carriage he would roll me o'er the way;
And now, though years have passed, I keep this excellent valet,
Like a good old English Countess all of the olden time.

Chorus (*outside*)—

Like a good old English Countess all of the olden time.

The Countess. Take pattern by me. With Jeems to wait upon you, be contented and happy. Jeems!

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. Are you faithful and attentive, Jeems?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Do you think you are an agreeable and entertaining companion, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Do you know that I sometimes get so tired of you that I should like to kick you, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Well, I do. That's the trouble with Jeems. He has never been known to say anything beyond "Yes, my lord," "No, my lady," and that style of conversation palls upon me in the end. [*Sings.*

THE EARL—

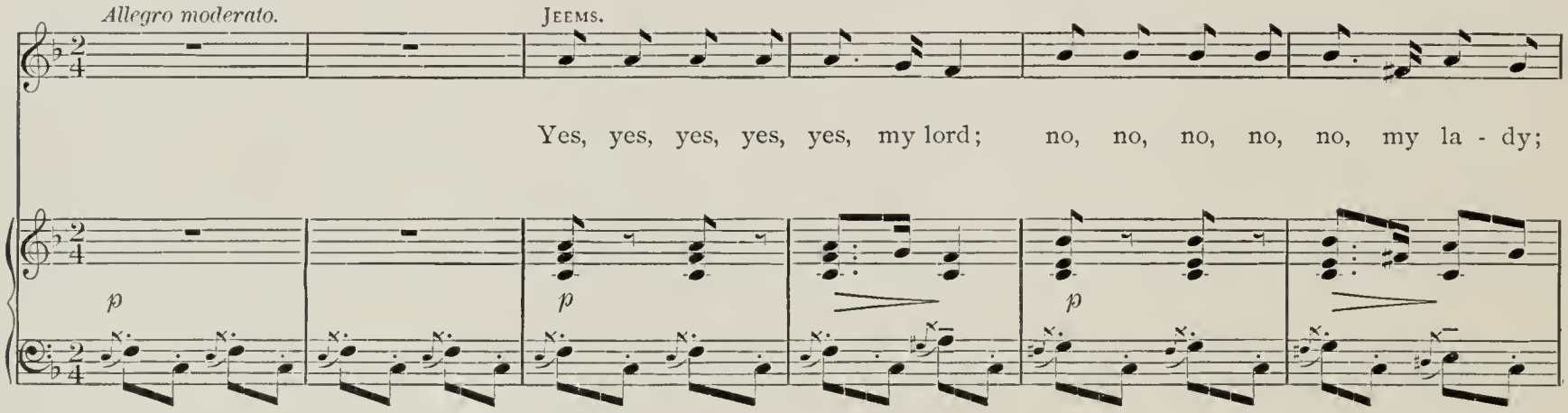
3. For though I'm old, it must be told, I'm not of man's estate,
And I am doomed by Jeems's side for years to vegetate;
By the terms of grandpa's will I must a helpless minor wait,
Attended by this tiresome Jeems till I am sixty-eight.
I'm a noble ward in Chancery all of the olden time.

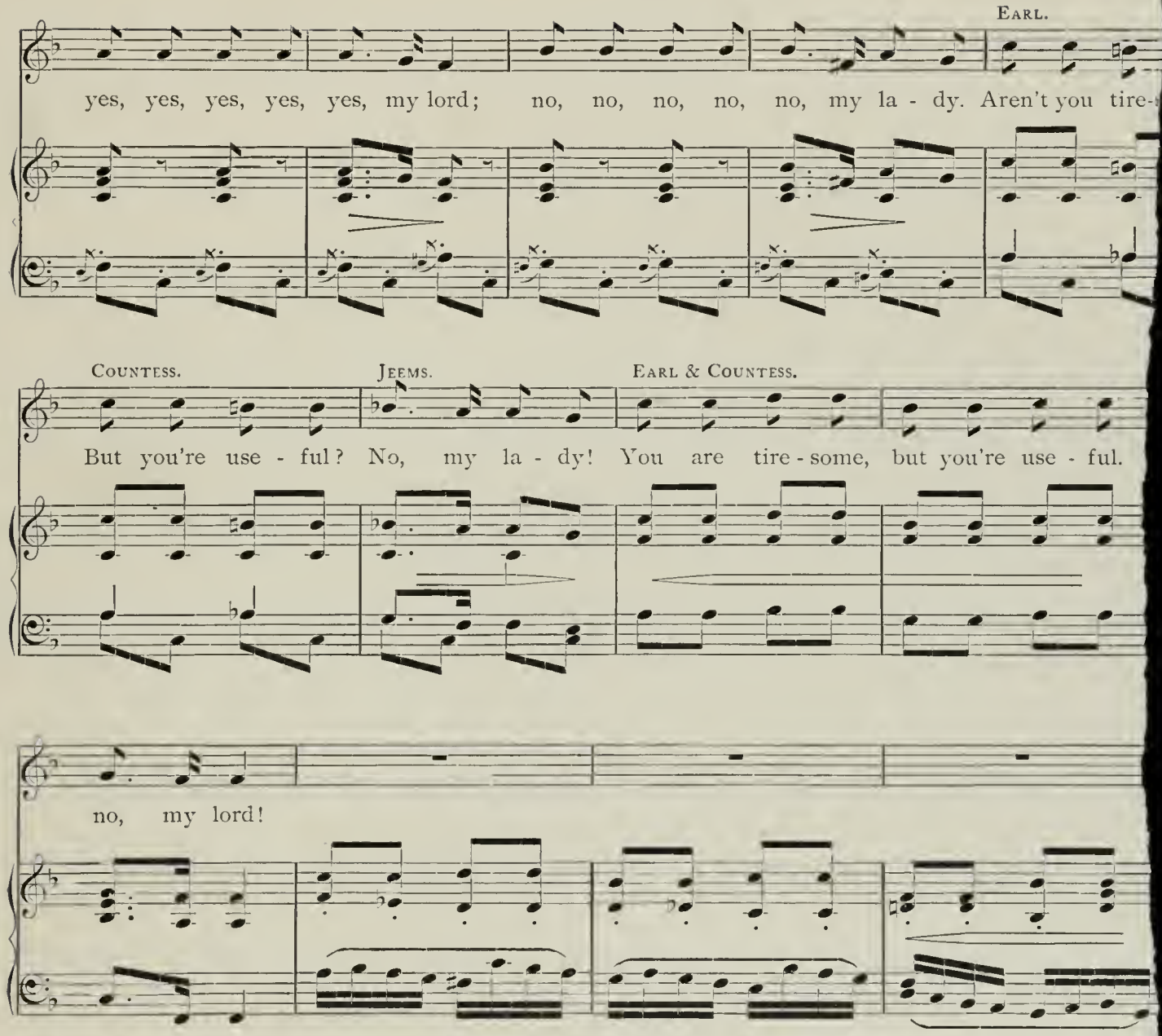
CHORUS (*outside*)—

I'm a noble ward in Chancery all of the olden time.

But let him tell his tale himself. Jeems, give us a specimen of your conversation.

Trio.—JEEMS, COUNTESS, AND EARL.




EARL.
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord; no, no, no, no, no, my la - dy. Aren't you tire-
COUNTESS.
JEEMS.
EARL & COUNTESS.
But you're use - ful? No, my la - dy! You are tire - some, but you're use - ful.
no, my lord!

ıll that I derive from Jeems's soci-
nd night. And meanwhile I am
up.) But I shall not be lonely

ı I to understand, my grandson,
preparing to make a fourth wife

his hands). You are—he! he! he!

ne of these peasant maids to be
sufferer?

`HE EARL. She is—he! he! he!

`HE COUNTESS. Which one?

`HE EARL. Pretty Betty Lobster-
the daughter of old Lobsterpot,
fisherman. She is at present be-
hed to Robert Shaftoe, an able-
ıe shall soon be mine—mine—
, Jeems?

ly). No, you don't hear, Jeems.

l not permit it, grandson. I will

hat *she* says.

ıt?

THE EARL. She will never consent.

THE COUNTESS. Sensible girl!

THE EARL. Be generous, dear grandmother. I know that although I am sixty-seven years of age, I have not yet attained my majority, according to the terms of my grandfather's will; and I know that pretty Betty is, as yet, far from loving me. Yet let me hope that when she does smile on me, you will smile too.

THE COUNTESS. Never!

THE EARL. Jeems, did you ever see such an unreasonable woman?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, do you not quite approve of my views as an upholder of our ancient aristocracy?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Jeems, isn't she talking nonsense?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, *am* I talking nonsense?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

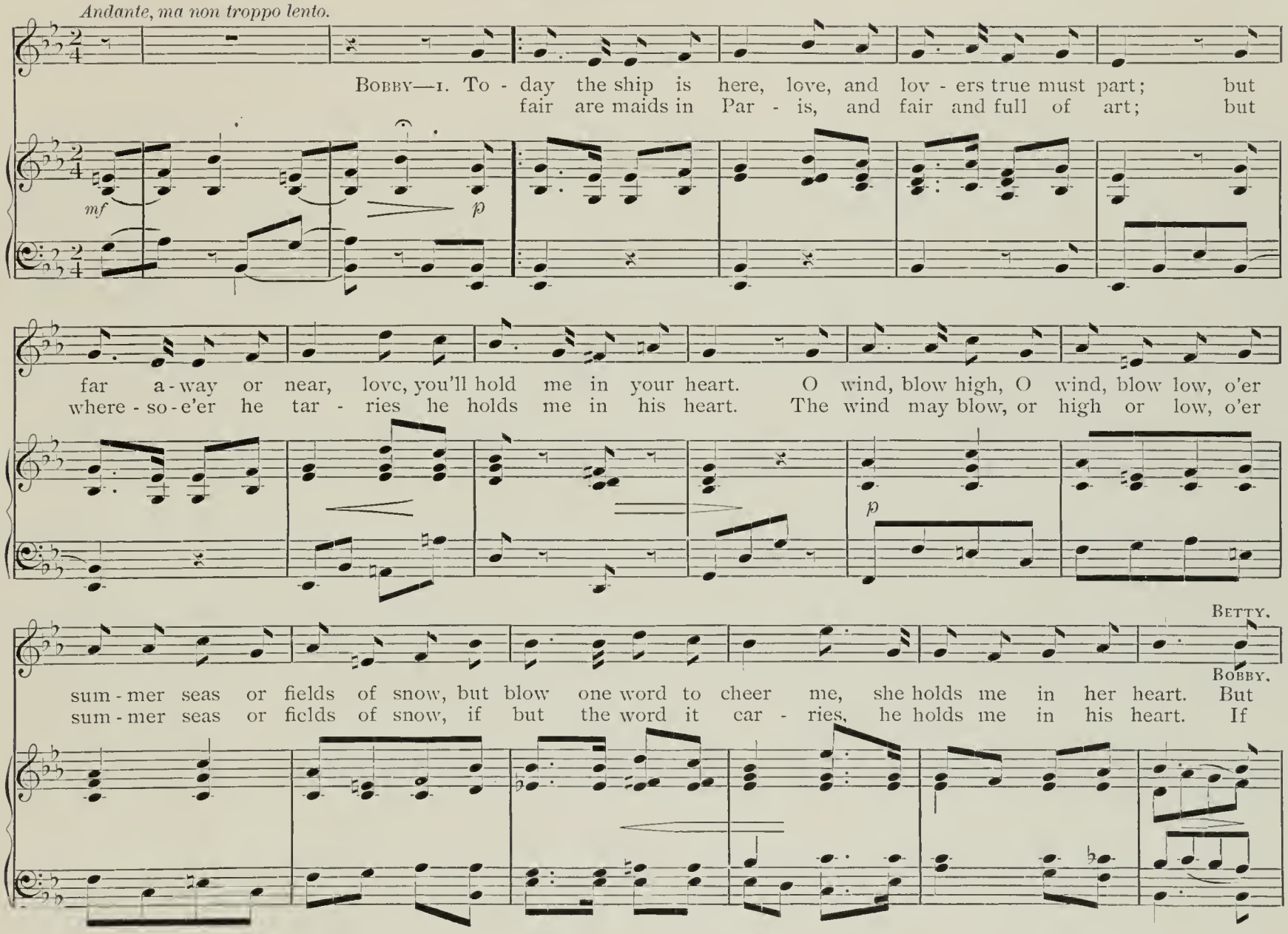
THE EARL. Come, Jeems, let us go.

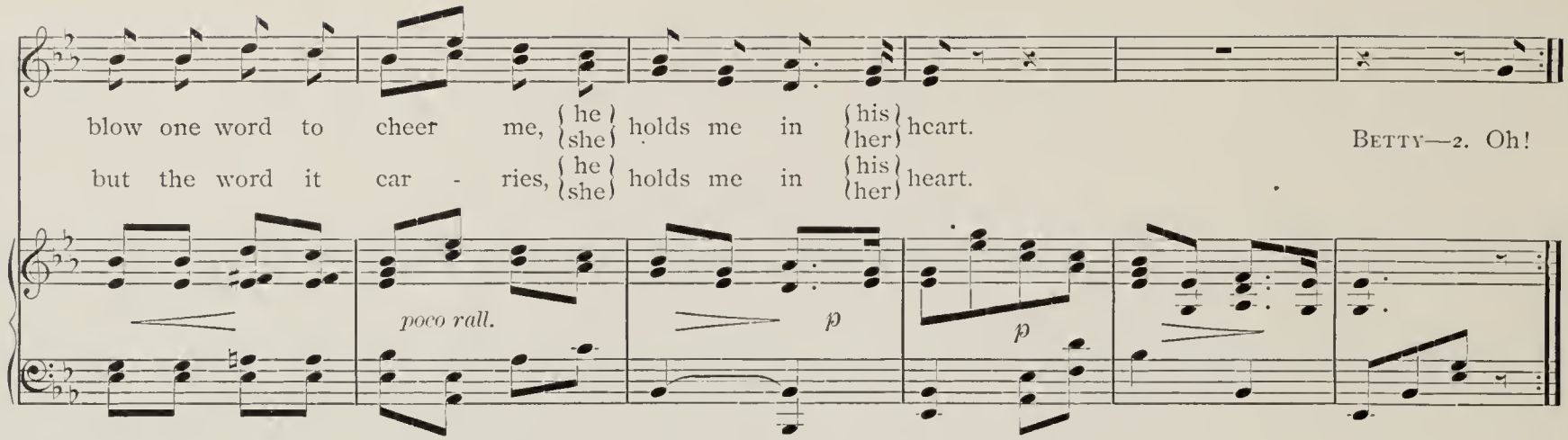
THE COUNTESS. Go, Jeems; my grandson is safer under your care. But let him remember that he is but sixty-five, and that for three years to come he is still my ward!

[*Exeunt*, COUNTESS *Right*, EARL *and* JEEMS *Left*.

Enter BOBBY SHAFTOE *and* BETTY.

Duet.—BETTY AND BOBBY





BETTY. You are quite sure of it? You are going to France, and you will see all those pretty girls, with their naughty artful ribbons and laces, and you'll come home and marry your simple little sweetheart?

BOBBY. Indeed I will.

BETTY. And you won't forget to bring me some of the ribbons?

BOBBY. You shall have the prettiest ribbons that gold can buy.

BETTY. And you'll not look at one single girl while you are away?

BOBBY. No; only to see what the ribbons are like, you know.

BETTY. Well, I think, under the circumstances, I will have to trust you. But let me tie a knot in your handkerchief, so that you won't forget.

BOBBY. Forget which—you or the ribbons?

BETTY (*tying knot*). Oh, the ribbons—and—and me.

BOBBY. But since we're on the subject of remembering things, I must call your attention to one or two things that *you* must remember. I may have an eye for beauty, but you also are of a sociable disposition. I hope you will remember that I don't like to have Tom carrying your basket to market.

BETTY. I'll try to remember. I'll tie a knot in my own handkerchief. [*Ties knot in his.*

BOBBY. And that Phil can get along in his singing without any help from you.

BETTY. Yes, dear; that's another knot.

[*Ties as before.*

BOBBY. And that I have thrashed Jim twice for giving you nosegays, and shall be happy to make it three times.

BETTY. Yes, dear. Another knot for Jim.

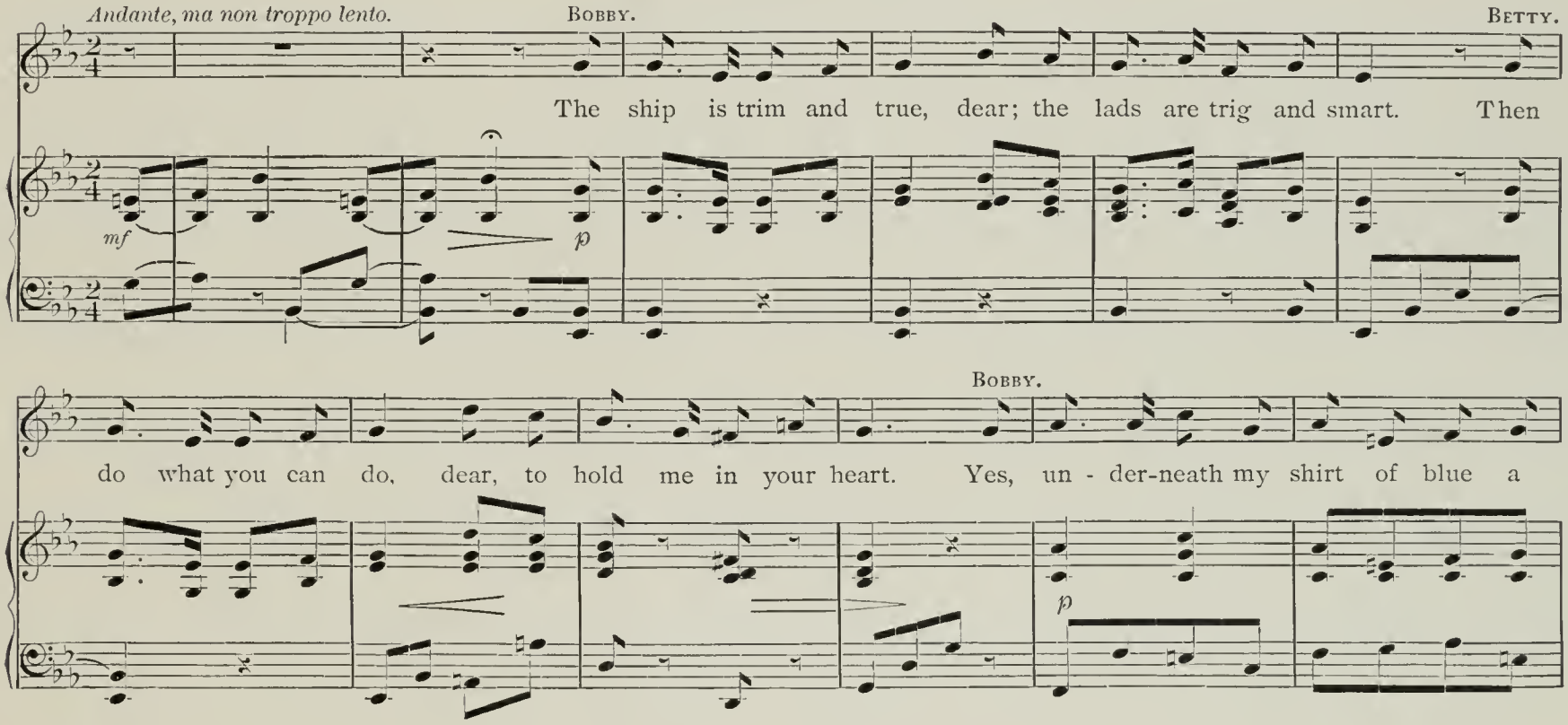
BOBBY. Need I make any remarks on the subject of Adelbert?

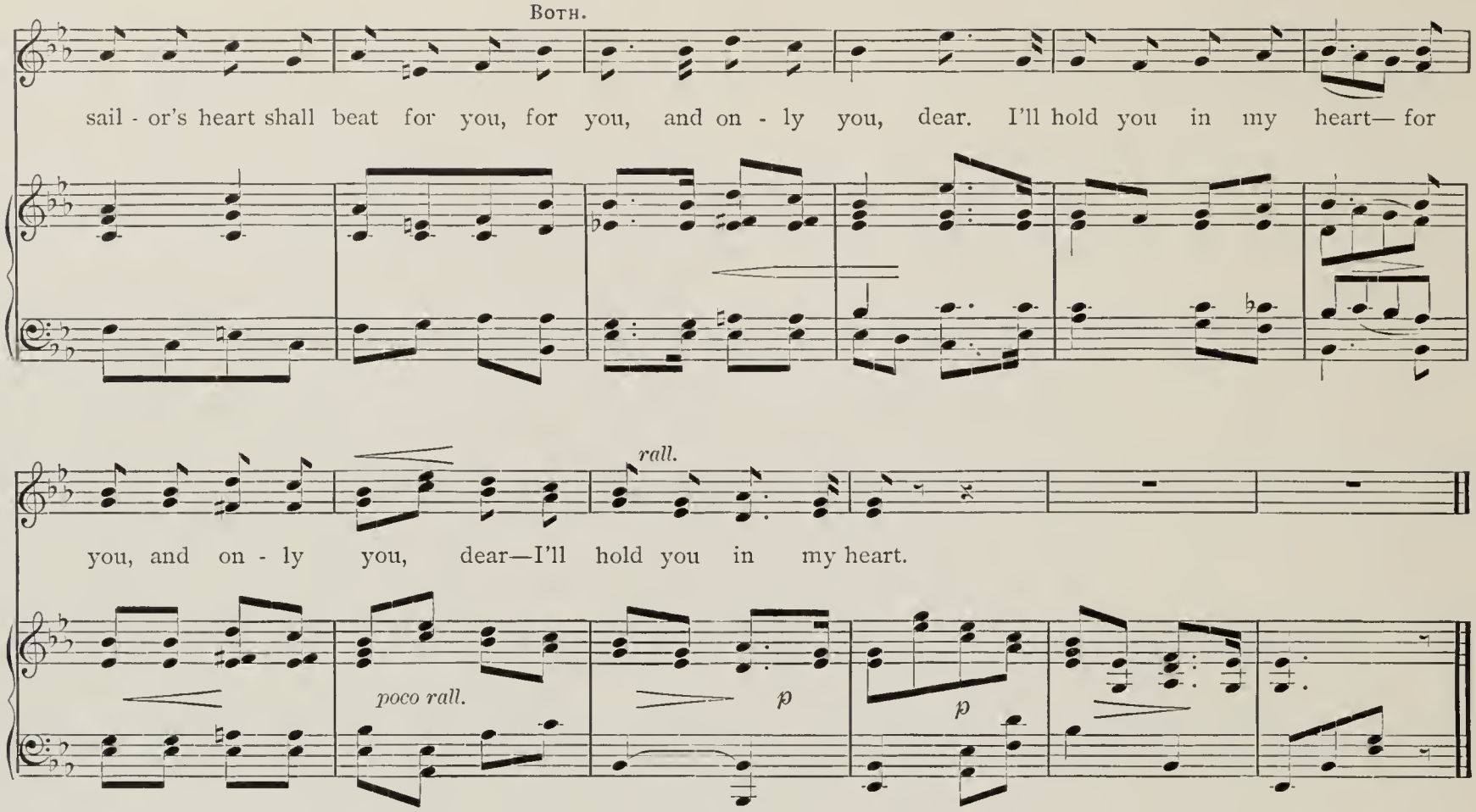
BETTY. No, dear. I will own that once upon a time Adelbert had a place in my affections. But since the day when he imposed upon my confidence with red pepper in a caramel, I have torn him from my heart. Still, I will tie a knot for him. There, that's Adelbert, and here's the handkerchief.

BOBBY. But you've tied all *your* knots in *my* handkerchief!

BETTY. Never mind, dear; you can help me to remember them. But now we must go. Your ship is at the wharf.

Duet.—BETTY AND BOBBY

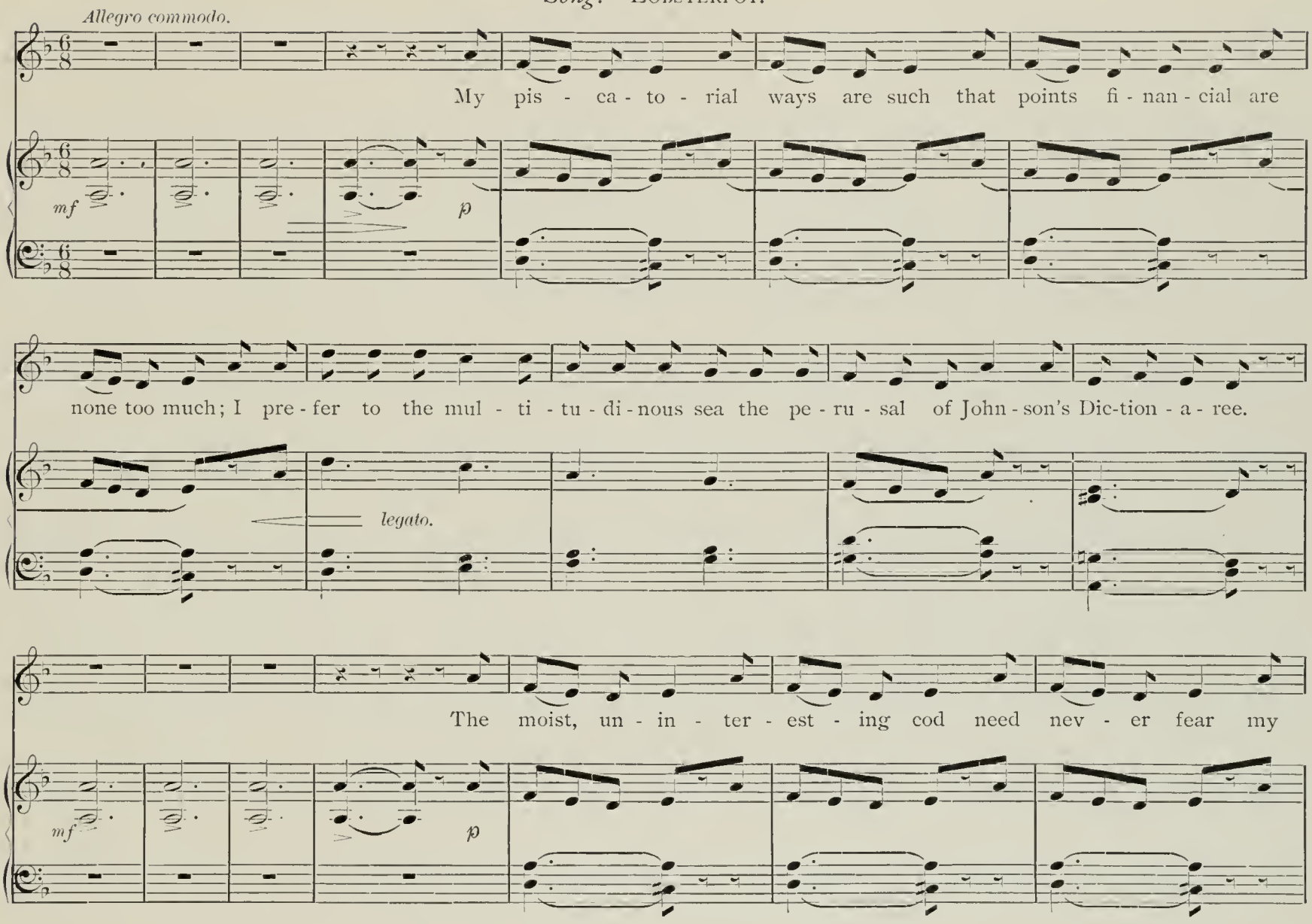


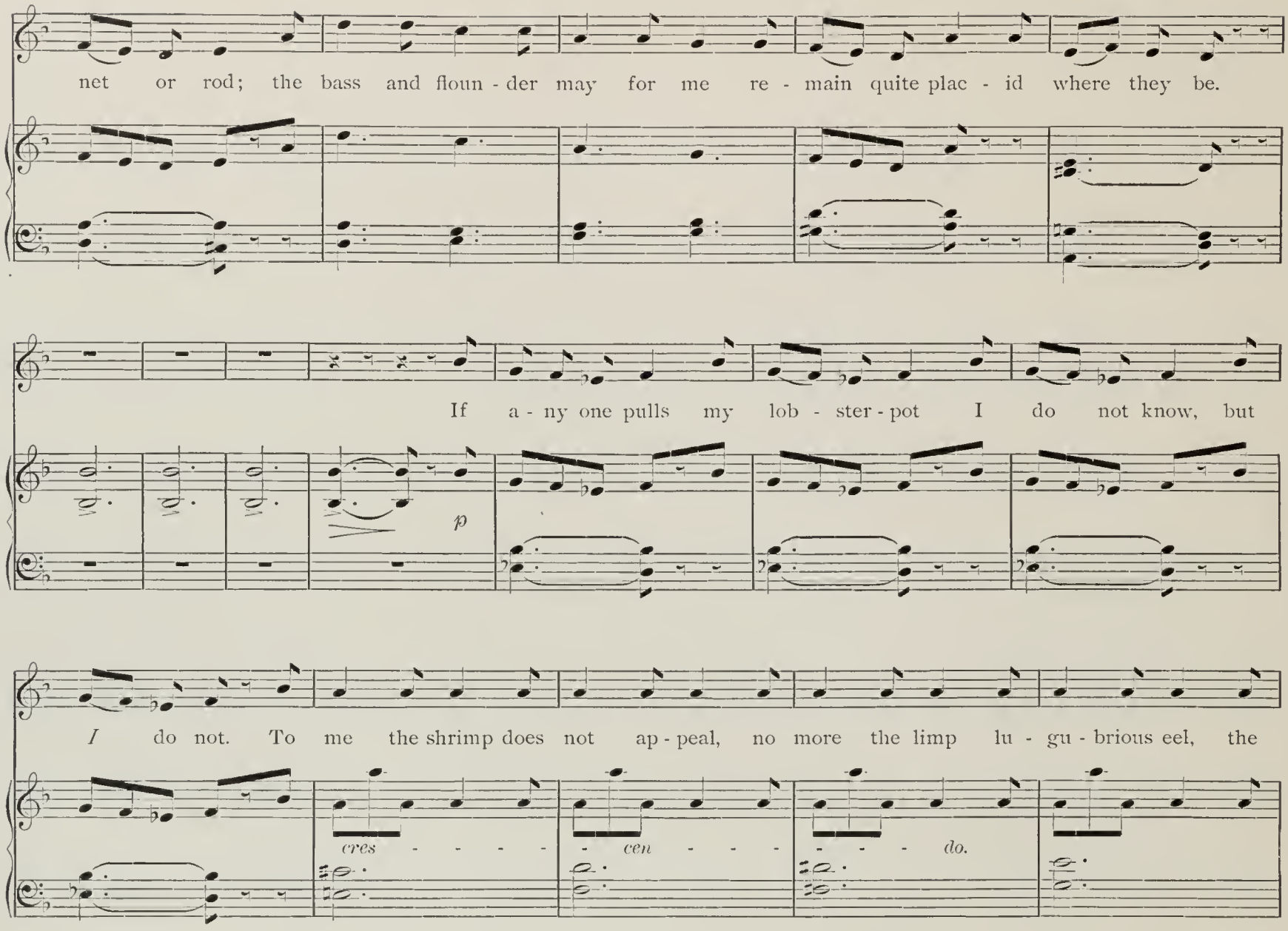


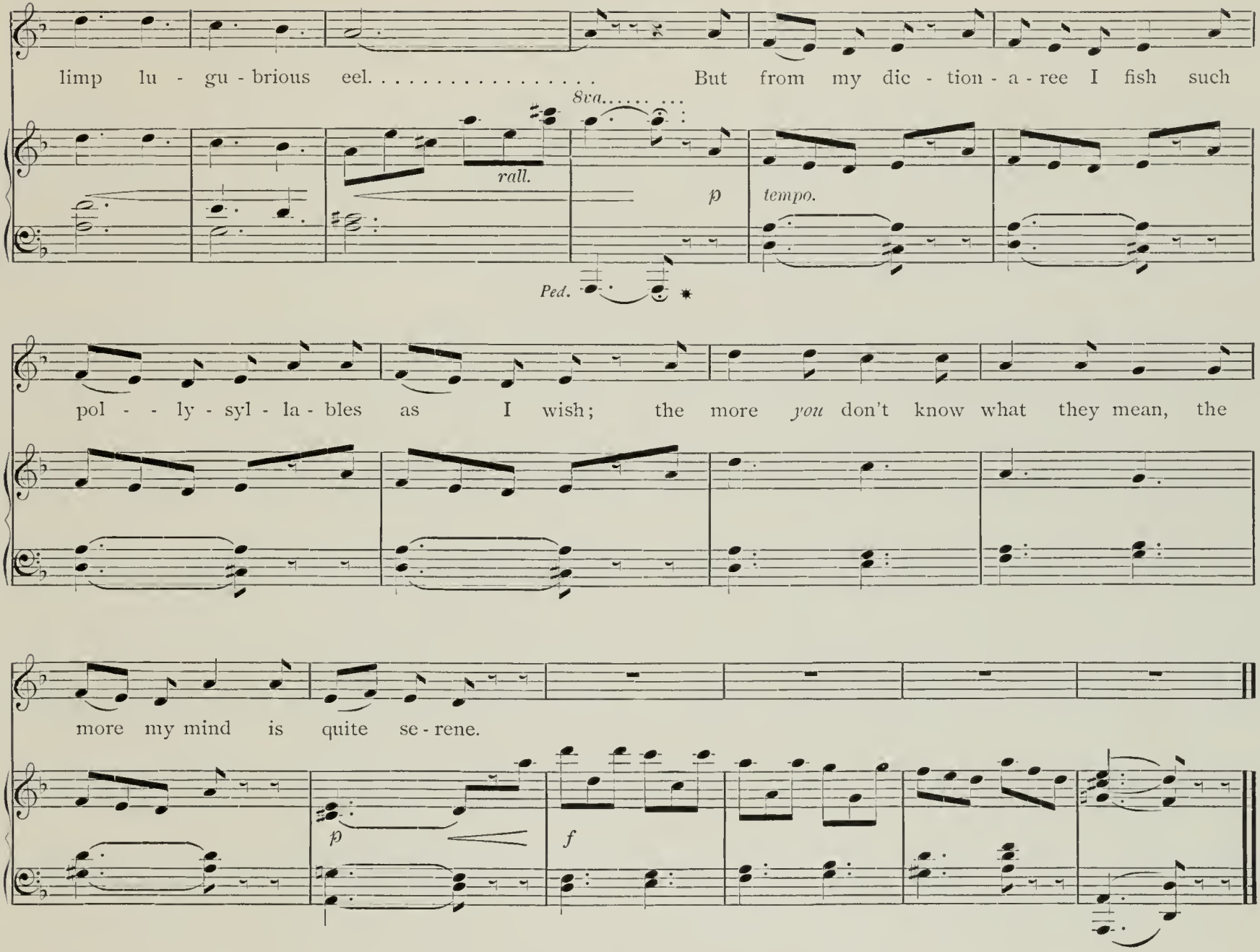
Enter Lobsterpot, *looking after them.*

Lobsterpot. Aha! there they perambulate. An excellent matrimonial alliance for my beloved offspring. I am but a humble and impecunious piscatorial person, and Robert Shaftoe will, I am confident, rise ultimately to the proud position of superior mariner, sometimes called first mate.

Song.—LOBSTERPOT.




net or rod; the bass and floun - der may for me re - main quite plac - id where they be.
If a - ny one pulls my lob - ster - pot I do not know, but
p
I do not. To me the shrimp does not ap - peal, no more the limp lu - gu - brious eel, the
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.


limp lu - gu - brious eel. . . . . But from my dic - tion - a - ree I fish such
8va
rall.
p
tempo.
Ped.
pol - - ly - syl - la - bles as I wish; the more you don't know what they mean, the
more my mind is quite se - rene.
p
f

Thus my conversation shines with sesquipedalian gems. But who advances hither? Do my optics obfuscate my apprehension, or is it the noble Earl of Mucklemuchkin, attended by his ancestral valet? Oh, that he would stop and speak to a humble fisherman! He little knows the richness of my conversation.

Enter THE EARL *and* JEEMS.

THE EARL. Ha, my good man, a word with you!

LOBSTERPOT. A word, my lord? I have a whole dictionaryful, at your service. But if you desire only one word, how would phenomenology do? Or polemoscope? Or logomachy? Logomachy is a very elegant example of the English language.

THE EARL. You are old Lobsterpot, the father of pretty Betty, are you not?

LOBSTERPOT. I am, indeed, my lord, the venerable Lobster-receptacle, progenitor of the maiden.

THE EARL. Your daughter is fair.

LOBSTERPOT. She is reputed pulchritudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. I am lonely.

LOBSTERPOT. I regret to receive the information that your lordship is solitudinous.

THE EARL. She must be mine.

LOBSTERPOT. My lord, she is another individual's.

THE EARL. It matters not. She is betrothed to a sailor. His name is Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. That's his appellation, my lord.

THE EARL. I don't care about his appellation. I didn't know that he had an appellation. Is that his name?

LOBSTERPOT. It is his name, my lord; but it is also his appellation.

THE EARL. She must discard him and wed me. I am a giddy-going creature of sixty-five summers, and I must have my way.

LOBSTERPOT. Impossibilitudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. Why?

LOBSTERPOT. Because, my lord, the exalted principles of honor and rectitude may flourish in the breast of a humble piscatorial person as well as in the bosom of the proud aristocrat.

THE EARL. But I have gold.

LOBSTERPOT. H'm! h'm! Your possession of the aureate metal casts a different illumination upon the subject.

THE EARL. Don't talk better English than I do—it isn't respectful. (*Showing purse.*) What is that?

LOBSTERPOT. It is a pecuniary inducement, my lord.

THE EARL. Then you will aid me in my lonely suit?

LOBSTERPOT. You have convinced me, my lord, that Master Robert Shaftoe is an undesirable personage, and possibly a horse-thief.

THE EARL. But it will not be so easy to convince your daughter.

LOBSTERPOT. It will be difficult, I think, for an aristocrat of your personal appearance.

THE EARL. What shall I do? Ha! ha! I have it. Jeems, are you a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Have you ever been a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

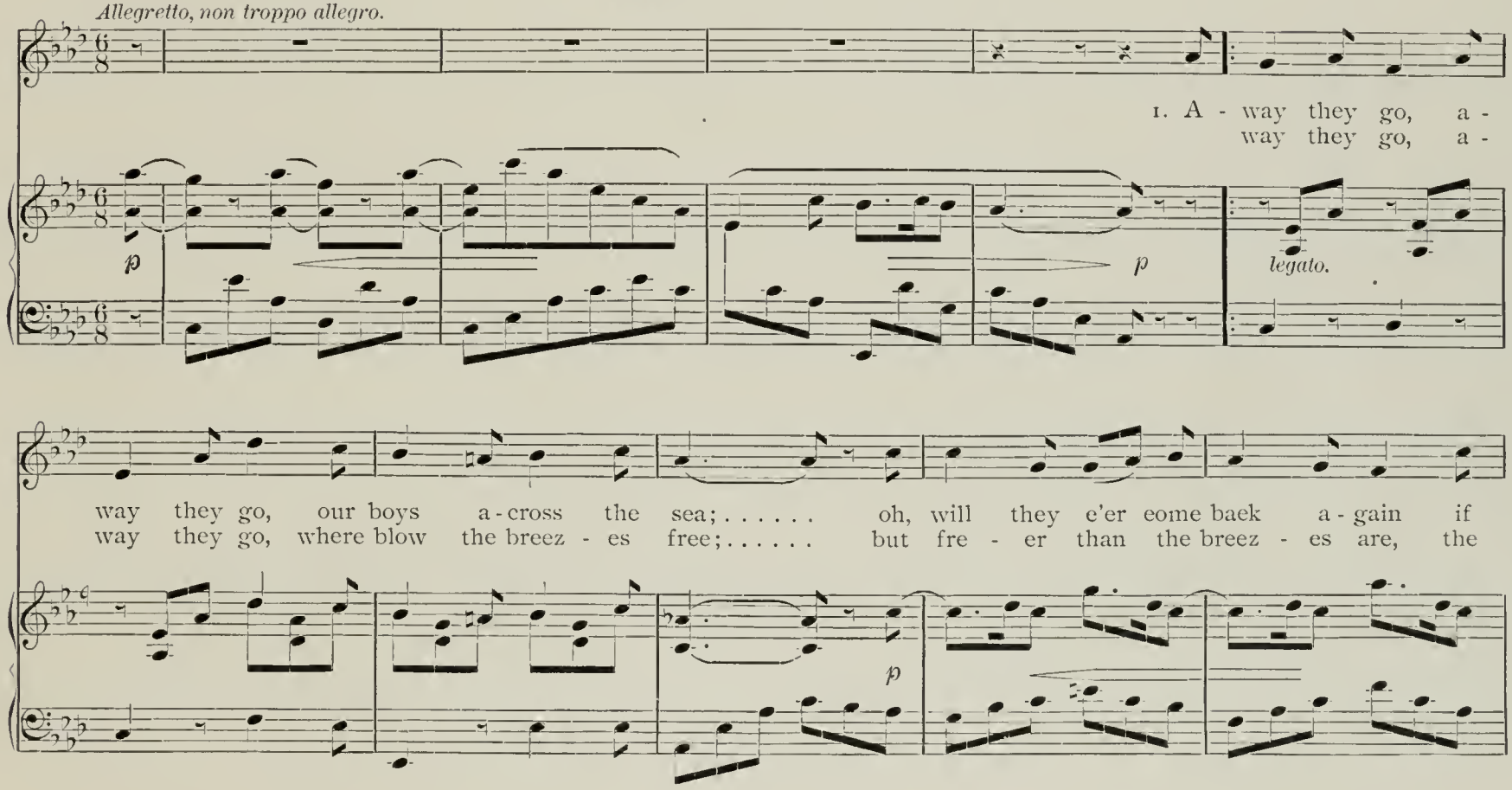
THE EARL. Well, I want you to be a villain right away.

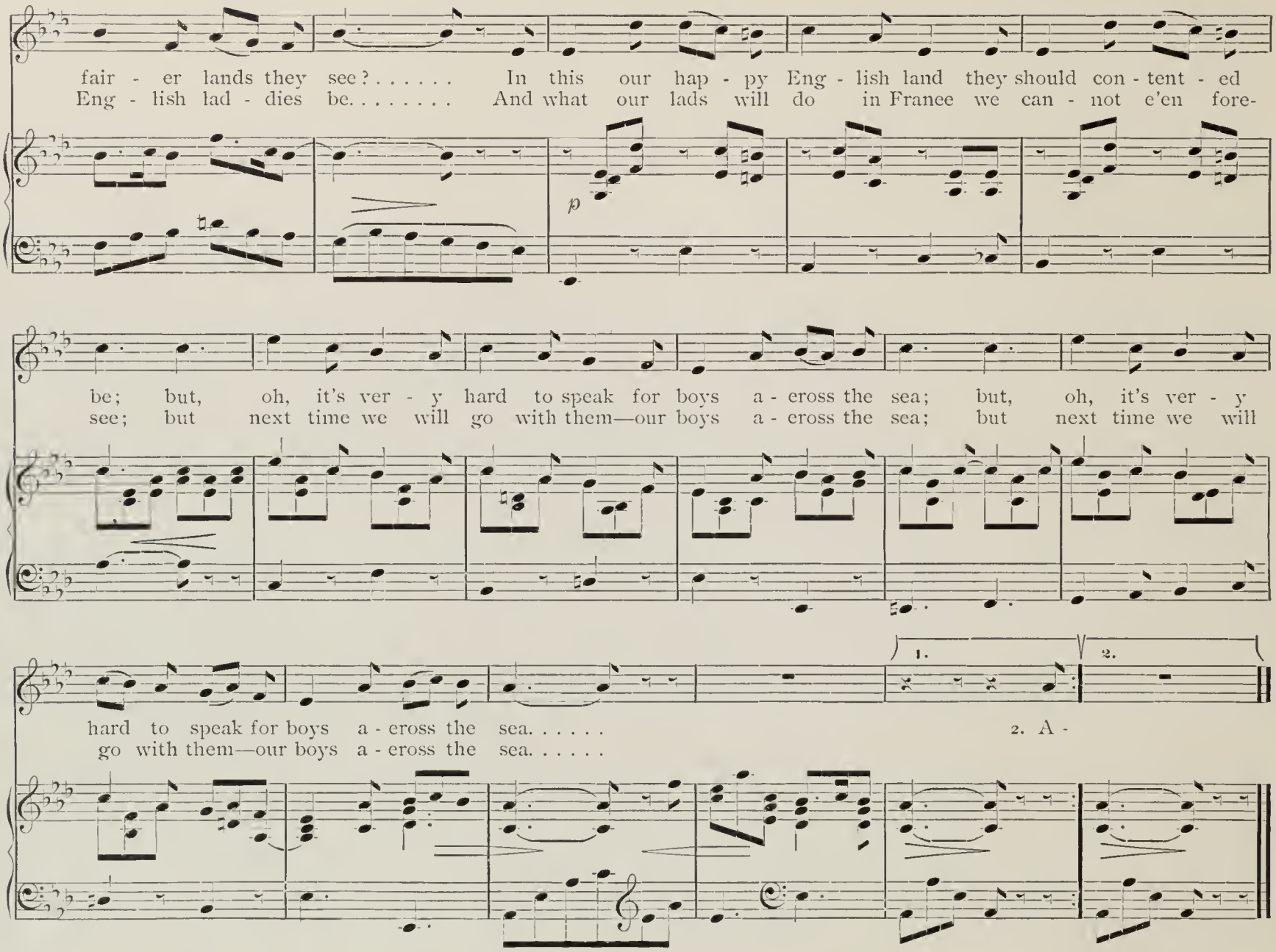
JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL. Come with me, both of you. I am going to thicken a plot. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, *with* BETTY *and* ALLIE.

Chorus.—GIRLS *and* BOYS




fair - er lands they see? . . . . . In this our hap - py Eng - lish land they should con - tent - ed
Eng - lish lad - dies be. . . . . And what our lads will do in France we can - not e'en fore-
p
be; but, oh, it's ver - y hard to speak for boys a - eross the sea; but, oh, it's ver - y
see; but next time we will go with them—our boys a - eross the sea; but next time we will
1.
2.
hard to speak for boys a - eross the sea. . . . . 2. A -
go with them—our boys a - eross the sea. . . . . .

JANE. And of all the untrustworthy boys, Bobby Shaftoe is the most untrustworthy.

BETTY. I'd like to know what chance *you* had to find that out!

MARIA. But he *is*, you know.

BETTY. Perhaps *I* know; *you* certainly don't.

ANN. And I don't think he's so handsome!

BETTY. That's lucky for him. He hates to have girls waste their admiration.

SALLY. Then perhaps he'll take pity on the girls in France.

BETTY (*angrily*). What do you mean?

EDELGITHA AURORA. She means that he'll marry some French girl, and never come here any more.

BETTY. What! my Bobby?

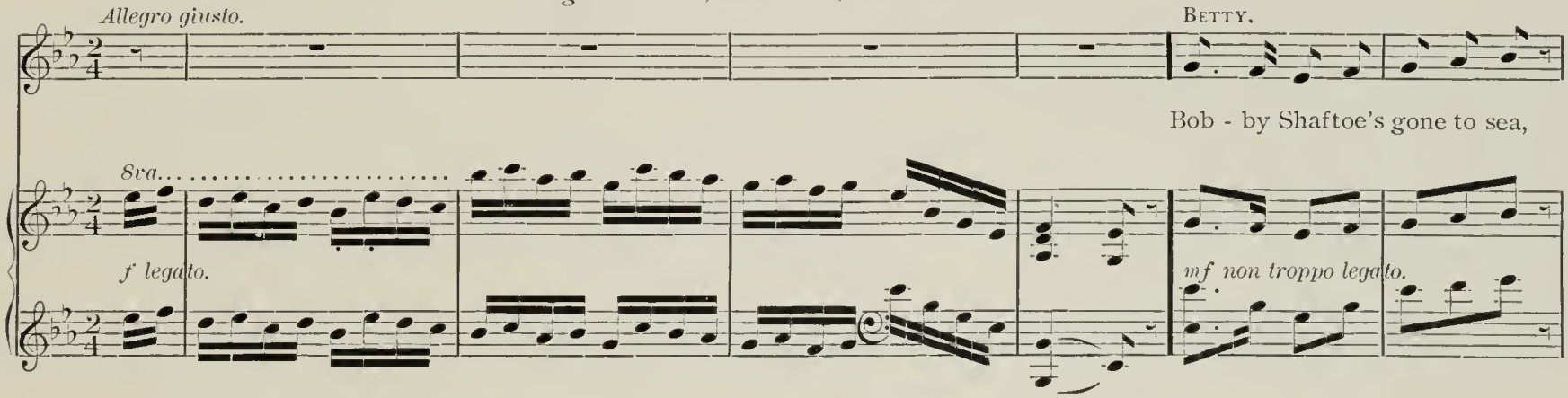
ALL THE GIRLS. Yes, your Bobby!

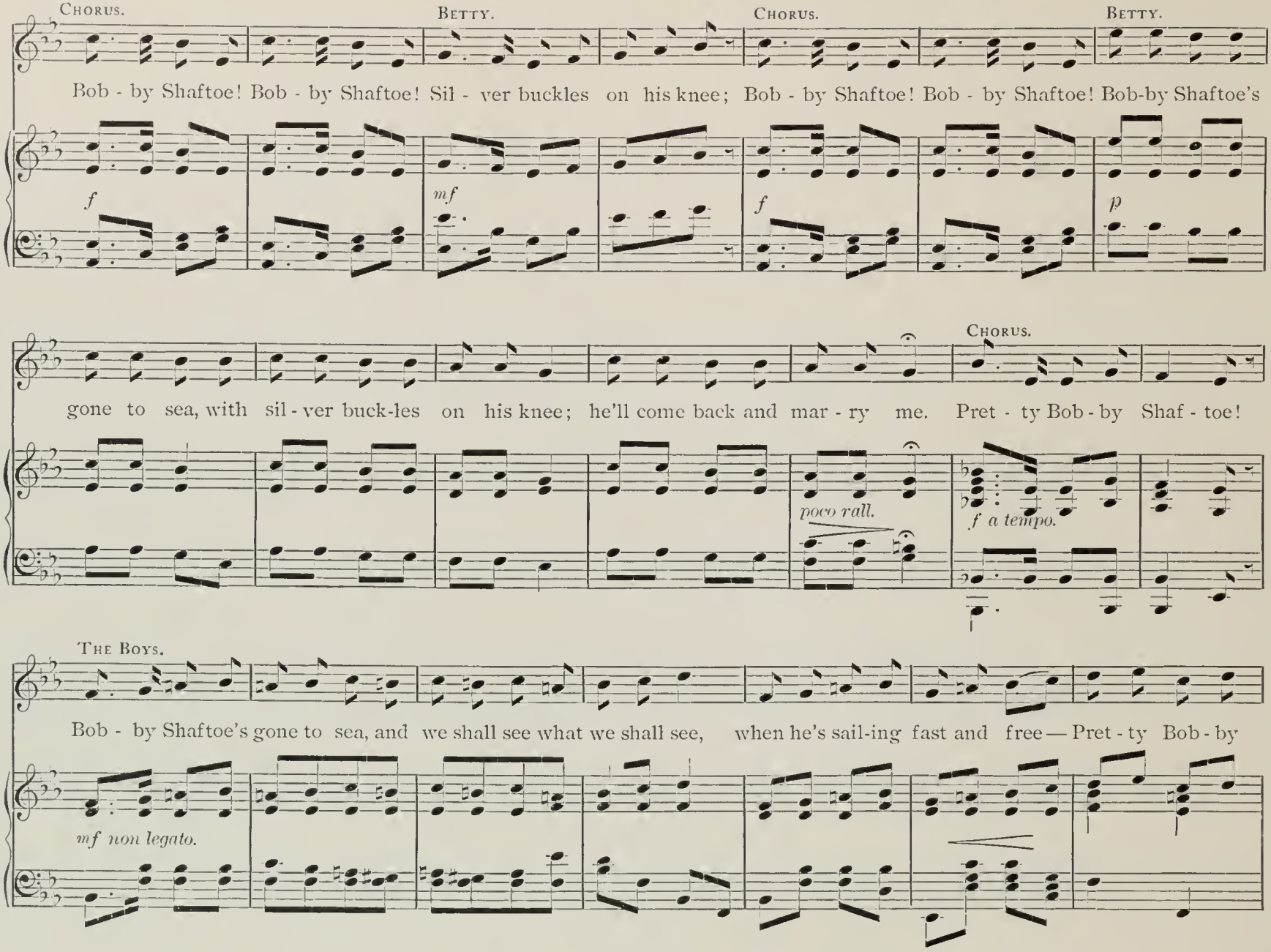
BETTY. My Bobby Shaftoe?

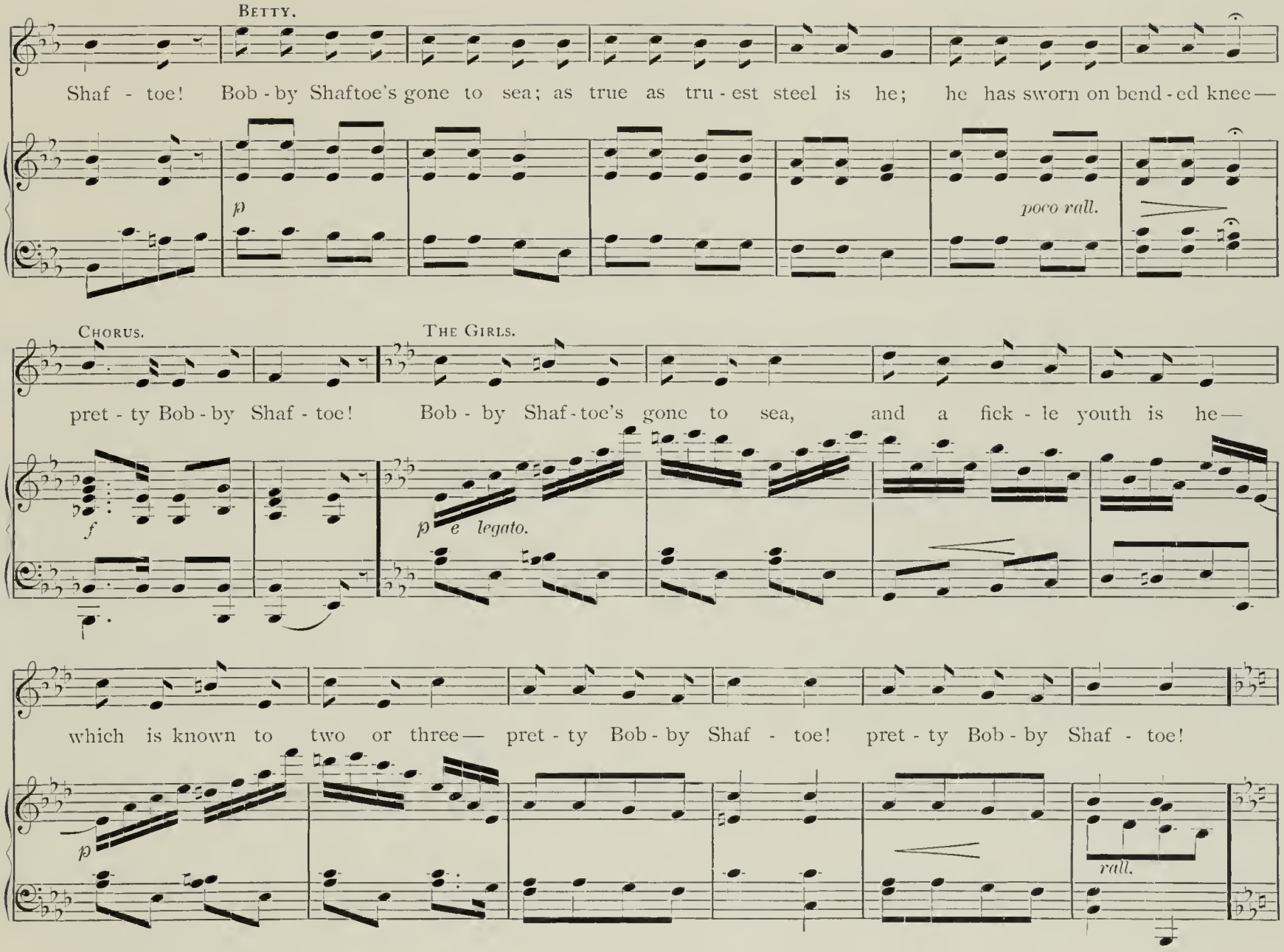
ALL THE GIRLS. Your Bobby Shaftoe.

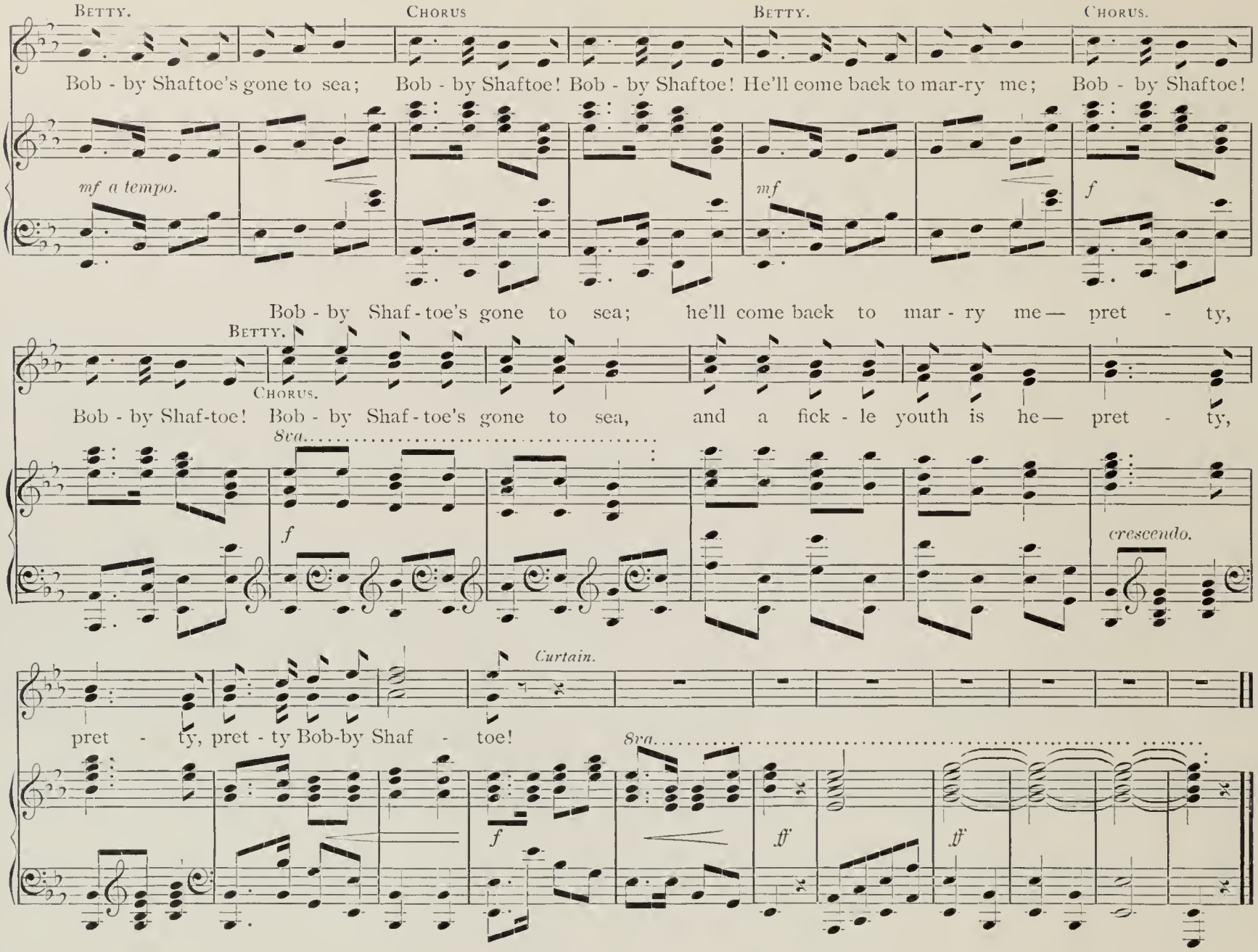
BETTY. Bobby Shaftoe forsake me! I don't believe it. He has gone away to make a fortune for both of us, and he will come back with his pockets full of gold and marry me; and then, oh, *won't* you be polite and friendly!

Sings—BETTY, *the* BOYS, *and the* GIRLS.




Chorus.
Betty.
Chorus.
Betty.
Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! Sil - ver buckles on his knee; Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob-by Shaftoe's
f
mf
f
p
Chorus.
gone to sea, with sil - ver buck-les on his knee; he'll come back and mar - ry me. Pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe!
poco rall.
f a tempo.
The Boys.
Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea, and we shall see what we shall see, when he's sail-ing fast and free — Pret - ty Bob - by
mf non legato.


BETTY.
Shaf - toe! Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea; as true as tru - est steel is he; he has sworn on bend - ed knee—
p
poco rall.
CHORUS.
THE GIRLS.
pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe! Bob - by Shaf - toe's gone to sea, and a fick - le youth is he—
f
p e legato.
which is known to two or three— pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe! pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toe!
p
rall.


Betty.
Chorus
Betty.
Chorus.
Bob - by Shaftoe's gone to sea; Bob - by Shaftoe! Bob - by Shaftoe! He'll come back to mar-ry me; Bob - by Shaftoe!
mf a tempo.
mf
f
Bob - by Shaf - toe's gone to sea; he'll come back to mar - ry me— pret - ty,
Betty.
Chorus.
Bob - by Shaf-toe! Bob - by Shaf - toe's gone to sea, and a fick - le youth is he— pret - ty,
8va
f
crescendo.
Curtain.
pret - ty, pret - ty Bob-by Shaf - toe!
8va
f
ff
ff

ACT II.—Lobsterpot's Cottage.

Lobsterpot *discovered seated by the fire, reading the dictionary.* Betty *on a low stool at his feet, knitting.*

Lobsterpot (*sighing*). Ah!

Betty. What is the matter, father?

Lobsterpot (*affecting cheerfulness*). Nothing, my child—a bagatelle!

Betty. You should not eat such things, father, dear; they always disagree with you.

Lobsterpot. My child, you fail to apprehend the significance of my figurative observation.

Betty (*rising.*) My father, leave the dictionary to well-merited repose, and tell me what ails you.

Lobsterpot. Why will you not countenance the matrimonial advances of—

Betty. No dictionary, please.

Lobsterpot. Why will you not marry the Earl of Mucklemuchkin?

Betty. Because I am betrothed to Bobby Shaftoe.

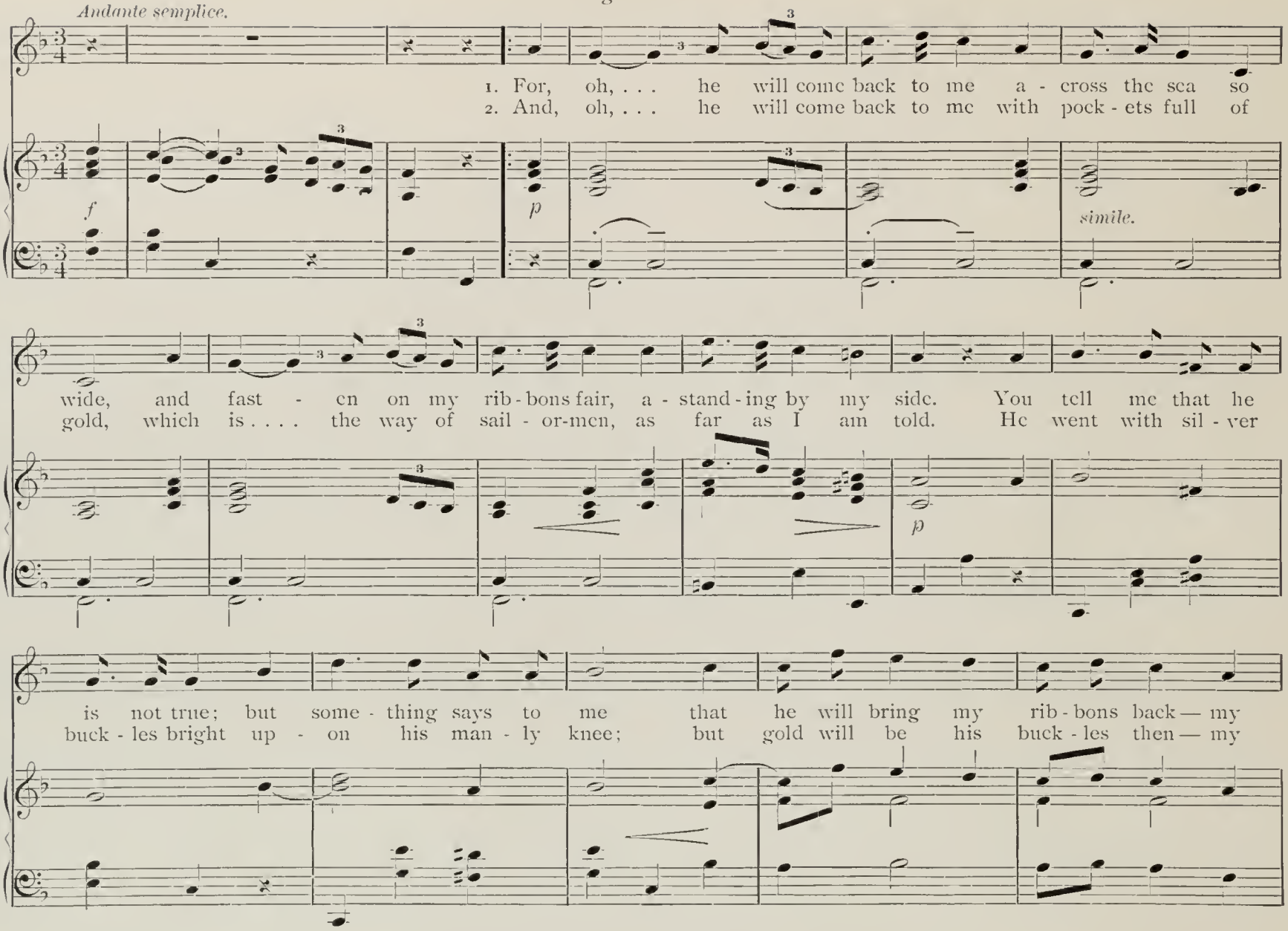
Lobsterpot. But where is Bobby Shaftoe? He has been three months at sea. He will never return. If the fishes have not digested him by this time, it is because he is very indigestible.

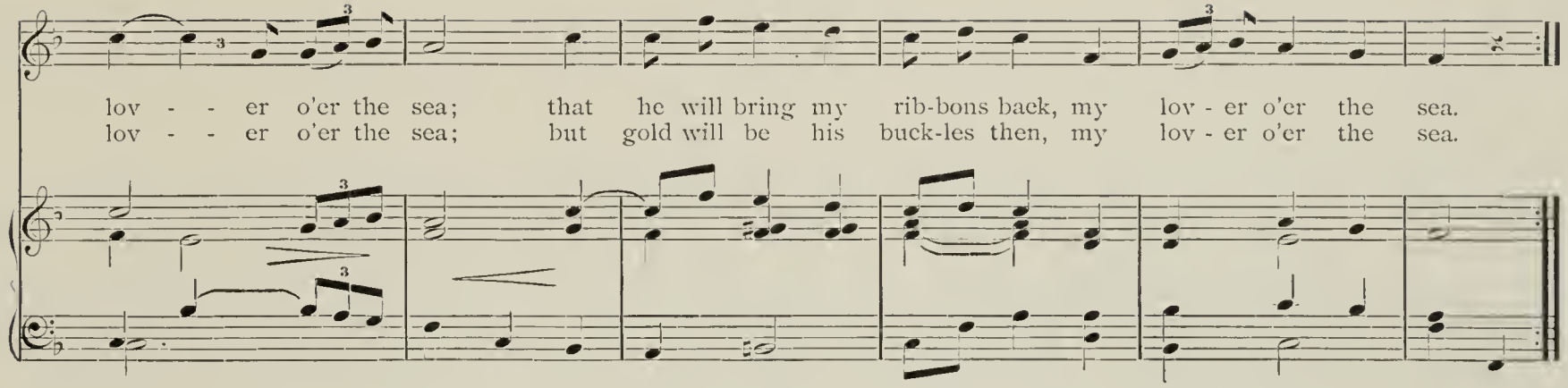
Betty. I will never believe it. He is alive, and he will come back to me.

Lobsterpot. How do you know?

Betty. Something tells me so.

Song.—Betty


Andante semplice.
1. For, oh, . . . he will come back to me a - cross the sea so
2. And, oh, . . . he will come back to me with pock - ets full of
f
p
simile.
wide, and fast - en on my rib - bons fair, a - stand - ing by my side. You tell me that he
gold, which is . . . . the way of sail - or-men, as far as I am told. He went with sil - ver
p
is not true; but some - thing says to me that he will bring my rib - bons back — my
buck - les bright up - on his man - ly knee; but gold will be his buck - les then — my



LOBSTERPOT. A lover right at your hand is worth a dozen lovers o'er the sea.

BETTY. That depends on the lover.

LOBSTERPOT. But if the lover is an Earl?

BETTY. He may be an ugly Earl.

LOBSTERPOT. Still, he's an Earl.

BETTY. He may be an Earl, but he isn't Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. Oh, Bobby Shaftoe!

BETTY. Yes, Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT (*aside*). How shall I obliterate the image of the absent Shaftoe from her heart? Ah! here approach the noble Earl and the ancestral valet.

(*Enter* THE EARL *and* JEEMS.) Good-morning, my lord!

THE EARL. Good-morning! Mistress Betty, good-morning!

BETTY. Good-night, my lord!

THE EARL. Eh?

BETTY. Good-night!

THE EARL. What—what do you mean?

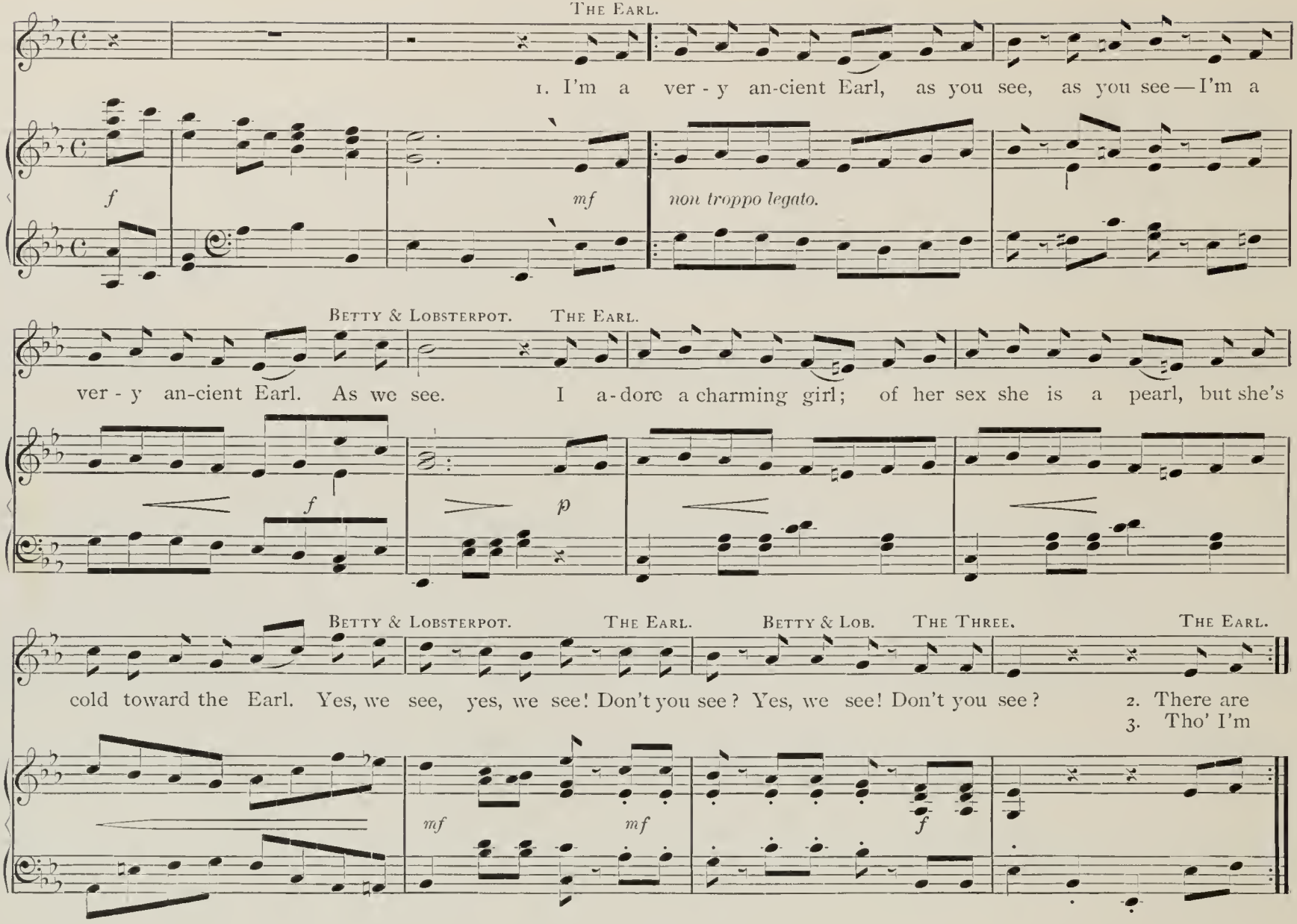
BETTY. Isn't it time for you to be going? You're staying a long time.

THE EARL. Cruel Betty, hear me woo!

BETTY. I will, if you will be quick about it.

THE EARL. I will be brief.

Trio.—The Earl, Betty and Lobsterpot.



THE EARL—

2. There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see, as you see—
There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see.
But I'm aged and I am wise, and I'm bound to win the prize,
For I still retain my eyes.

BETTY & LOB.— Oh, my eyes! oh, my eyes!
THE EARL— Don't you see?
BETTY & LOB.— Yes, we see!
THE THREE— Don't you see?

THE EARL—

3. Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see, as you see—
Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see—
In the pretty-person line, yet this beauty so divine
Shall be ultimately mine.

BETTY & LOB.— We shall see, we shall see!
THE EARL— Don't you see?
BETTY & LOB.— We shall see!
THE THREE— {We / You} shall see.

Yes, fairest Betty, you shall be mine.

BETTY. Never, while Bobby Shaftoe is true to me.

THE EARL. But he is not true. He has deserted you.

BETTY. I don't believe you. It is false!

THE EARL. No, it is he who is false, and here is the evidence. This honest fellow (*pointing to* JEEMS) has just returned from a trip to France. He has seen Robert Shaftoe, and he will tell the hideous tale. (*Aside to* JEEMS.) Do you remember your lesson?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL (*aside.*) Then speak. (*To* BETTY.) Listen to a tale of deep-dyed villany! Jeems, proceed.

JEEMS (*without punctuation, all in one breath, as though reciting a lesson*). While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of-Calais-I-encountered-Mr.-Robert-Shaftoe-escorting-a-fair-French-dam-sel-to-a-candy-shop-"I-adore-you"-he-said-in-a-voice-of-thunder-"and-Betty-Lobsterpot-shall-die-an-old-maid-which-will-you-have-caramels-or-peppermint-lose-no-time-for-the-price-of-candy-is-going-up."

BETTY. You do not mean to tell me—

JEEMS (*as before*). While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of-Calais—

BETTY. I cannot believe it.

JEEMS. While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of—

THE EARL. That will do, Jeems. (*To* BETTY.) Are you convinced? You observe the sordid character of the traitor in the matter of candy?

BETTY. Alas! this evidence is too much for me!

THE EARL. You will be mine?

BETTY. Since I am nobody else's, I suppose I must be yours.

LOBSTERPOT (*advancing*). My progeny, accept my felicitations.

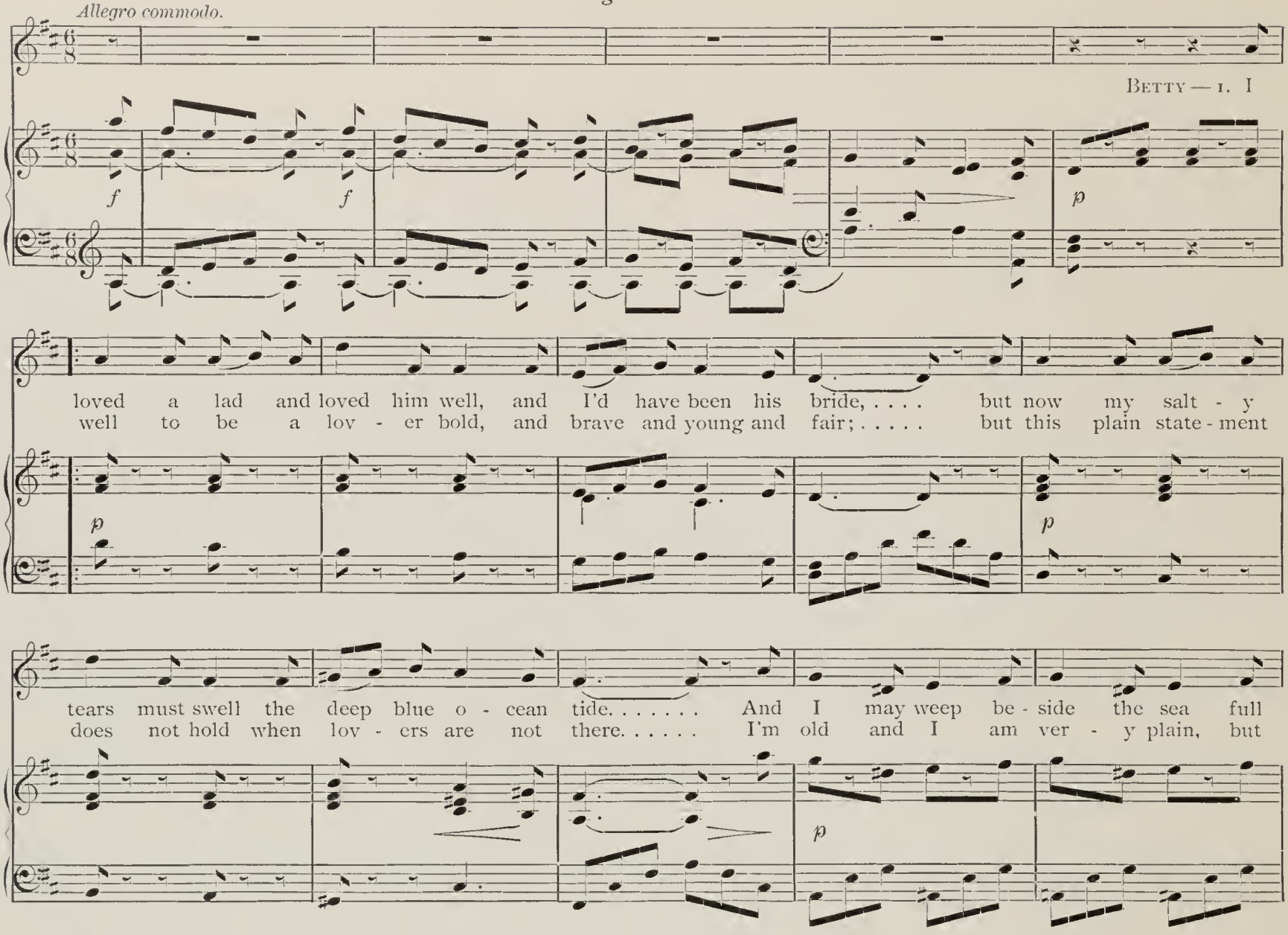
THE EARL. Let us ask the parental blessing.

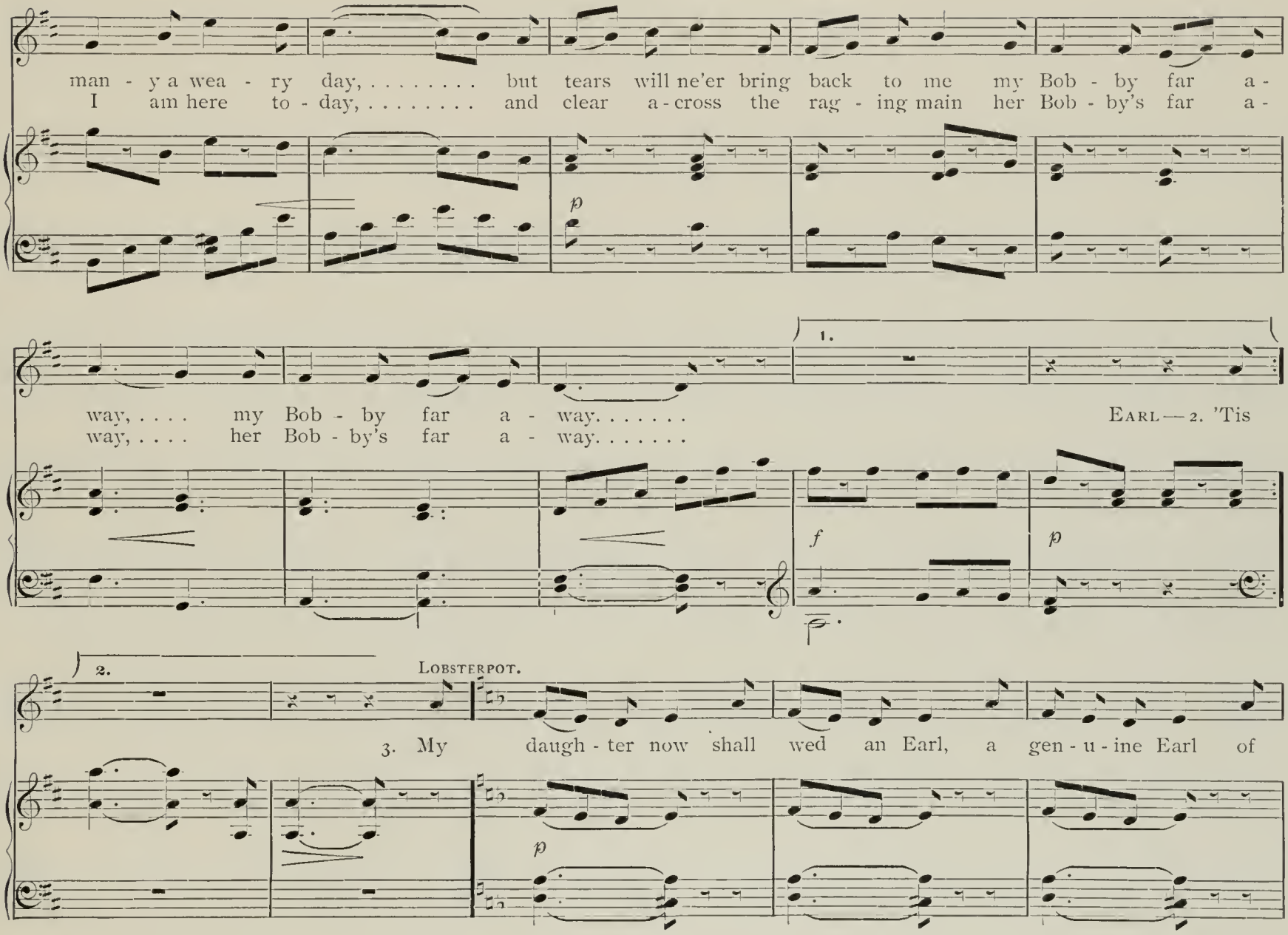
BETTY. No; it will take too long.

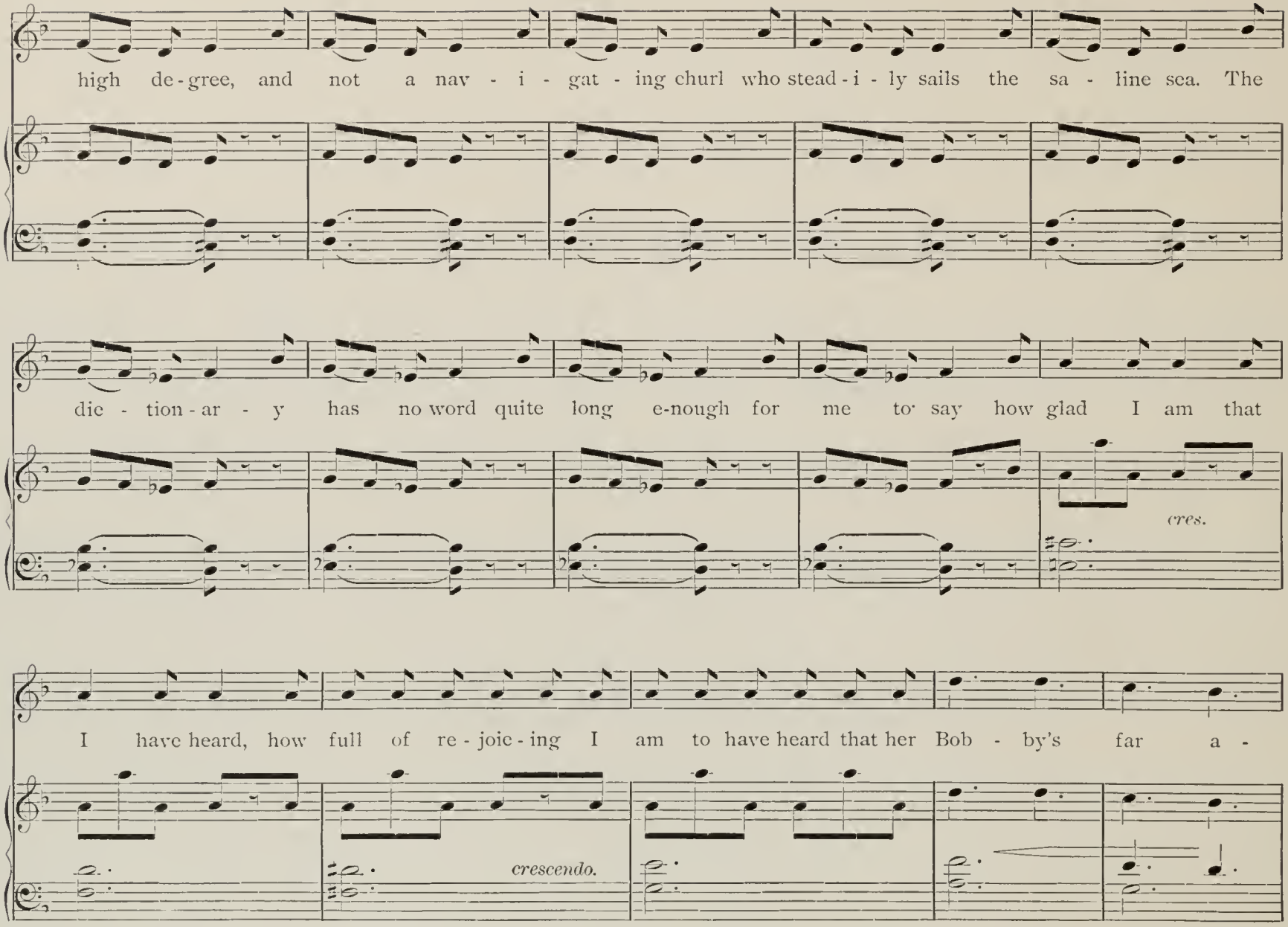
THE EARL. And you will love me—a little?

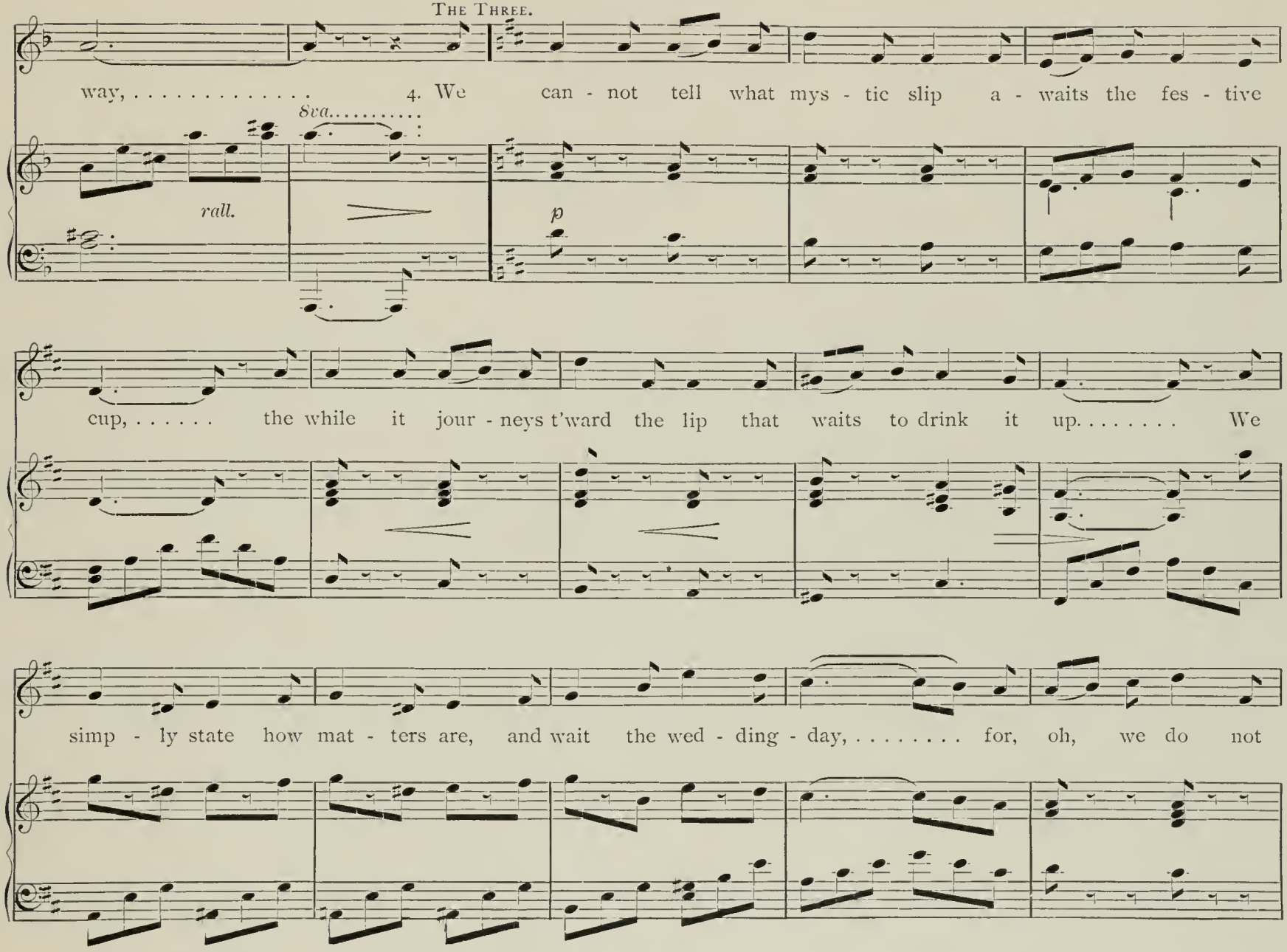
BETTY. I will love you just as little as I can.

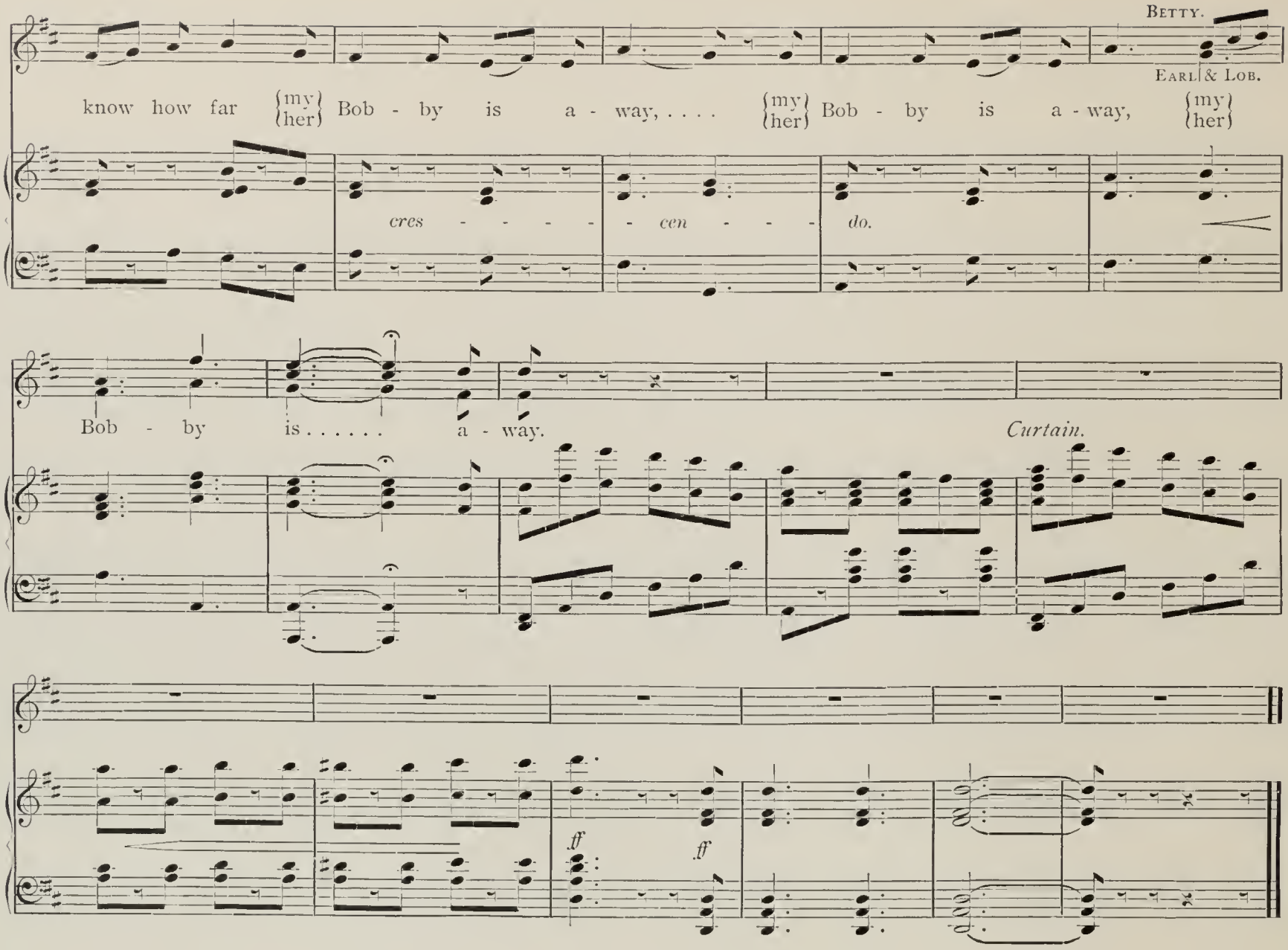
Song.—BETTY


Allegro commodo.
BETTY — 1. I
f
f
p
loved a lad and loved him well, and I'd have been his bride, ... but now my salt - y
well to be a lov - er bold, and brave and young and fair; . . . . . but this plain state - ment
p
p
tears must swell the deep blue o - cean tide. . . . . And I may weep be - side the sea full
does not hold when lov - ers are not there. . . . . I'm old and I am ver - y plain, but
p


man - y a wea - ry day, ... but tears will ne'er bring back to me my Bob - by far a -
I am here to - day, ... and clear a - cross the rag - ing main her Bob - by's far a -
p
1.
way, ... my Bob - by far a - way. . . . . .
way, ... her Bob - by's far a - way. . . . . .
EARL — 2. 'Tis
f
p
2.
LOBSTERPOT.
3. My daugh - ter now shall wed an Earl, a gen - u - ine Earl of
p


high de-gree, and not a nav-i-gat-ing churl who stead-i-ly sails the sa-line sea. The
dic-tion-ar-y has no word quite long e-nough for me to say how glad I am that
cres.
I have heard, how full of re-joic-ing I am to have heard that her Bob-by's far a-
crescendo.

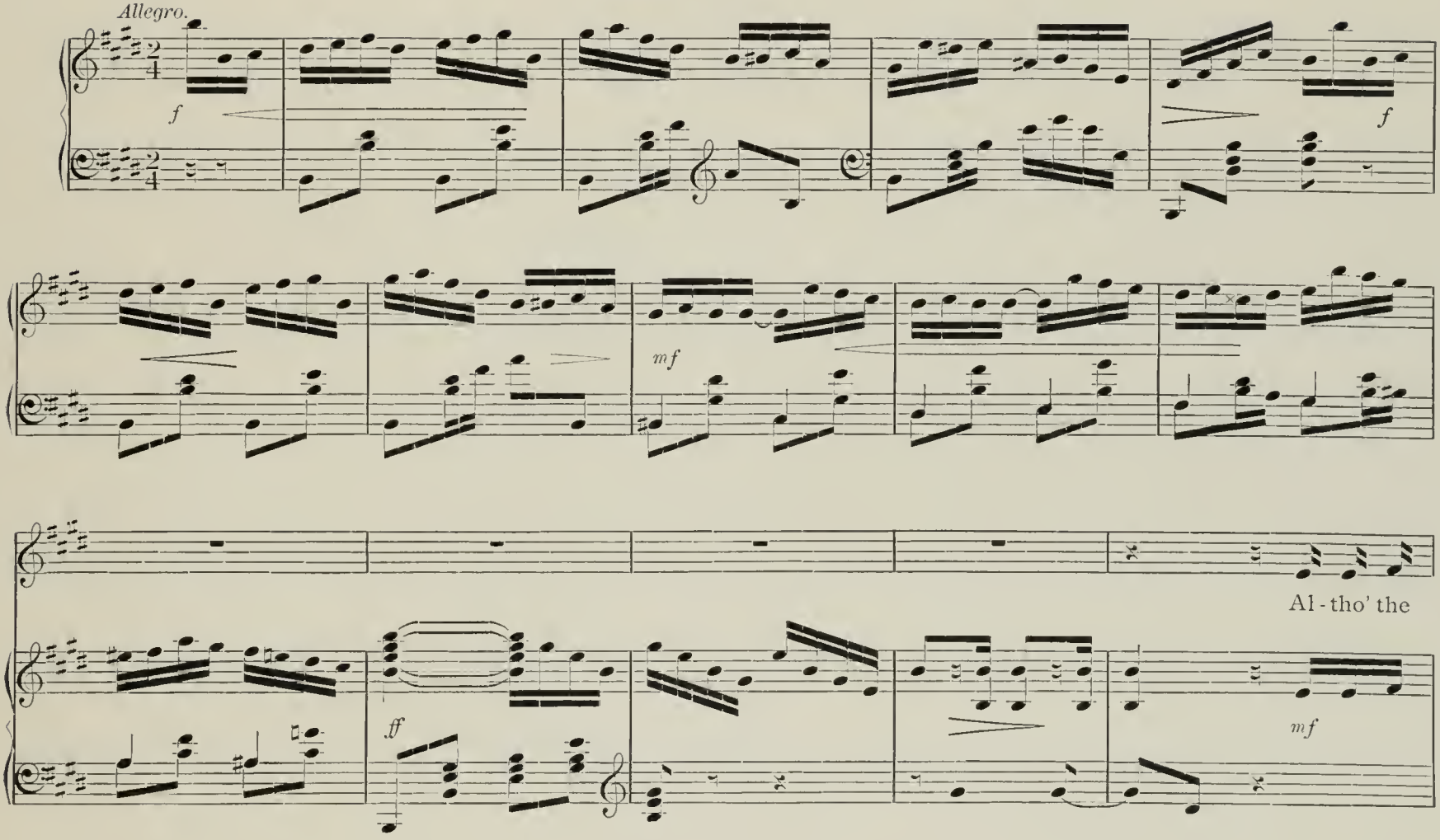

THE THREE.
way, ... 4. We can - not tell what mys - tic slip a - waits the fes - tive
8va. . . . . .
rall.
p
cup, ... the while it jour - neys t'ward the lip that waits to drink it up. . . . . We
simp - ly state how mat - ters are, and wait the wed - ding - day, ... for, oh, we do not

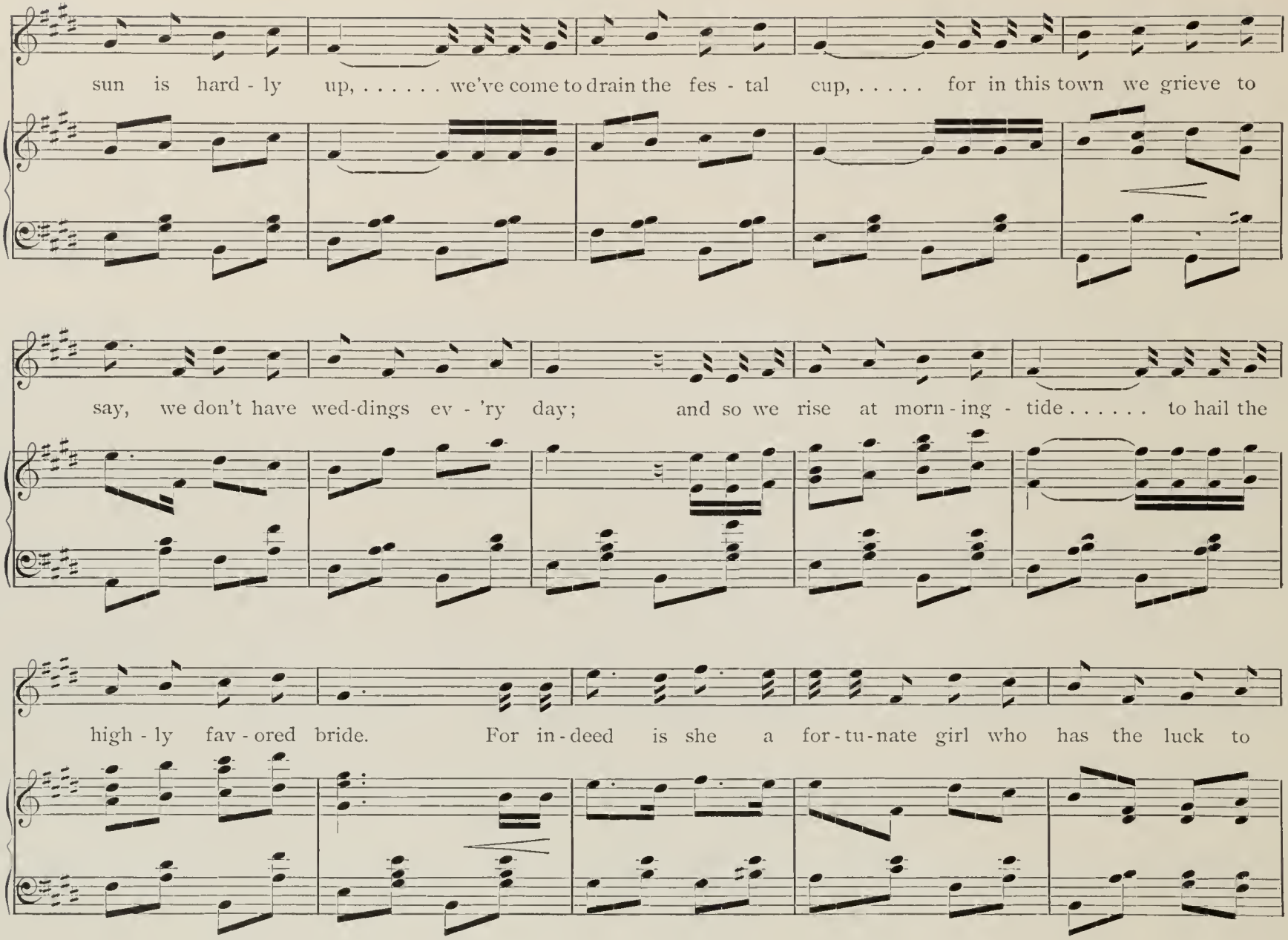

Betty.
Earl & Lob.
know how far {my her} Bob - by is a - way, ... {my her} Bob - by is a - way, {my her}
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do.
Bob - by is . . . . . a - way.
Curtain.
ff
ff

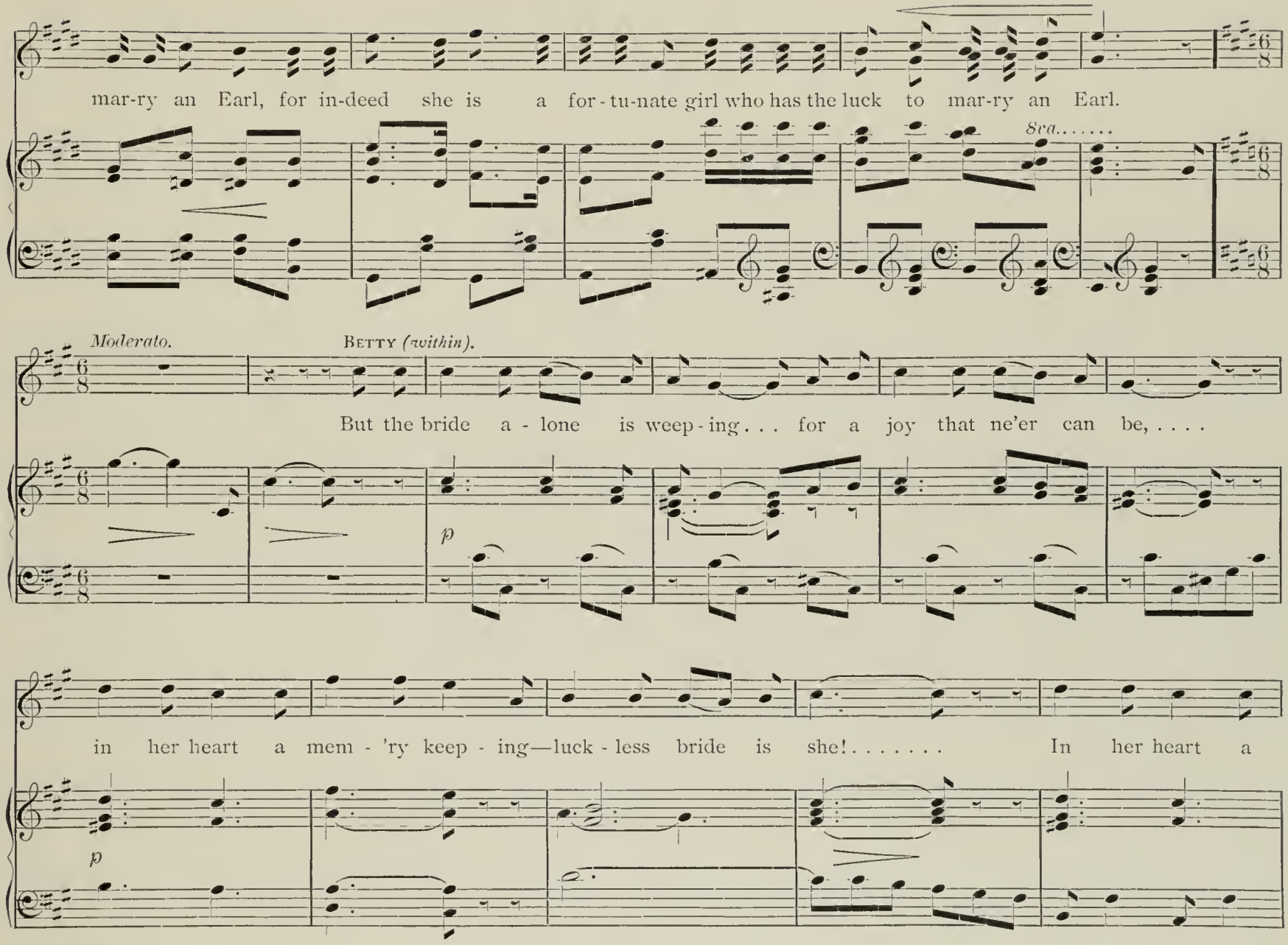
ACT III.

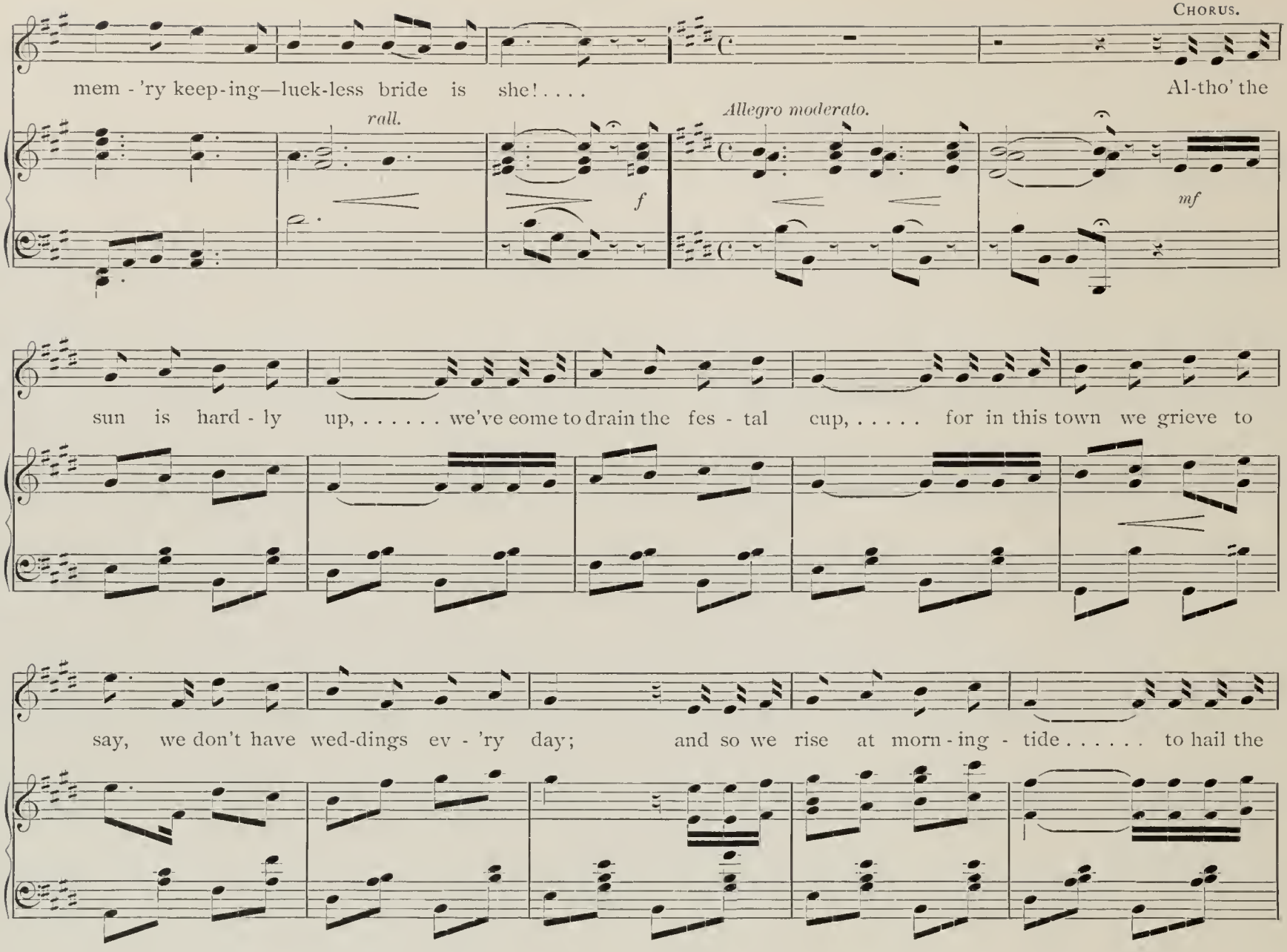
Exterior of Lobsterpot's Cottage. Early Morning.

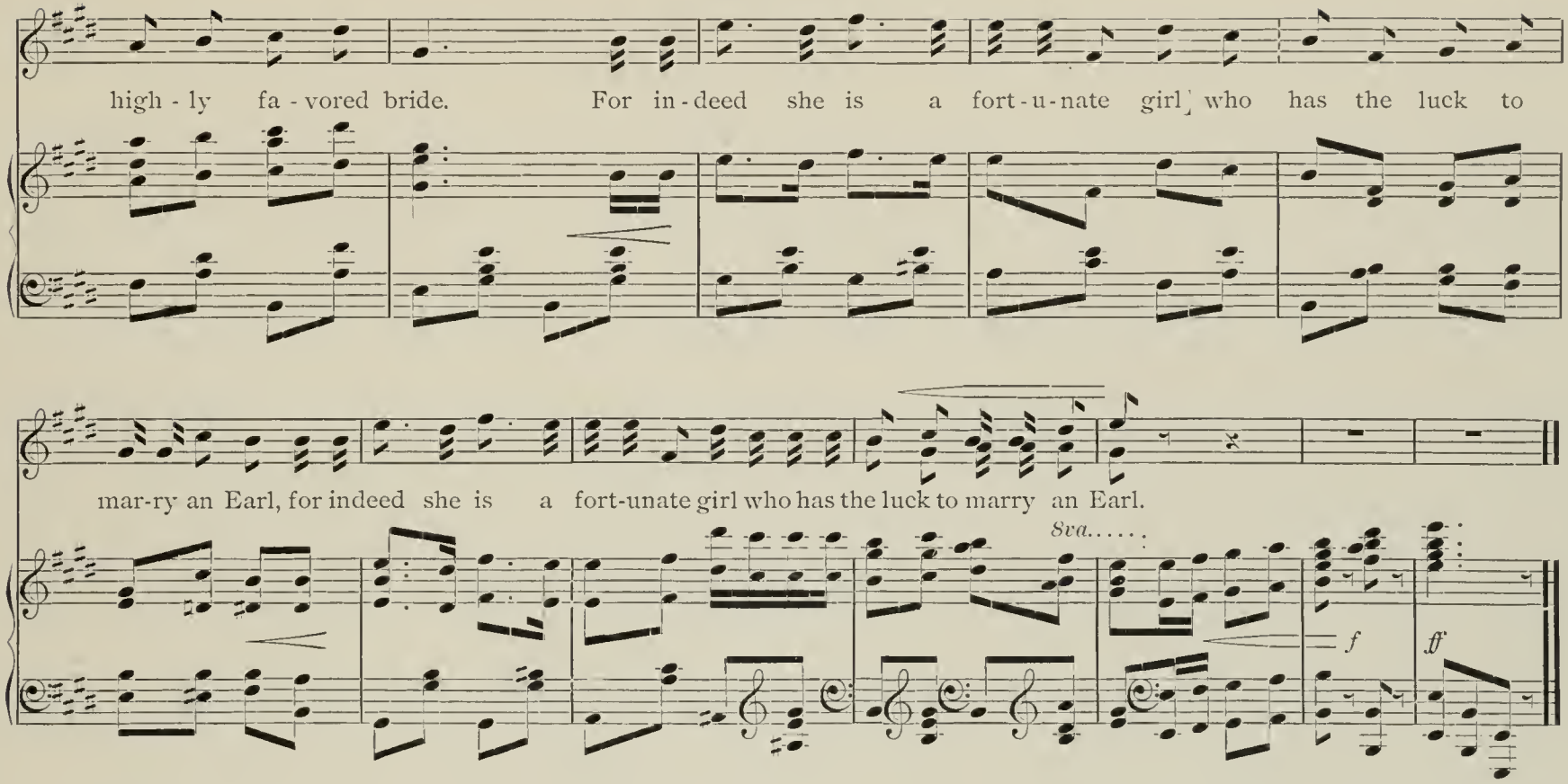
Chorus of Girls *and* Boys.




sun is hard - ly up, ... we've come to drain the fes - tal cup, ... for in this town we grieve to
say, we don't have wed-dings ev - 'ry day; and so we rise at morn - ing - tide . . . . . to hail the
high - ly fav - ored bride. For in - deed is she a for - tu - nate girl who has the luck to

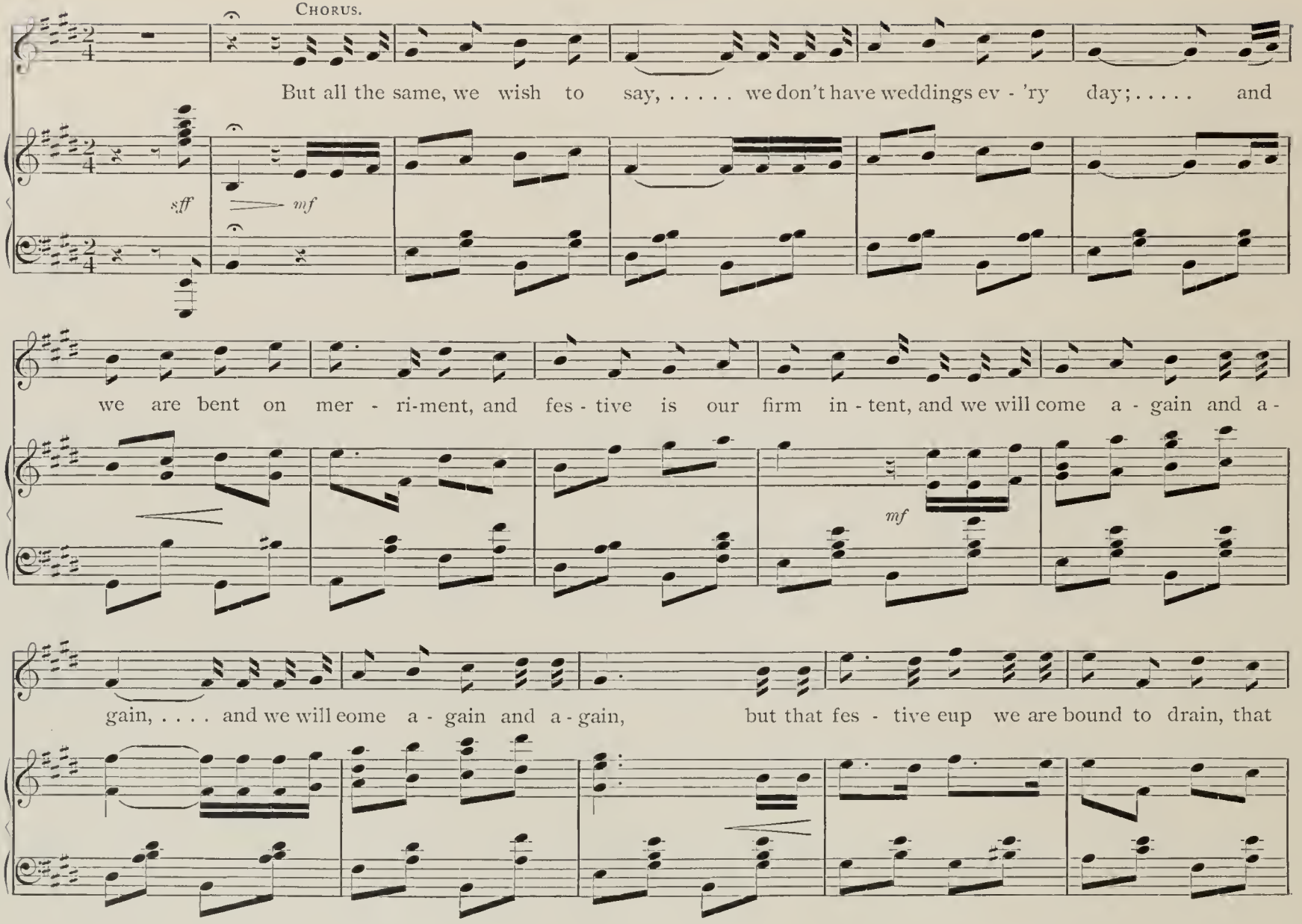

mar-ry an Earl, for in-deed she is a for-tu-nate girl who has the luck to mar-ry an Earl.
8va.....
Moderato.
BETTY (within).
But the bride a-lone is weep-ing... for a joy that ne'er can be, ...
p
in her heart a mem-'ry keep-ing—luck-less bride is she!..... In her heart a
p


Chorus.
mem - 'ry keep-ing—luck-less bride is she! . . . .
Al-tho' the
rall.
Allegro moderato.
f
mf
sun is hard - ly up, ... we've come to drain the fes - tal cup, ... for in this town we grieve to
say, we don't have wed-dings ev - 'ry day; and so we rise at morn - ing - tide . . . . . to hail the



LOBSTERPOT (*entering from cottage*). Ladies and gentlemen, it fills me with sepulchral and cryptogamic gloom to suggest to you that the bride is not attuned to a pitch of jubilation as yet, and that I have not had my breakfast. Perhaps you had better retire, and return later—after breakfast.

Chorus.—Going out.



fes - tive cup we are bound to drain, we will come a-gain and a - gain and a-gain, but that cup we are bound to

8va...

(Exit of Chorus.)

drain.

8va.

rallentando.

più lento.

p

(a) Molto moderato.

lento, sostenuto.

(Enter Bobby.)

sfp

sfp

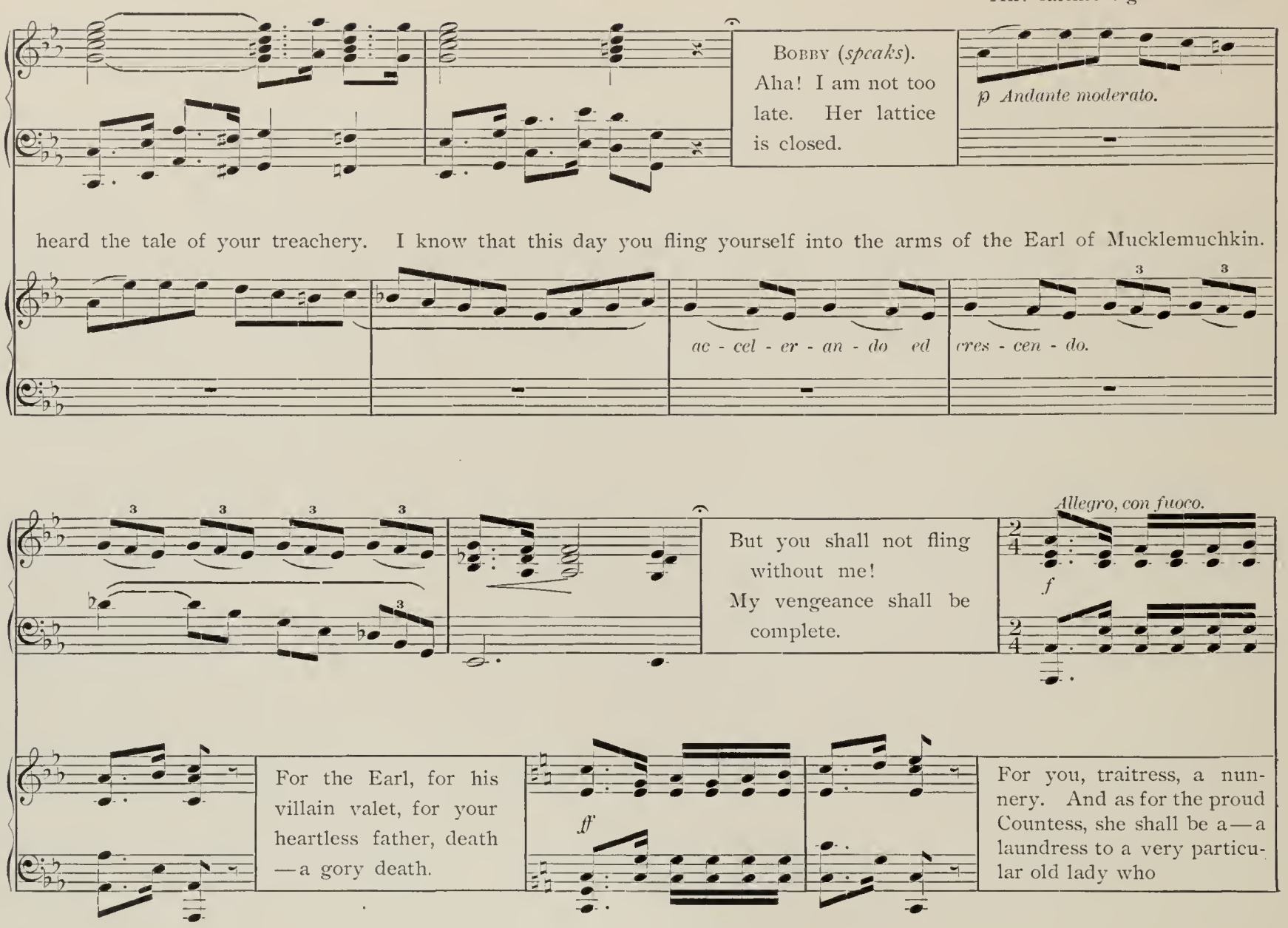
p

energico.

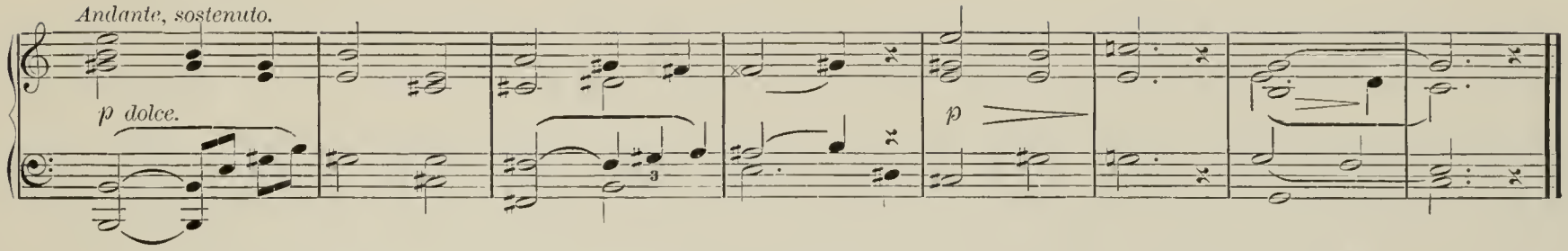
p

ff

(a) Enter (R.) BOBBY SHAFTOE, in ragged smock-frock, carrying a cutlass.


Ah! faithless girl! I have
Bobby (*speaks*). Aha! I am not too late. Her lattice is closed.
p Andante moderato.
heard the tale of your treachery. I know that this day you fling yourself into the arms of the Earl of Mucklemuchkin.
ac - cel - er - an - do ed
cres - cen - do.
Allegro, con fuoco.
f
But you shall not fling without me! My vengeance shall be complete.
For the Earl, for his villain valet, for your heartless father, death —a gory death.
ff
For you, traitress, a nunnery. And as for the proud Countess, she shall be a—a laundress to a very particular old lady who

will always wear white petticoats. Aha! (*a*)



(*a*) Flings himself on a bench, and hides his head in his hand. *Enter* (L) THE EARL, THE COUNTESS, and JEEMS.

THE EARL. Ah, bright and happy morn that crowns my joy! Sometimes, Jeems, sometimes—mind, I only say *sometimes*—one is repaid for getting up early.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. *You* may be repaid, but Jeems and I don't see any pleasure in it. Do we, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. But who is that on yonder bench? Bobby Shaftoe! It cannot be! Jeems, it cannot be!

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. But it is Bobby Shaftoe, Jeems.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS (*they advance to* BOBBY). Bobby Shaftoe in rags and tatters!

THE EARL. Evidently shipwrecked.

THE COUNTESS. Probably penniless.

THE EARL. His clothes do not fit him.

THE COUNTESS. They must have belonged to some one else.

THE EARL. Suppose we let Jeems kick him.

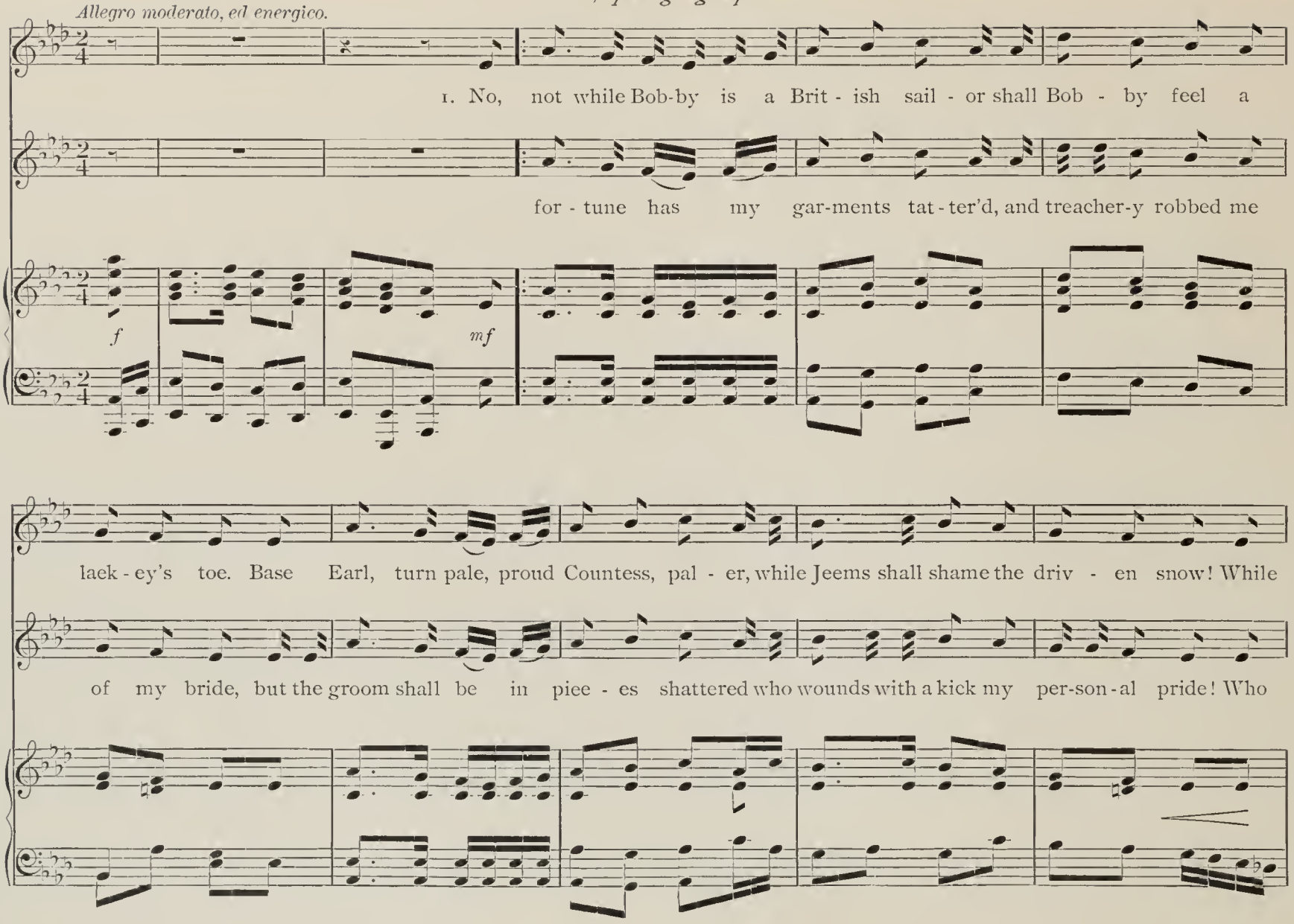
THE COUNTESS. By all means. Jeems, would you mind?

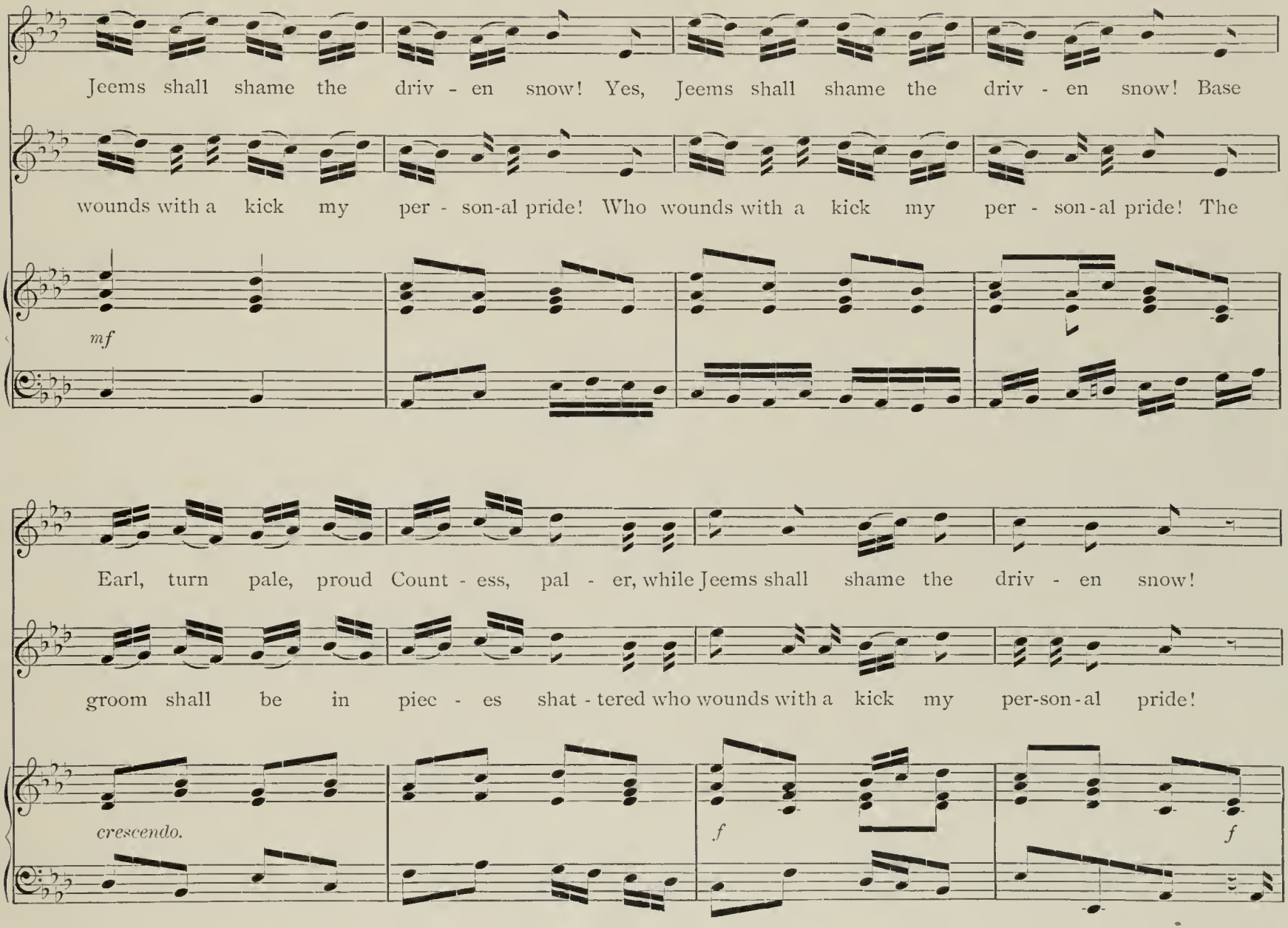
JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. Then kick him.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

BOBBY, *springing up.*




Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow! Yes, Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow! Base
wounds with a kick my per - son-al pride! Who wounds with a kick my per - son-al pride! The
mf
Earl, turn pale, proud Count - ess, pal - er, while Jeems shall shame the driv - en snow!
groom shall be in piec - es shat - tered who wounds with a kick my per-son-al pride!
crescendo.
f
f

[*He draws his cutlass. The others recoil in alarm to* L.U.C., *and at end of song flee in dismay,* THE COUNTESS *leaving her long cloak behind her.*

BOBBY. Base cravens! It was, then, too true. She loves me no longer. Yet how can I believe her false who was ever true? Even now her parting song rings in my ears. Hark! what is that?

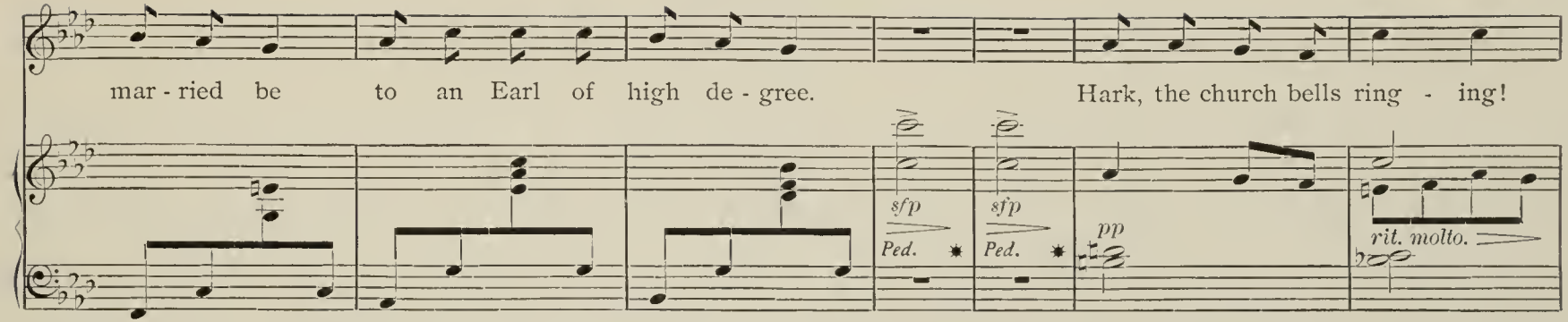
BETTY, *at lattice window.*

Andante, non troppo lento.

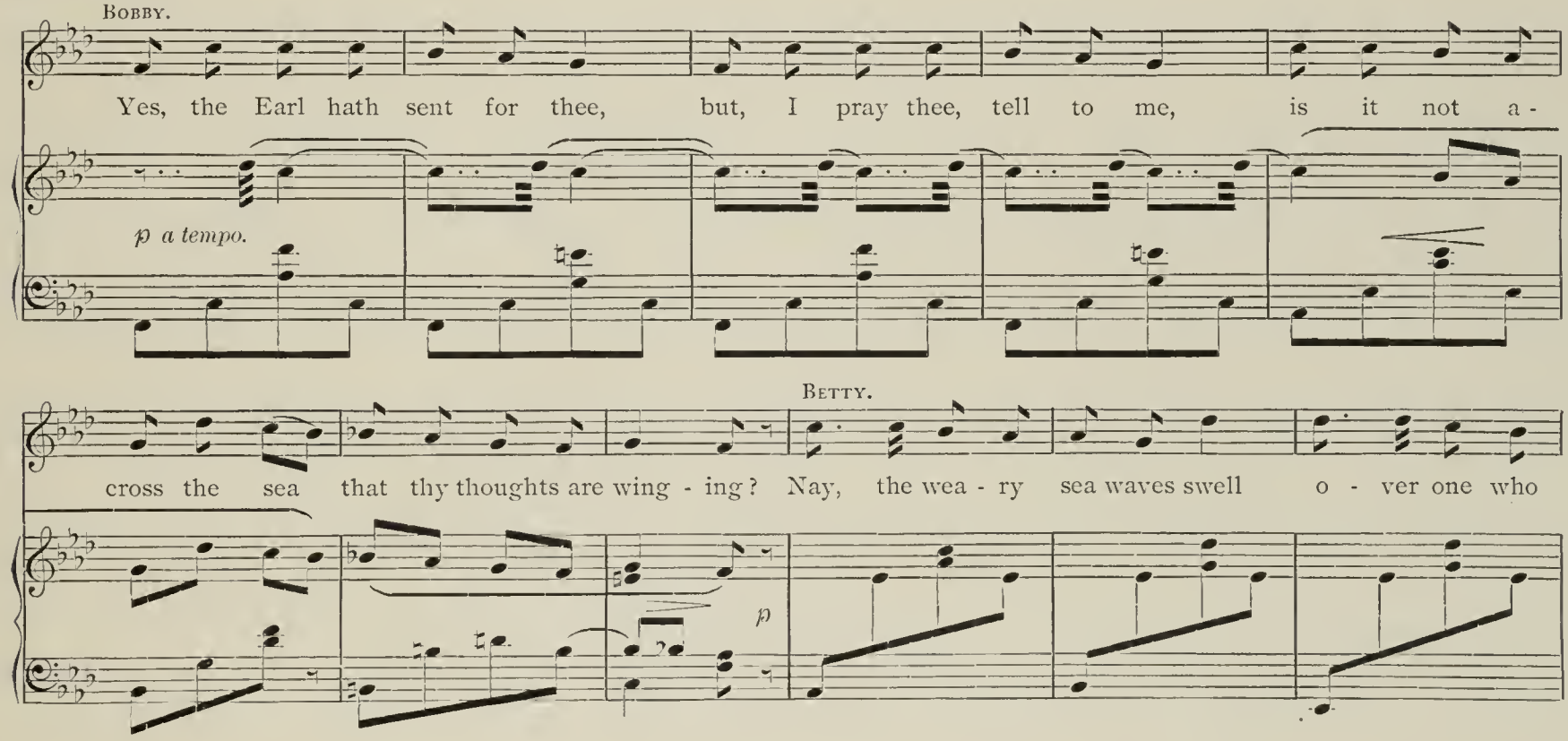
BETTY *(To be sung very simply).*

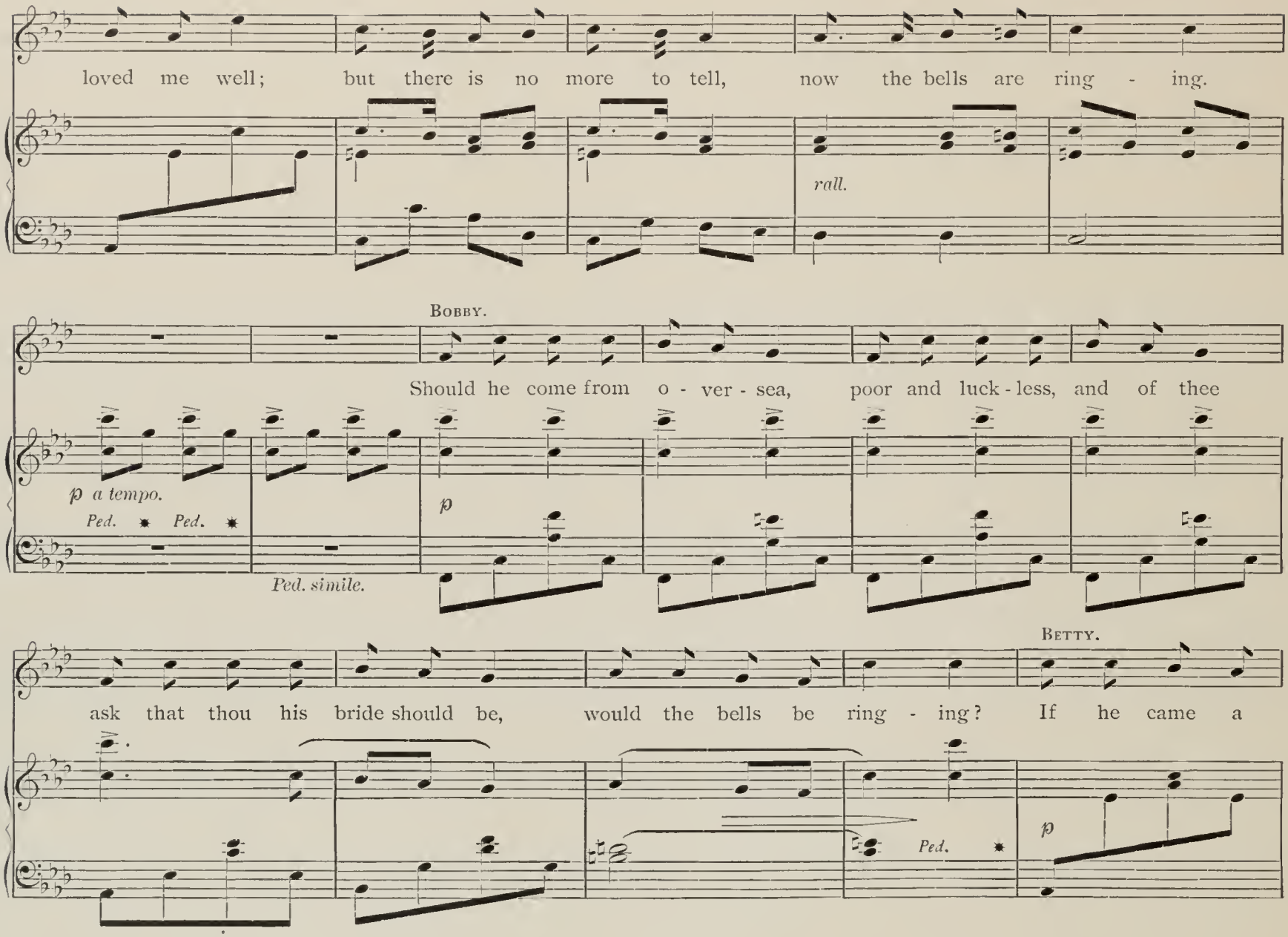
Strangely dawns this day for me; I shall shortly

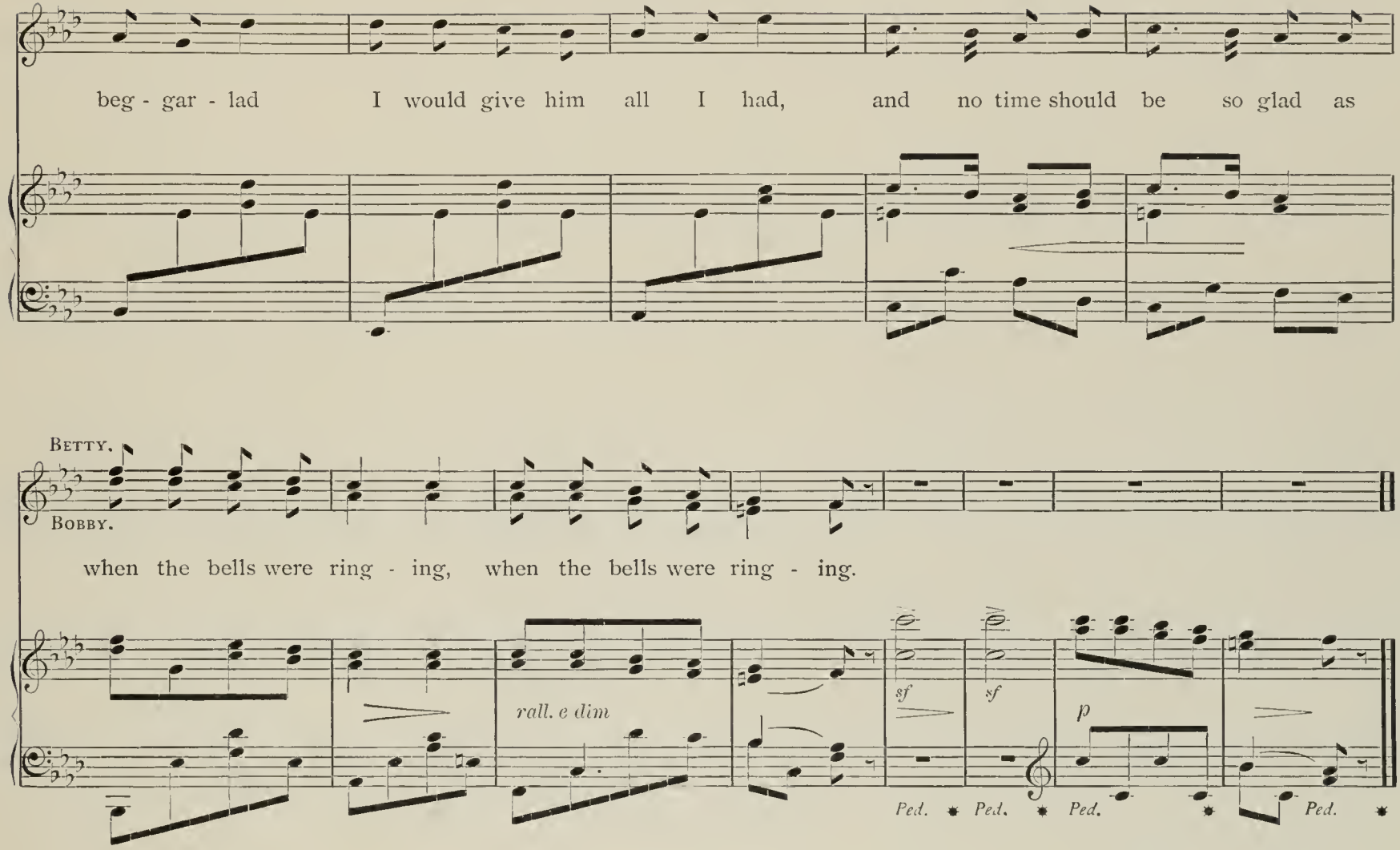
(*a*) Use, if practicable, a bell in C on the stage whenever this Ped. occurs, omitting the note on the Piano Forte.



Bobby. I will give her constancy one last lingering chance. (*Wraps himself in the Countess's cloak, and sings like an old woman.*



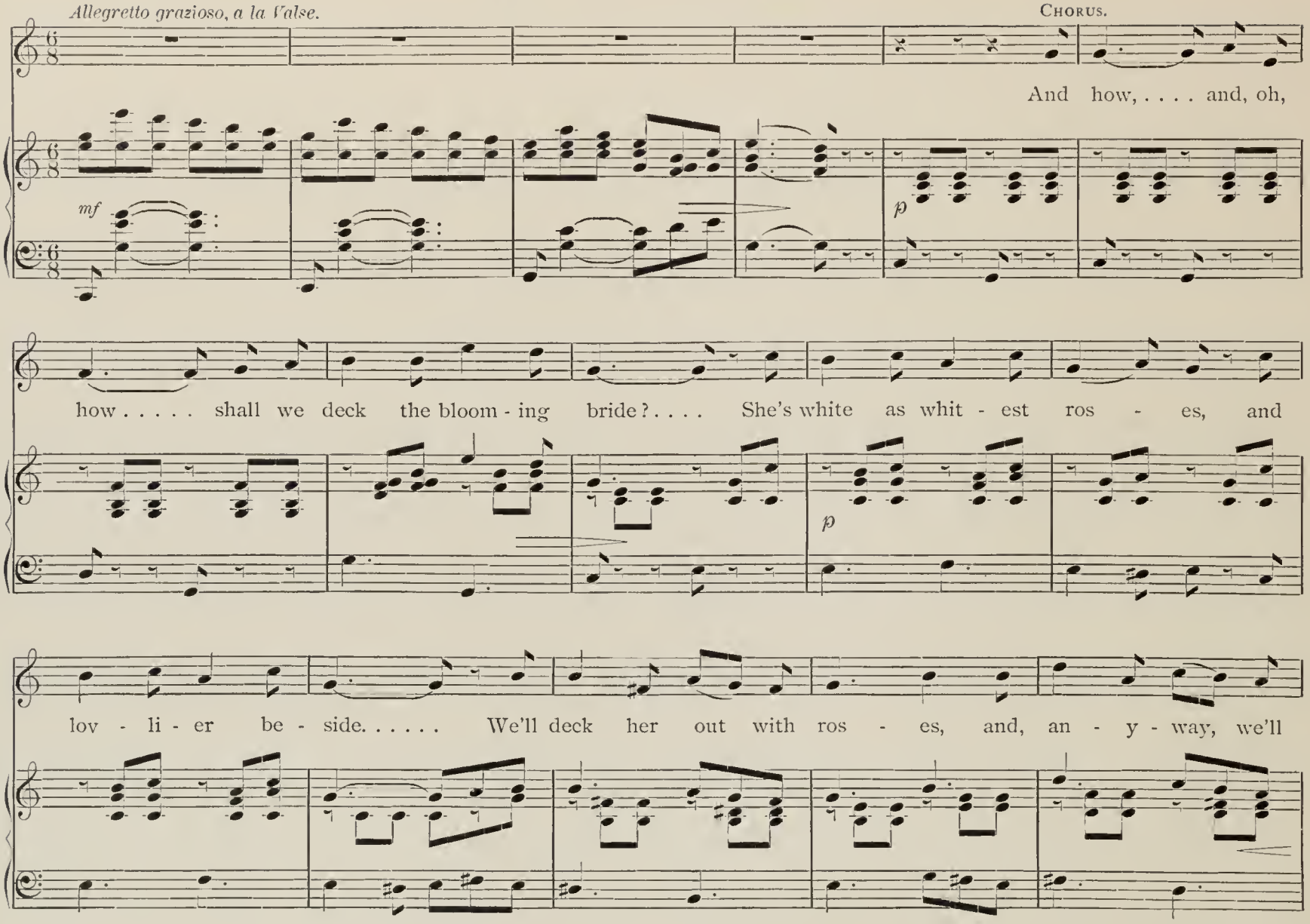

loved me well; but there is no more to tell, now the bells are ring - ing.
rall.
Bobby.
Should he come from o - ver - sea, poor and luck - less, and of thee
p a tempo.
Ped. Ped.
Ped. simile.
p
Betty.
ask that thou his bride should be, would the bells be ring - ing? If he came a
Ped.
p

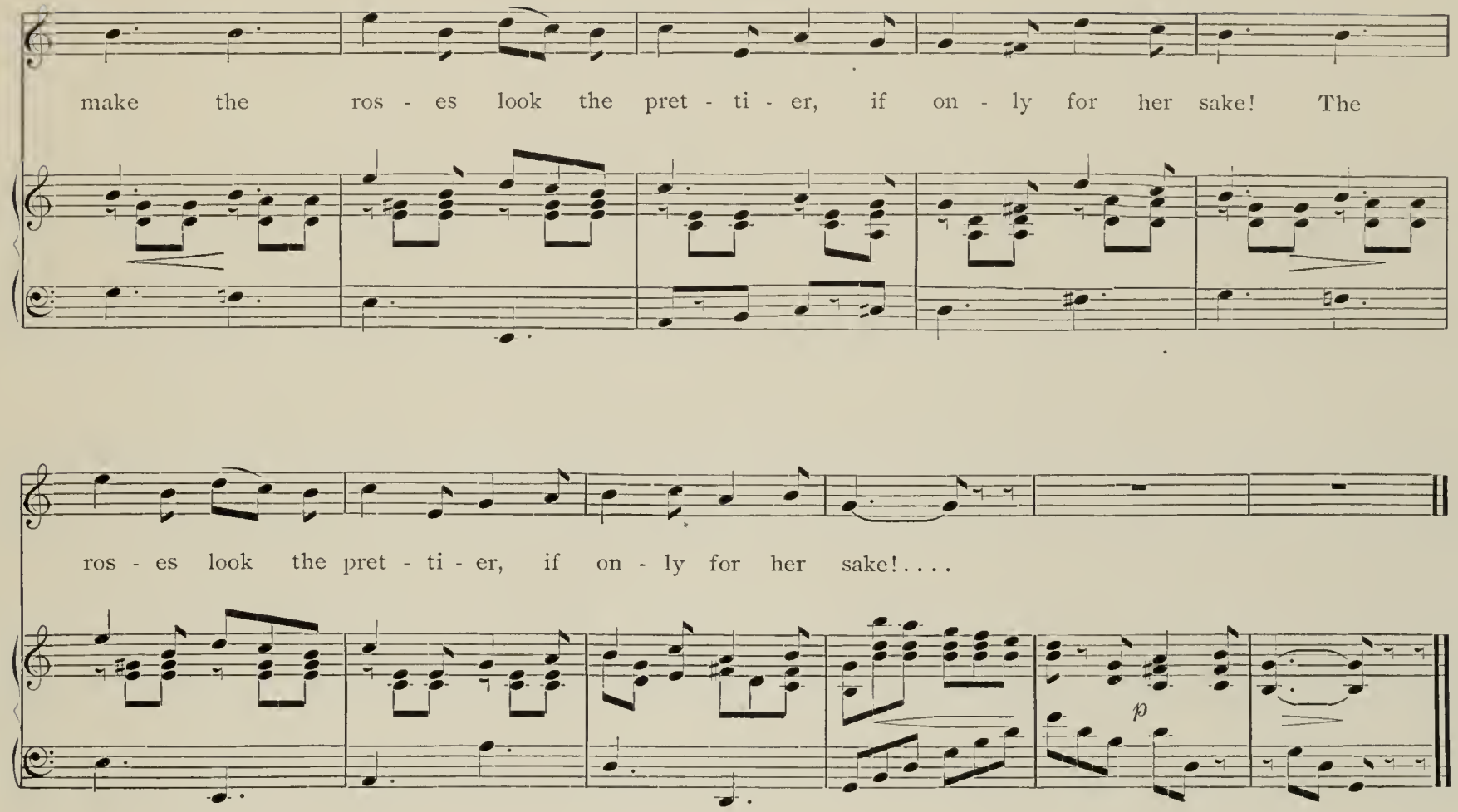


[BETTY *closes the lattice.*

BOBBY. She is true, by all the powers; she is true, by the mystic grace of love; she is true, by the very tone of her voice; she is true, by—by—by—thunder! [*Exit.*

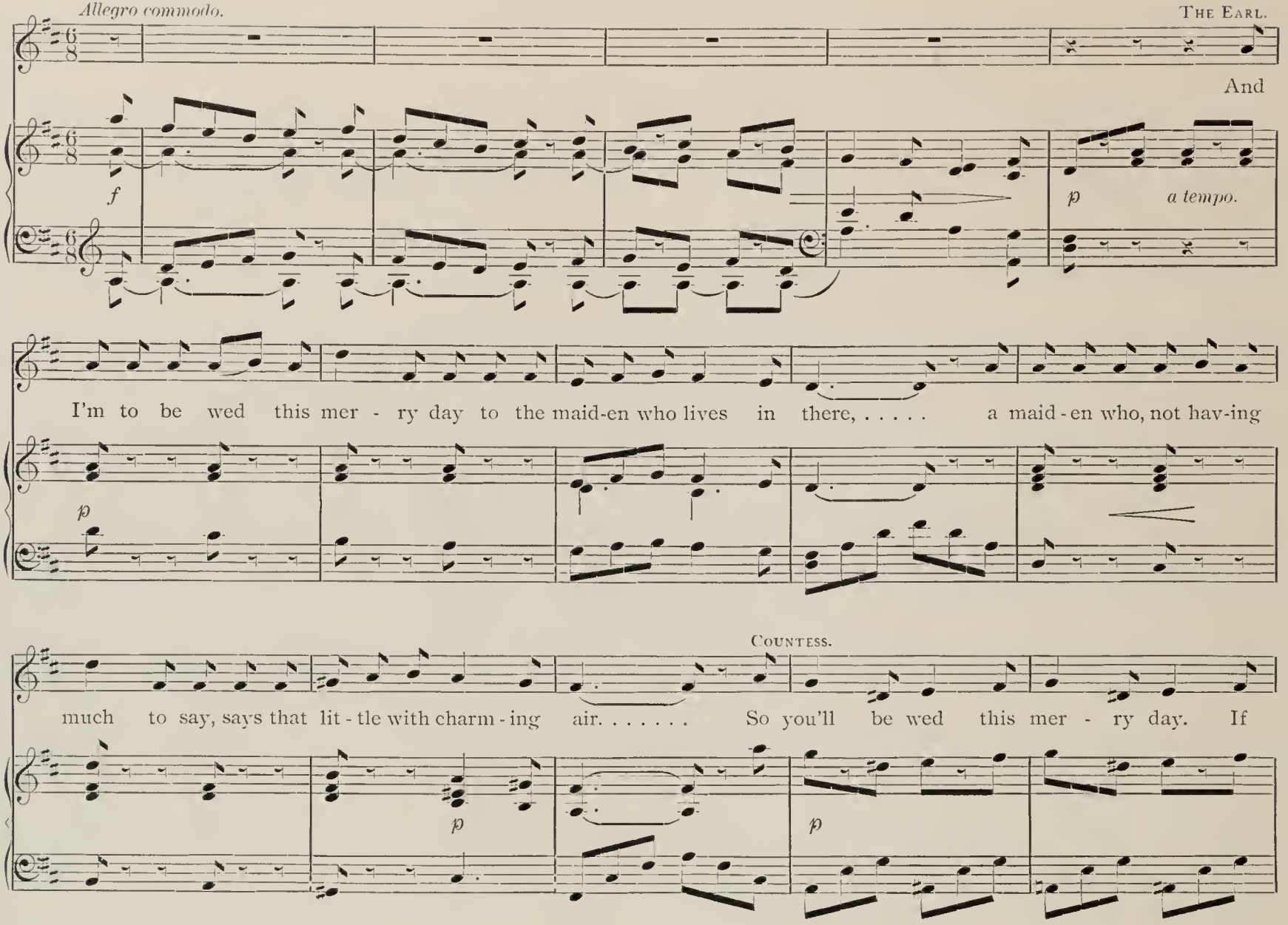
Enter CHORUS OF BRIDEMAIDS.

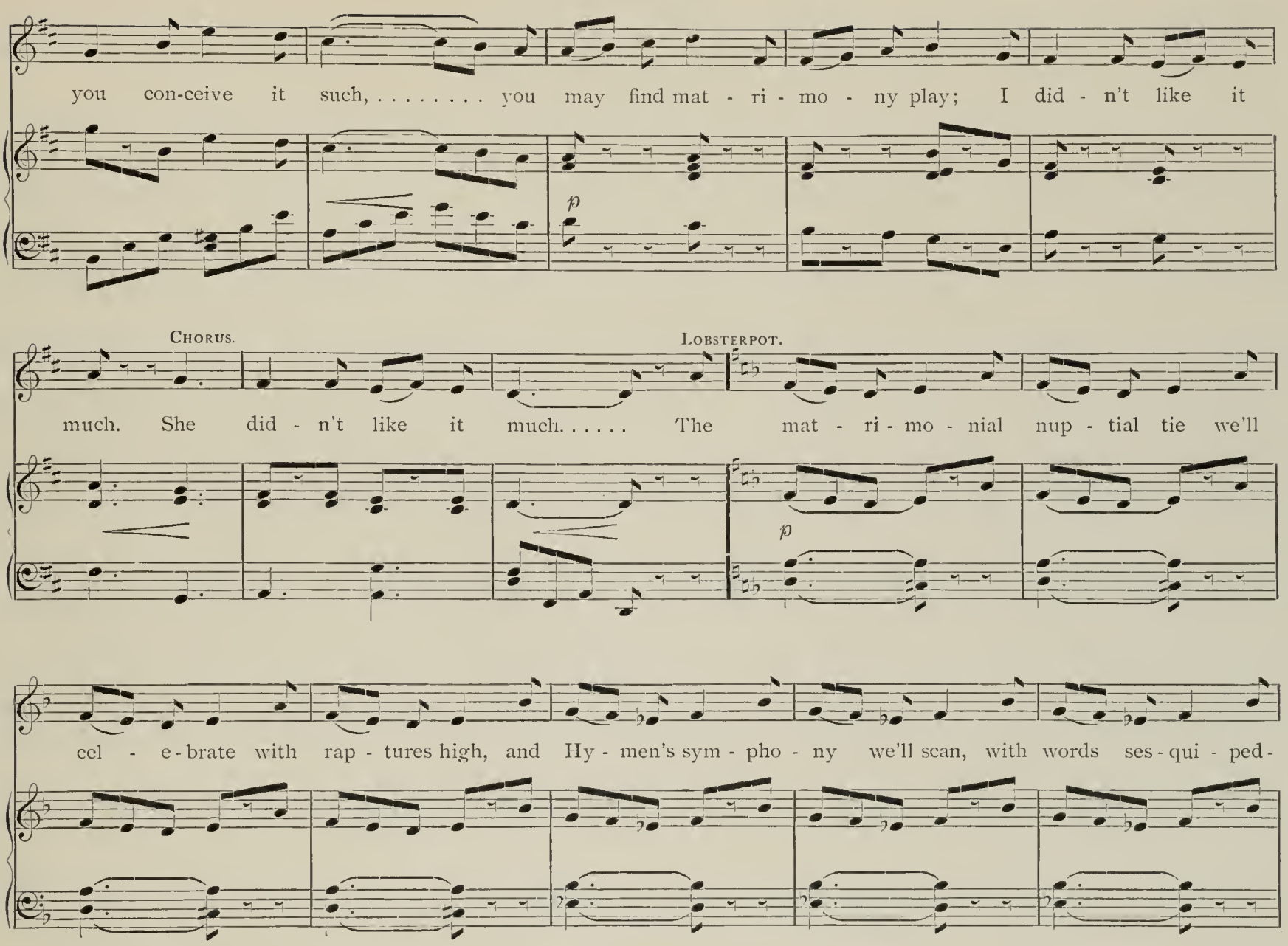


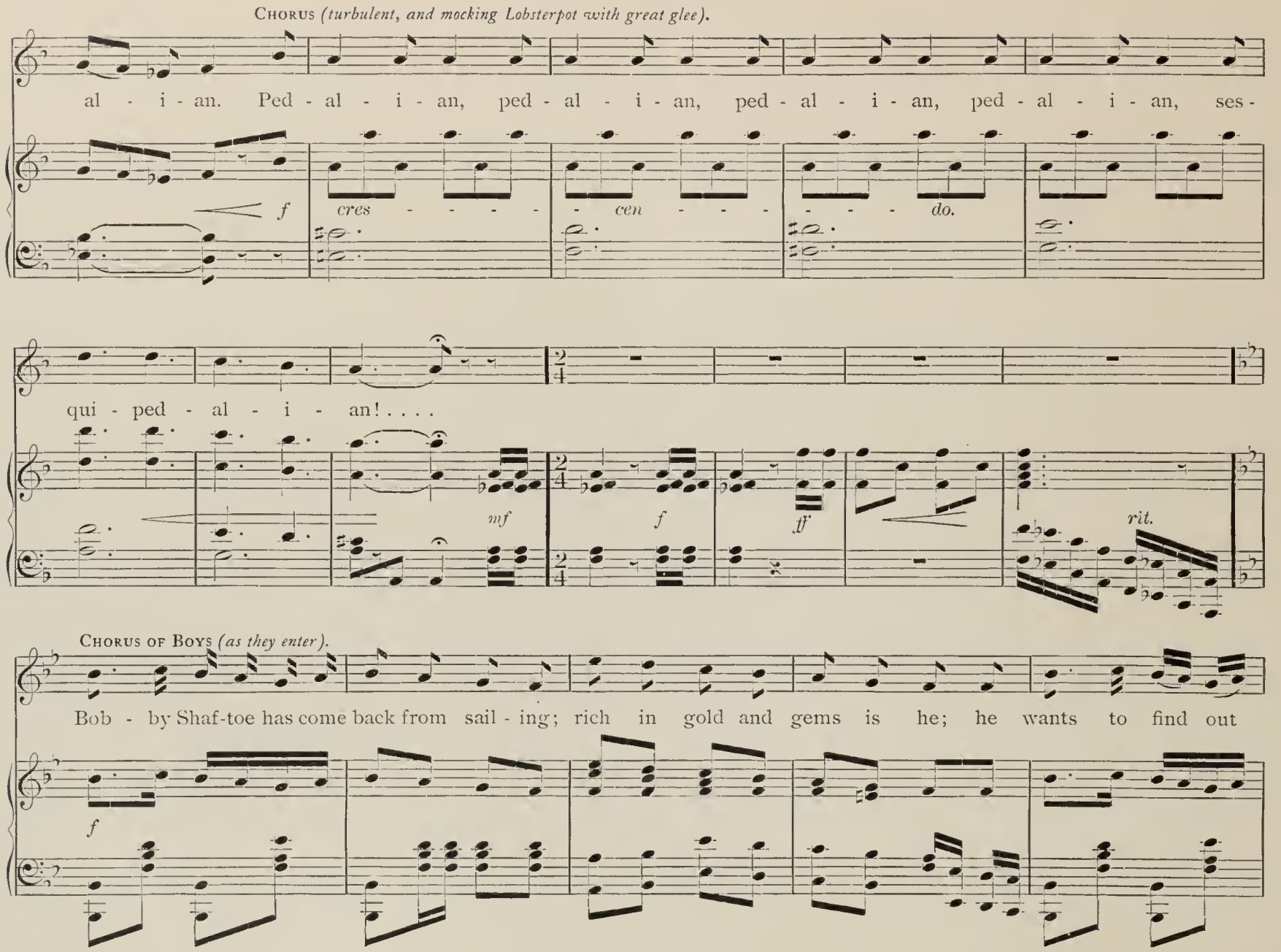


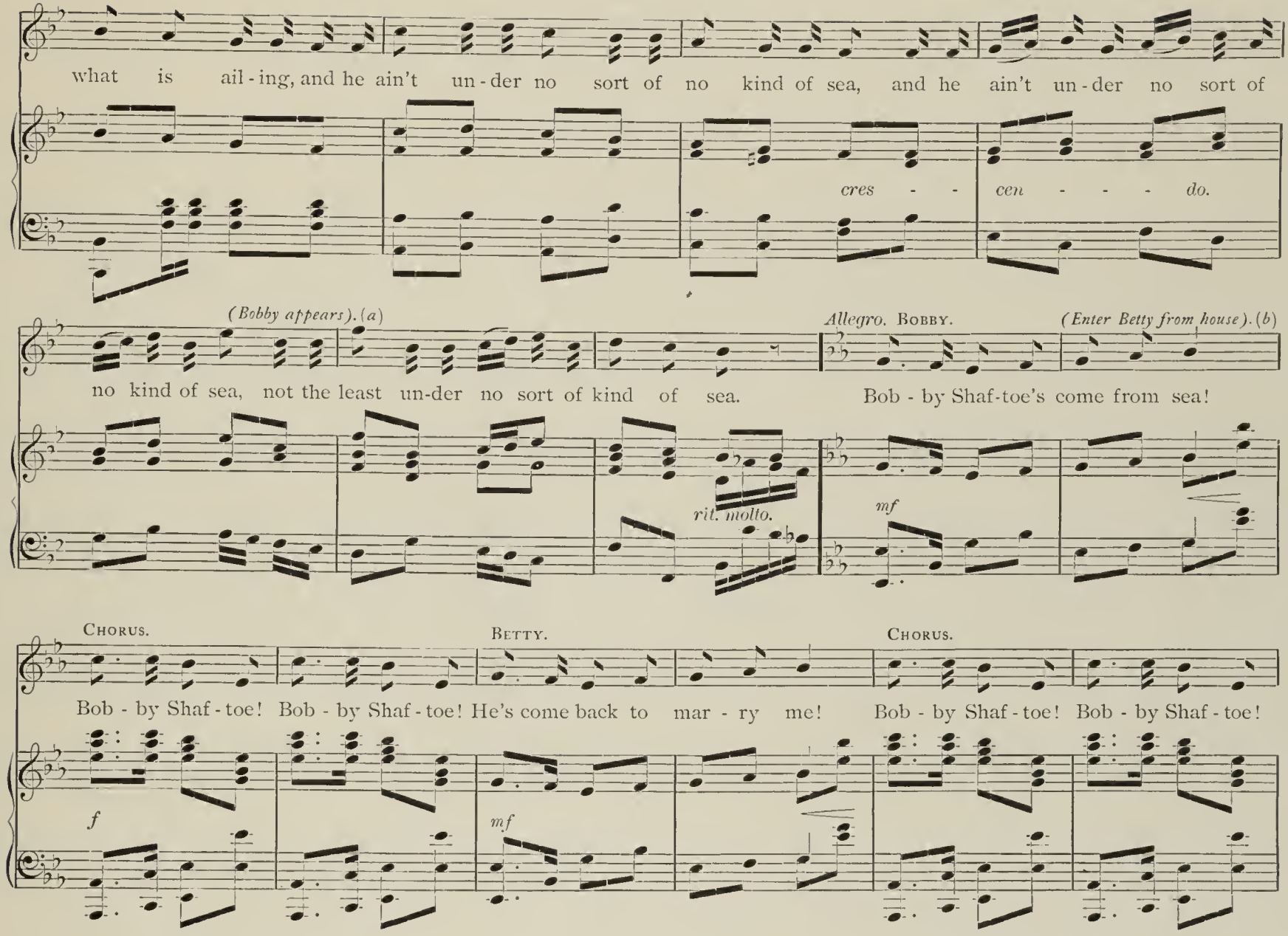
Enter (L.) *the* EARL, *the* COUNTESS, *and* JEEMS. *Enter* LOBSTERPOT *from house.*

Ensemble


Allegro commodo.
The Earl.
And
f
p
a tempo.
I'm to be wed this mer - ry day to the maid-en who lives in there, ... a maid - en who, not hav-ing
p
Countess.
much to say, says that lit - tle with charm - ing air. . . . . So you'll be wed this mer - ry day. If
p
p

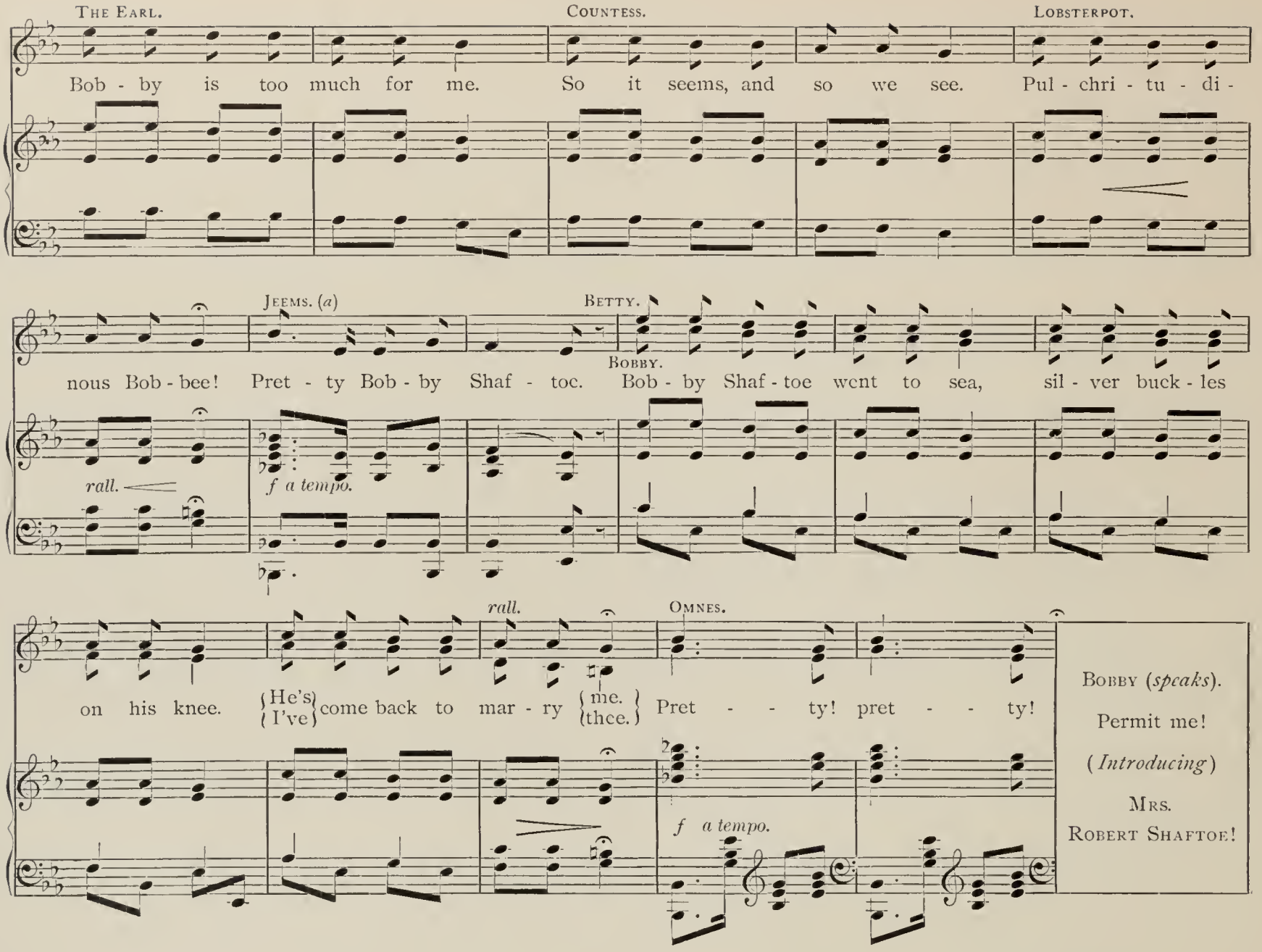

you con-ceive it such, ... you may find mat - ri - mo - ny play; I did - n't like it
p
Chorus.
Lobsterpot.
much. She did - n't like it much. . . . . The mat - ri - mo - nial nup - tial tie we'll
p
cel - e-brate with rap - tures high, and Hy - men's sym - pho - ny we'll scan, with words ses - qui - ped -

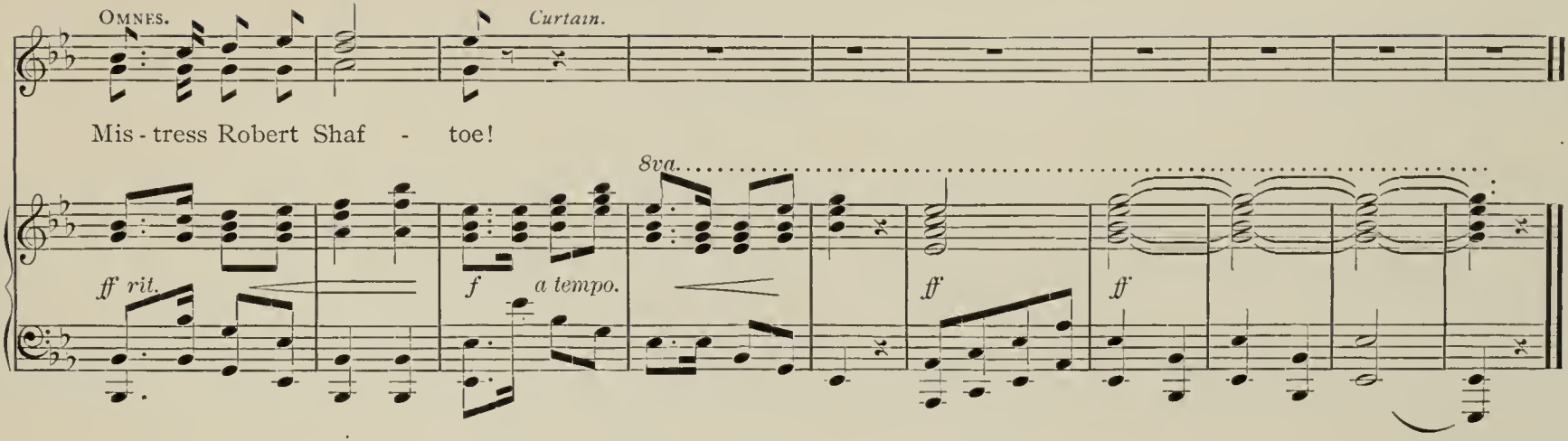

Chorus (turbulent, and mocking Lobsterpot with great glee).
al - i - an. Ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ped - al - i - an, ses -
f
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
qui - ped - al - i - an! . . . .
mf
f
ff
rit.
Chorus of Boys (as they enter).
Bob - by Shaf-toe has come back from sail - ing; rich in gold and gems is he; he wants to find out
f



(*a*) Entering in handsome clothes.

(*b*) Rushing into BOBBY'S arms.


THE EARL.
COUNTESS.
LOBSTERPOT.
Bob - by is too much for me. So it seems, and so we see. Pul - chri - tu - di -
JEEMS. (a)
BETTY.
BOBBY.
nous Bob - bee! Pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - toc. Bob - by Shaf - toe went to sea, sil - ver buck - les
rall.
f a tempo.
rall.
OMNES.
on his knee. {He's / I've} come back to mar - ry {me. / thee.} Pret - - ty! pret - - ty!
f a tempo.
BOBBY (speaks).
Permit me!
(Introducing)
MRS.
ROBERT SHAFTOE!


Omnes.
Curtain.
Mis - tress Robert Shaf - toe!
8va.
ff rit.
f
a tempo.
ff
ff